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THE NEW YORKER

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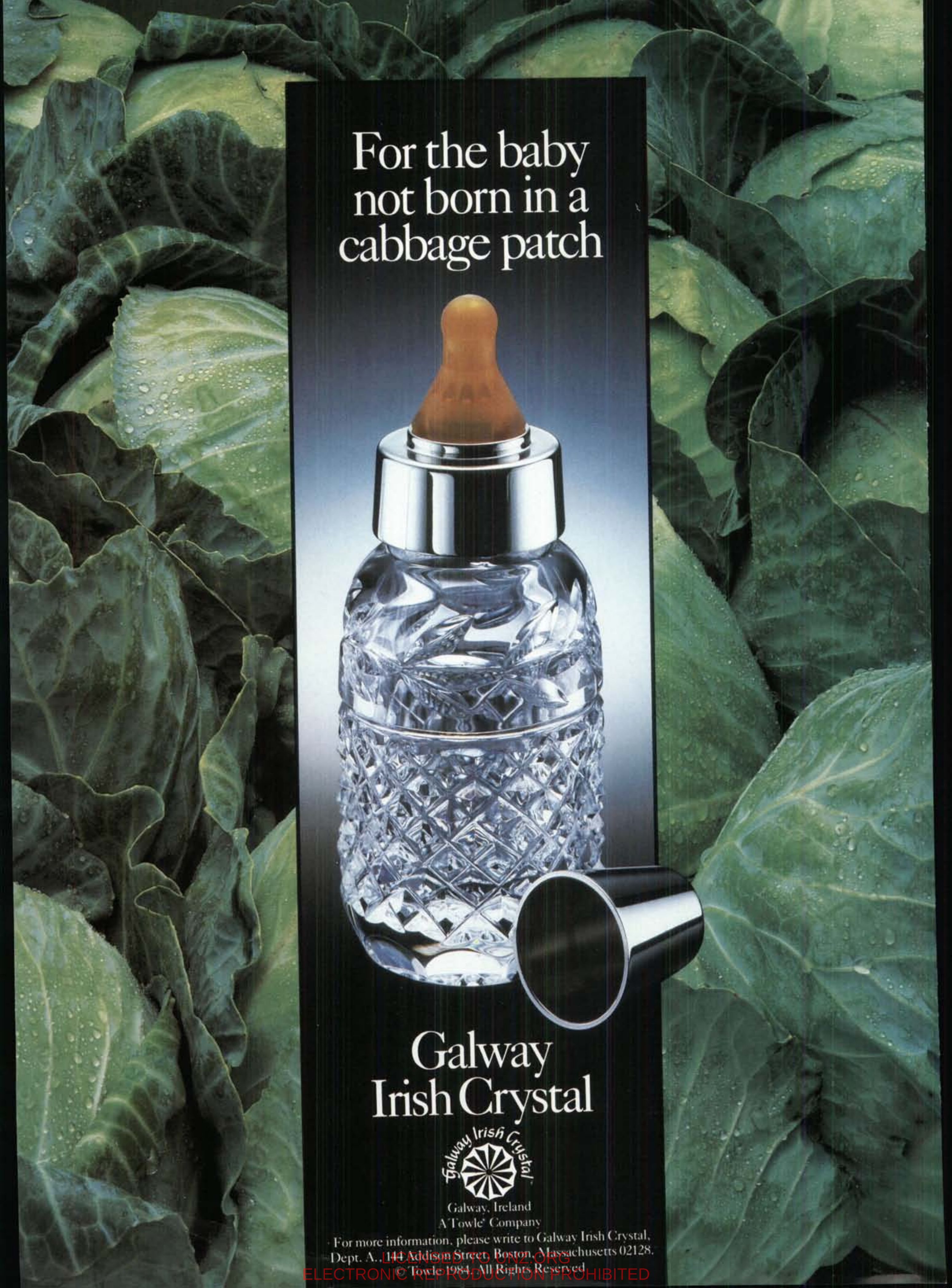

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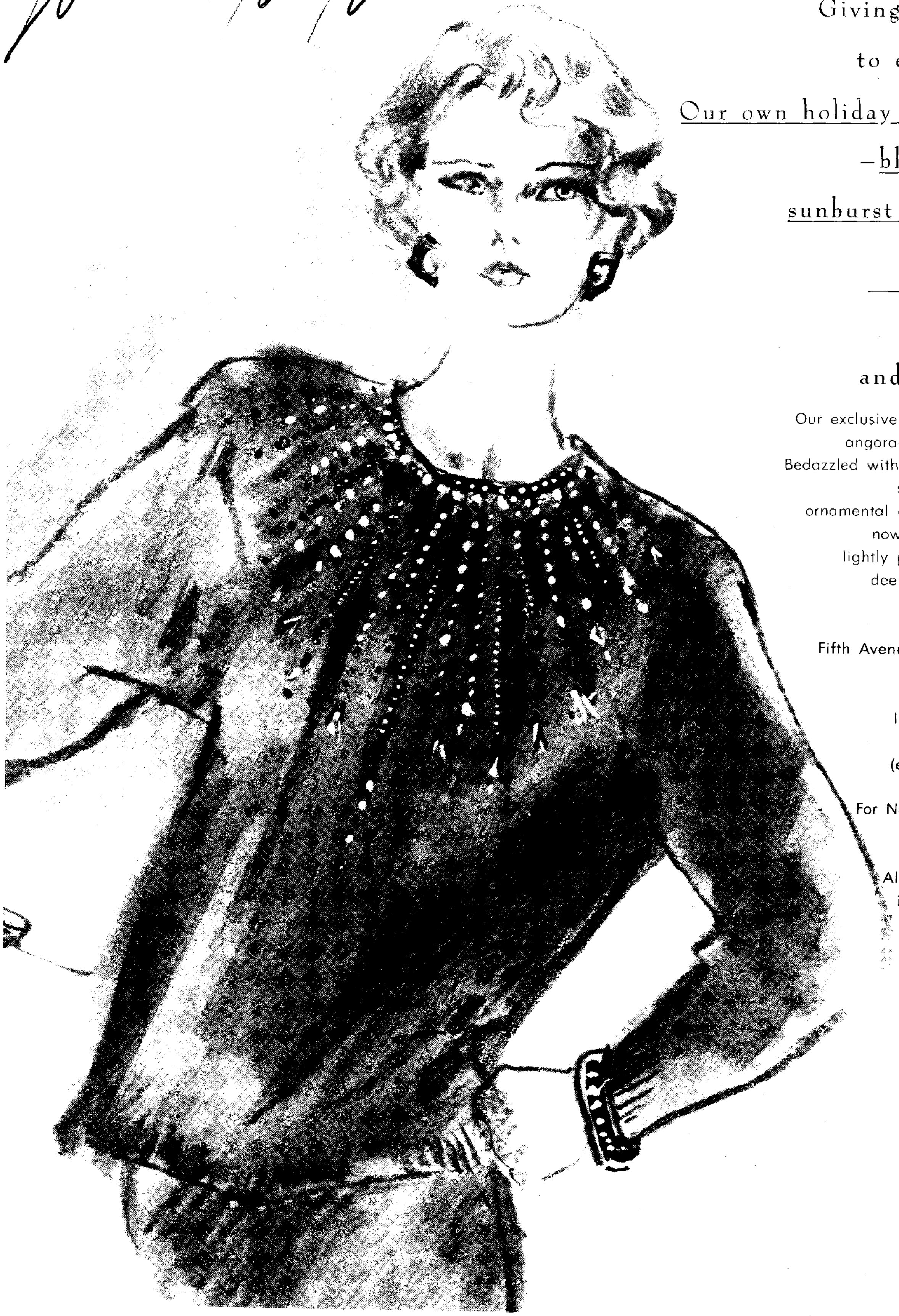

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

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After the Fall—Even the performances of a number of distinguished actors, among them Frank Langella, Dianne Wiest, Henderson Forsythe, Mary-Joan Negro, and Laurie Kennedy, cannot rescue this revival of Arthur Miller's dull play about a guilt-ridden, introspective lawyer, much given to endless soliloquies. John Tillinger directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/15/84.) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Alone Together—Janis Paige and Kevin McCarthy do everything possible to make this rather dusty sitcom seem a better piece of work than it is. The author, Lawrence Roman, has much to tell us about the nature of family life, but little of it rings true. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A... My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (6/11/84) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Between Rails—In this monologue, Thelma Louise Carter is a black woman aboard a train, returning to the South after many years as a domestic servant in New York. Under Hal Scott's direction, Miss Carter holds our attention, beginning to end. (10/22/84) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Blue Window—Craig Lucas's engaging, plaintive comedy about a dinner party in this city, with an assortment of guests of assorted sexes, is well acted by The Production Company, under Norman René's direction. With Christine Estabrook, Matt Craven, and Randy Danson, among other good actors. (9/3/84) (Theatre Guinevere, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 4:30.)

Cap and Bells—A comedy by Luigi Pirandello, in an English translation by Norman Bailey. (Judith Anderson, formerly the Lion, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 28.)

Circle Repertory Company—This production of **love's labor's lost** is cloudy when it should sparkle, and the poetry goes for almost nothing. Nevertheless, Michael Higgins is very good as Holofernes and so is Edward Seamon as Boyet. (10/22/84) (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 11.)

The Country Girl—Despite the presence of three excellent actors—Hal Holbrook, Christine Lahti, and Jeffrey DeMunn—this revival of Clifford Odets' play about backstage life never takes wing. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Chelsea Playhouse, 519 W. 23rd St. 243-0992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

Death of a Salesman—A sentimental and yet oddly moving account of Willy Loman, a man who thinks success consists in being well liked and who is dismayed to discover that this goal is, as a goal, unachievable. Dustin Hoffman is a superlative Willy. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—A male artist, a male playwright, and a female interior designer make up a triangle that gives them the greatest possible pleasure; for a time, the triangle turns into a rectangle, which spoils everything. Such is the plot of this harsh comedy by Noël Coward. Directed by George C. Scott and with a cast headed by Anne Swift, Frank Converse, and Raul Julia, it is well worth going to see. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1956 musical **bells are ringing**, with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and music by Jule Styne, will be the second in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Oct. 25, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 18. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Feathertop—A musical with music and lyrics by Skip Kennon and a book by Bruce Peyton, based on Nathaniel Hawthorne's short story of the same name. (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 206-0523. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A dark comedy by David Mamet, about a handful of desperate real-estate salesmen in Chicago. Their language is harsh, filthy, and funny, and the actors portraying them are worthy of the highest praise. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Candice Bergen, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard

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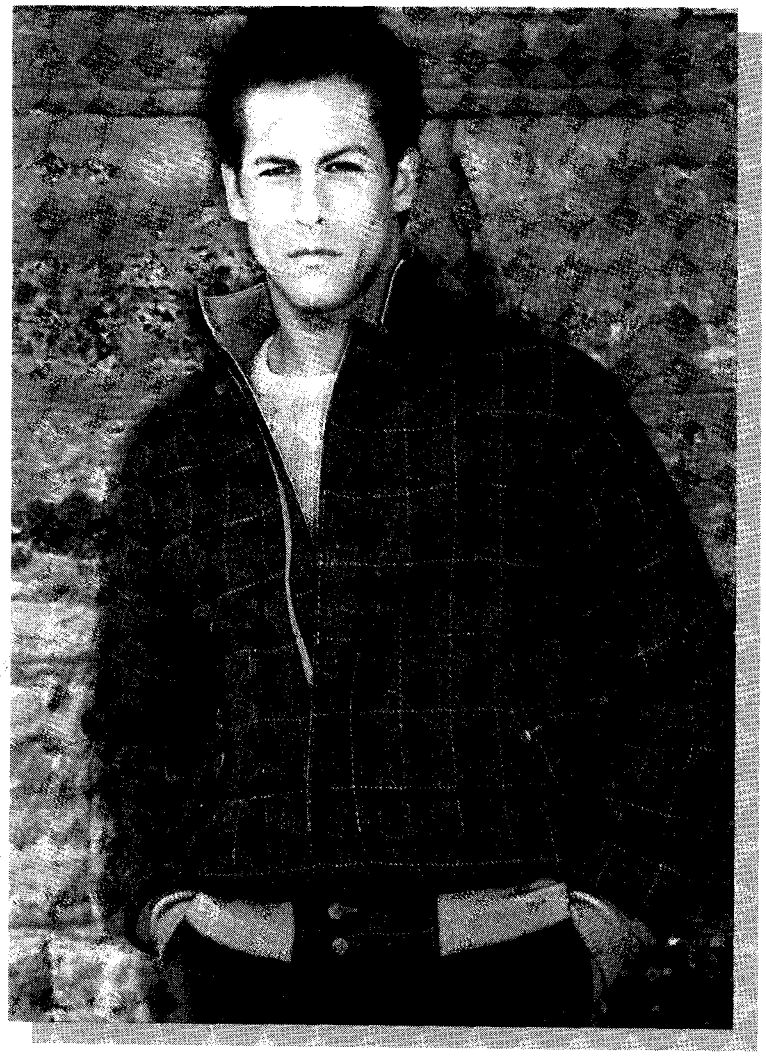

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Lambs Theatre Company—Jeffrey Sweet's play **PORCH,** with Jill Eikenberry, is the first in this season's series of four productions. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 11.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **THE NEW MOON.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. On Monday, Oct. 29, at 8, there will be a benefit performance, featuring excerpts from "The New Moon" and guest appearances by Kaye Ballard, Helen Gallagher, the Dance Theatre of Harlem Workshop, and others.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—August Wilson, a poet turned playwright, has written a fine melodrama about a blues singer of the twenties. The excellent cast is under the brisk direction of Lloyd Richards. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Medea and the Doll—A drama by Rudy Gray. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Outward Bound—A revival of Sutton Vane's 1924 play, with Imogene Coca, Farley Granger, Henry Morgan, and Ruth Ford. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 929-2955. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 4.)

Pacific Overtures—A revival of the 1976 musical which has a score and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by John Weidman. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 24. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 25. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Two plays in alternating repertory. **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:** This is a brilliant production of the wittiest (and cruelest) of Shakespeare's comedies. Derek Jacobi and Sinead Cusack play the quarrelling lovers Benedick and Beatrice. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Oct. 25, and Friday, Nov. 2, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Rostand's grand old warhorse of a play, **CYRANO DE BERGERAC,** has been ill dealt with in this production. The director, Terry Hands, so clever in his exploration of "Much Ado About Nothing," makes the mistake of exaggerating everything in "Cyrano," heating up the rhetoric at the very moment when it is most in need of being cooled. Derek Jacobi and Sinead Cusack as Cyrano and Roxane are helpless under the circumstances. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Oct. 28, at 3; Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8; Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8. (Both shows reviewed in this issue.) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Sunday, Dec. 16.)

She Stoops to Conquer—A spirited and refreshing production of Goldsmith's comedy, under Daniel Gerroll's direction. Tovah Feldshuh is Kate Hardcastle, E. G. Marshall is her father, and Nathan Lane is Tony Lumpkin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 420-1360. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 4.)

Shlemiel the First—A comedy by Isaac Bashevis Singer, adapted by the author from a collection of his short stories. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

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Sunday in the Park with George—A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Robert Westenberg and Bernadette Peters. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Through the Leaves—A two-character play by Franz Xaver Kroetz, seen Off Off Broadway last season. Frederick Neumann and Ruth Maleczech re-create their original roles. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 11.)

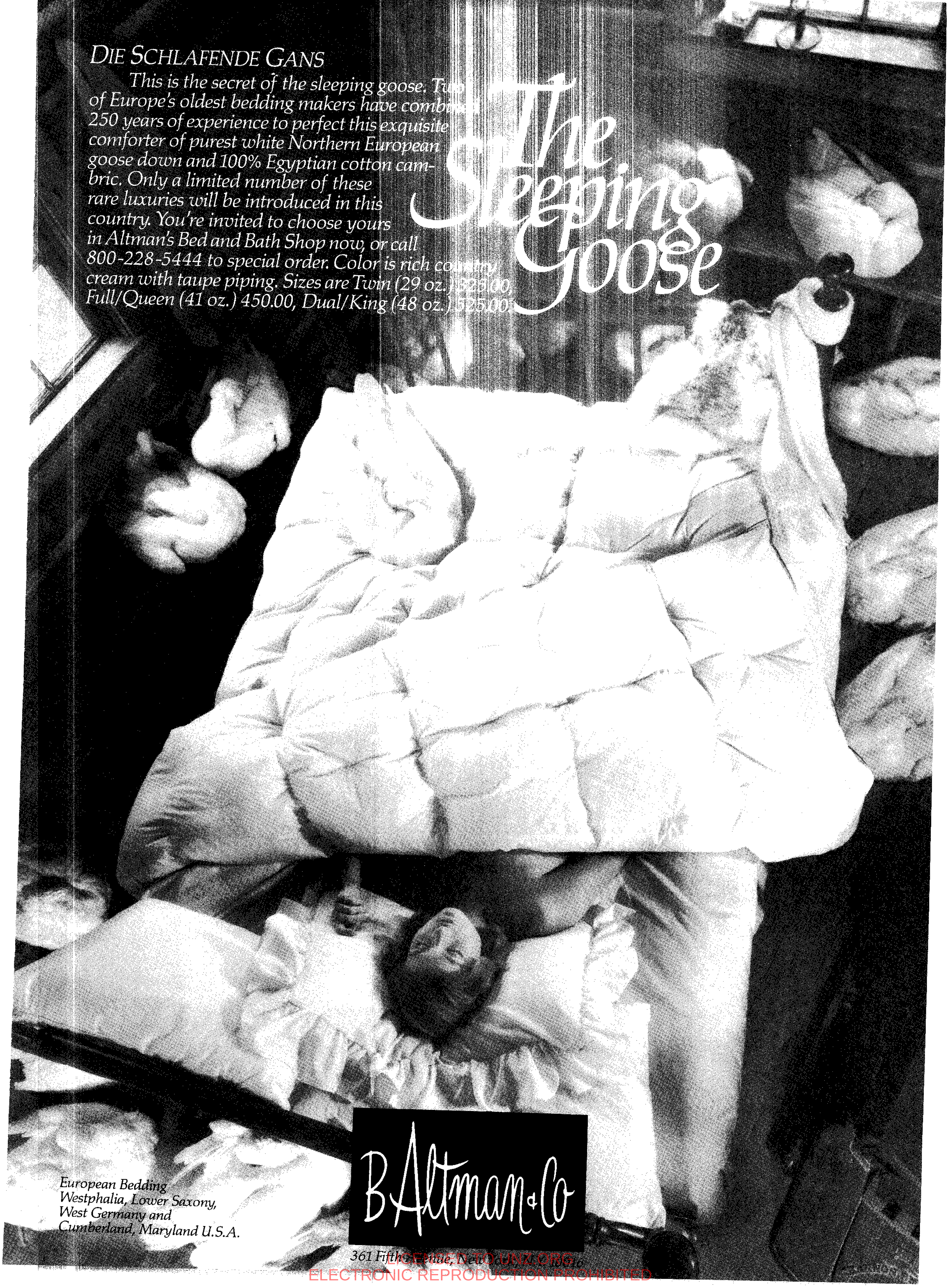
What's a Nice Country Like You Still Doing in a State Like This—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Zelda—A one-woman play by William Luce, based on the writings of Zelda Fitzgerald. With Olga Bellin. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical with George Hearn and Keith Michell as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,192 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Frances Fisher and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. With Jerry Orbach and Anne Rogers. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. Starting Thursday, Nov. 1, Don Correia and Sandy Duncan will replace Mr. Tune and Miss Twiggy. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NOISES OFF:** As funny a farce as one could ask for. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** The hero of Tom Stoppard's new comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt head the cast. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Donald Corren as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Corren at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Whoopi Goldberg—A one-woman show. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 24. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Opening-night curtain at 6:45;



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thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

A Broadway Salute to Archbishop John J. O'Connor—Among the performers taking part in a program to benefit the Catholic Actors Guild will be Dina Merrill, Lara Teeter, and Earl Wrightson. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 245-8245.)

DANCE

Molissa Fenley and Dancers—Presenting "Hemispheres," a new full-length work. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 24-27, at 7:30, and Sunday, Oct. 28, at 3.)

Kenneth Rinker Dance Company—Presenting "Manhattan," a new full-length work. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 24-27, at 7:30, and Sunday, Oct. 28, at 3 and 7:30.)

Peggy Lyman Dance Company—Four performances by this company. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 7:30; Thursday, Nov. 1, and Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2.)

Ritha Devi—Performances of a program of new and classical dances of India. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Saturday, Oct. 27, and Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

Sankai Juku—A troupe from Japan presenting Butoh-style dance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2.)

Balletfore—"Les Sylphides," "Le Carnaval," and "The Firebird." (Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 1-3, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 3. For tickets, call 679-0401.)

Sin Cha Hong's Laughing Stone Dance Theatre—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Oct. 25, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 27-28, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Singer and pianist **STEVE ROSS** is back in action in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Sundays Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant. Pianist **JAKI BYARD,** jazz professor, big-band leader, and time-warp soloist—he plays free jazz or ragtime—heads up a trio on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 2-3, violinist **BERNIE CHARLES** will be here with *his* trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **CAB CALLOWAY** and his singer-daughter **CHRIS** are performing together through Sunday, Oct. 28; on Monday, Oct. 29, Allan Namery's Jazz Focus will trade sets with the Frank Noviello quartet; and starting Tuesday, Oct. 30, **BILLY ECKSTINE,** personable as all getout, will spend part of his fifty-first year in show business here. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 24, Renaissance; Thursday, Oct. 25, Sheryl Lee Ralph; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, the Fugs, with Ed Sanders and Tuli Kupferberg; Sunday, Oct. 28, "Promise Them Anything," fifty years of political campaign commercials; Monday, Oct. 29, trumpeter **WYNTON MARSALIS** and his quintet; Wednesday, Oct. 31, Robinson's Mysteries, an evening of psychic illusion; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 1-2, high-wire trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** and his orchestra; and Saturday, Nov. 3, singer **BONNIE KOLOC** and folk-rockers Buskin & Batteau. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **JOHN HICKS** and **WALTER BOOKER** through Saturday, Oct. 27, and **CEDAR WALTON** and **DAVID WILLIAMS** starting Monday, Oct. 29. Music from nine-forty-five.

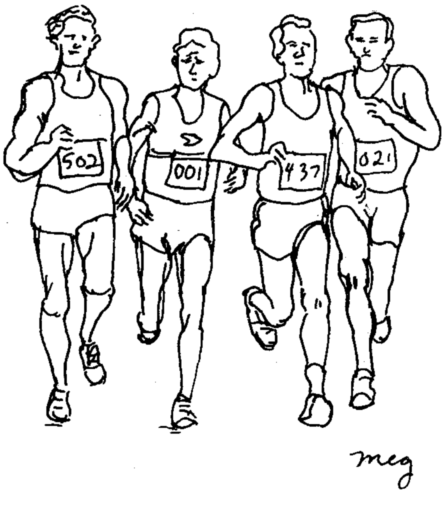
Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—**JIMMY LYON,** urbane and swinging, can be found at the piano from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—New York's **BOBBY SHORT** season has gotten under way in the Café Carlyle. Assisting Mr. Short, as usual, are bassist **BEVERLY PEER,** drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and songwriters Porter, Coward, Gershwin, Sondheim, and Coleman. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks offer up dance music on Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the Polish jazz pianist and Art Tatum admirer, performs nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.



Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The Carla White–Manny Duran band performs through Sunday, Oct. 28; on Tuesday, Oct. 30, keyboard sorceress and National Public Radio star **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** will arrive with her trio. Mondays are claimed by guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the father of reverb, sound on sound, and multitrack recording. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 24, Hoy Boy & the Doys; Friday, Oct. 26, Celtic Thunder; Saturday, Oct. 27, **CAROLYN HESTER** and Steve Gillette & Linda Lowe; Thursday, Nov. 1, Linda Tillery and Adrienne Torf; and Saturday, Nov. 3, veteran rock keyboardist and singer **AL KOOPER.** Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Kitt Moran sings with the Mike Moran trio through Sunday, Oct. 28, and Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 31-Nov. 4, **DAVID ALLYN** will sing with the Scott Hardy trio. On Mondays, singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** and bassist John Belzaguy team up, and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten. Sundays from five to ten **BROOKS KERR** takes over.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant with a view of a pianist. **BEN ARONOV** is the musician you'll see through Saturday, Oct. 27, and starting Tuesday, Oct. 30, **ELLIS LARKINS,** whose sets are often short but always shimmering, will take over the dining-room grand. **JIMMY LYON** is the Sunday man, and **DICK HYMAN** shows up on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. The performers: Wednesday, Oct. 24, **COMMANDER CODY & THE LOST PLANET AIRMEN,** who used to be, for many people, the ultimate bar band; Thursday, Oct. 25, saxophonist and R. & B.-ist **JUNIOR WALKER** & his 1984 All-Stars and Barbeque Bob & the Spareribs; Sunday and Monday, Oct. 28-29, Dr. Buzzard's Savannah Band; and Wednesday, Oct. 31, Pure Prairie League. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. All joking aside, **JAMES MOODY,** tenor saxophonist, flutist, vocalist, and humorist, is one of the very best, and he's got a quartet with him through Sunday, Oct. 28. On Tuesday, Oct. 30, fasten your seat belts as **SUN RA & THE OMNIVERSE JET SET ARKESTRA** begin firing their retro-rockets. Mondays are **GIL EVANS** nights: when his big band, with its unmistakable Evansian blur of instruments, plays Charlie Parker tunes on top of a heavy rock beat, it sounds like bebop-march music. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer and actress **ANNIE ROSS** (of Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, 1958-62) is in residence Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, featuring Woody Allen on clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The jazz-heavy lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 24, Diane Green; Thursday, Oct. 25, singer **CARMEN LUNDY;** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, singer **JON LUCIEN;** Monday, Oct. 29, **JUMP STREET,** a commendable soul group; Tuesday, Oct. 30, trumpeter **BRUCE PURSE;** and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 1-3, **MC COY TYNER,** the

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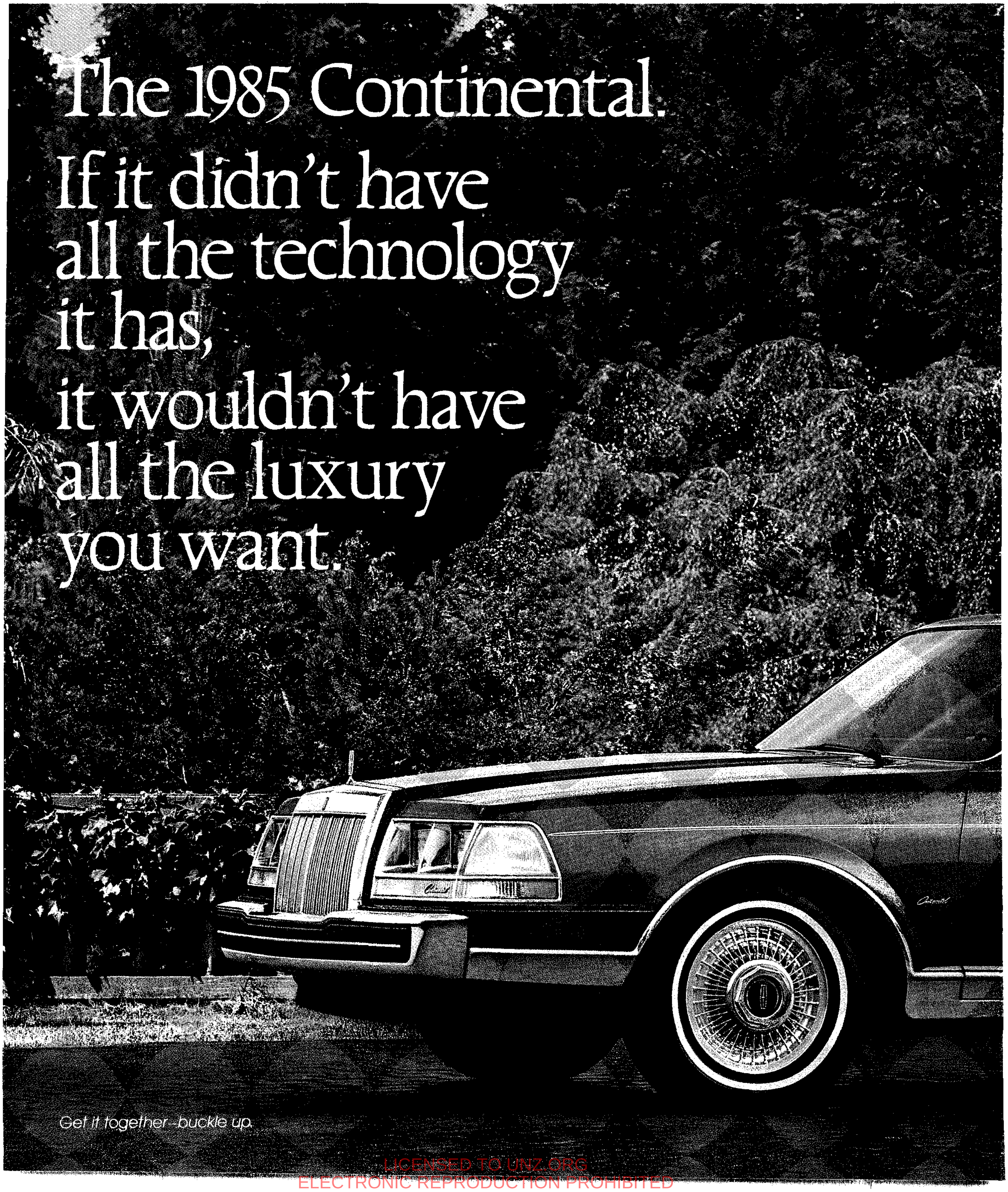
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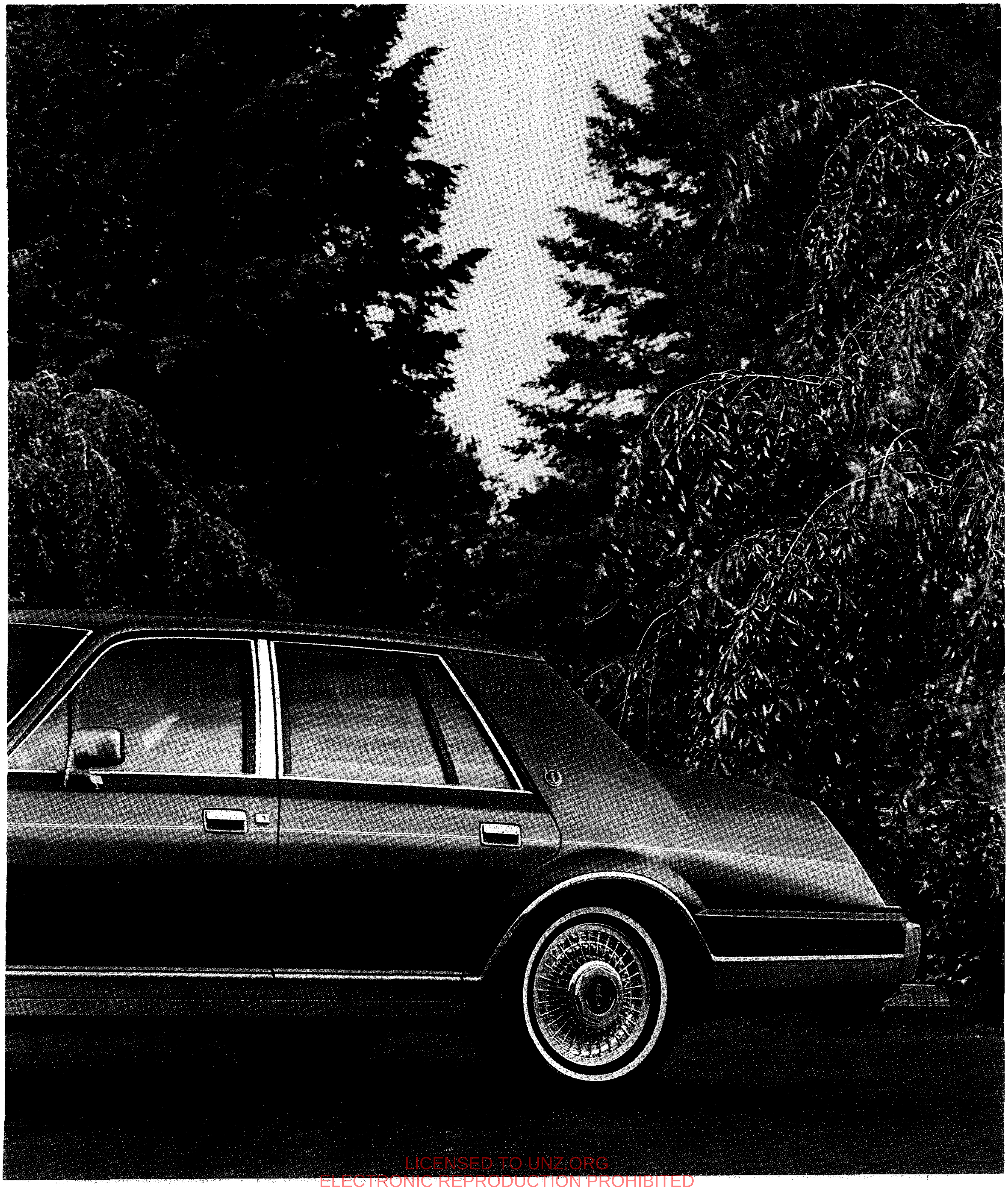

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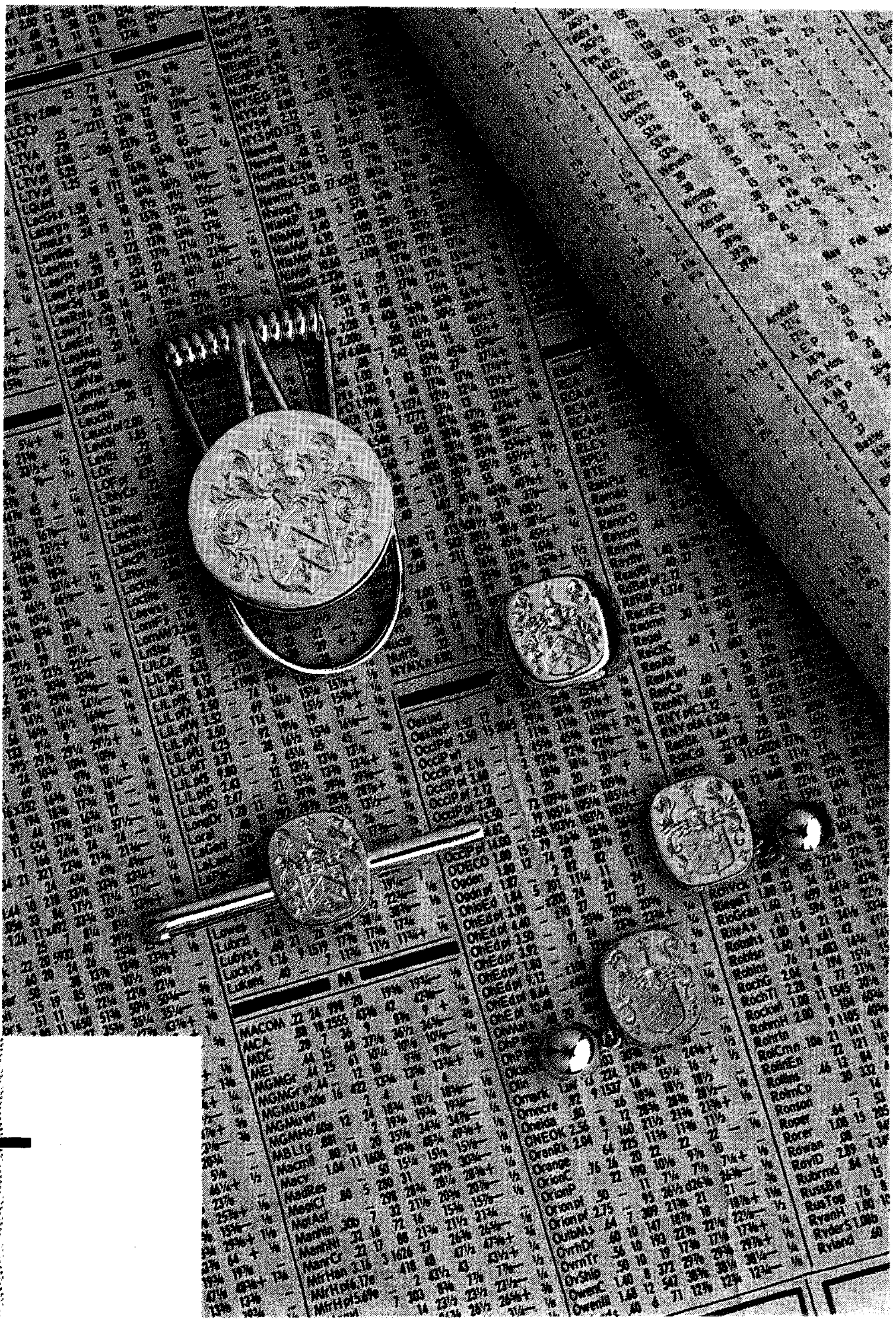

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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28	29	30	31	1	2	3

intense, rhythmic, and influential pianist. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, Oct. 25, Urban Blight and the Beastie Boys; Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 30-31, **SANTANA**; and Thursday, Nov. 1, pianist **HERBIE HANCOCK** and his pop-funk Rockit Band. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room pianist **JOE BUSHKIN** salutes, with the aid of a six-piece band, Fats Waller. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 24, pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN**; Thursday, Oct. 25, Michael Dolan; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** singer **ELIANE ELIAS,** and saxophonist **MICHAEL BRECKER.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian and other music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, African bands, Caribbean bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval*-like music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 24-25, **SONNY OKOSUN** and his Nigerian **OZZIDI BAND**; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Sunday, Oct. 28, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL & THE AFRO-BRAZILIAN SEXTET**; Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, Zairean guitarist **FRANCO** and his hot Afro-rhumba band, **T.P.O.K. JAZZ**; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 2-3, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The re-formed, out-of-the-past **ART FARMER—BENNY GOLSON JAZZTET,** which lived from the late fifties until the early sixties, now comprises Farmer's flugelhorn, Golson's tenor work and beautiful compositions, trombonist **CURTIS FULLER,** pianist **MICKEY TUCKER,** bassist **RUFUS REID,** and drummer **MARVIN (SMITTY) SMITH.** Pretty jazz through Sunday, Oct. 28. Monday, Oct. 29, will belong to pianist **ANDREW HILL,** and on Tuesday, Oct. 30, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will bring in a sextet that will feature saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN** and trombonist **CRAIG HARRIS.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On Oct. 29, percussion master **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his orchestra and **ORQUESTA BROADWAY** will be on hand, along with guest jazz soloist, violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK.** . . . ¶ And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace, **KENNY BARRON** and **RAY DRUMMOND** provide piano-bass duets nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops by on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. **AHMAD JAMAL,** a popular, controversial pianist—some people think he's gushy and rhapsodic, and Miles Davis has called him a genius—leads a quartet through Sunday, Oct. 28. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 30-31, trumpeter **WYNTON MARSALIS** and his quintet will visit, and Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 1-4, trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** and guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** will co-pilot a quartet. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** is Monday's tradition. Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. Trumpeter **BILL BERRY'S** quintet is here through Sunday, Oct. 28; on Monday, Oct. 29, bluesy saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE** will begin heading up a quintet that will feature trombonist **BENNY POWELL.** Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Duos in a town-house restaurant: pianist **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** and his bassist perform through Saturday, Oct. 27, and on Tuesday, Oct. 30, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and buzzing vocalist-bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** will come in. On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** jams with his longtime partner **MICHAEL MOORE,** and on Mondays Jim Roberts and Brian Torff play together. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Andy Laverne—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8.

Chris Anderson Trio—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

Kevin Burke & Michael O'Domhnaill—With Joe Burke. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Abdullah Ibrahim—With Ekaya. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Grover Washington, Jr.—With Pieces of a Dream. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8 and 11:30.)

Barry Manilow—A ten-day engagement. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesday, Oct. 30, through Thursday, Nov. 8. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8. Extra performance Saturday, Nov. 3, at midnight.)

A Salute to Ruby Keeler—Miss Keeler will be there, along with Loni Ackerman, Joe Masiell, Bobby Short, Margaret Whiting, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Irving Plaza—Saturday, Oct. 27: Flying Pickets and Kristi Rose & the Midnight Walkers. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3: Major Thinkers. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 11:30.)

Public Theatre—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, at 9:30: Muhal Richard Abrams orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 28, at 9:30: Hamiet Bluiett Clarinet Family. (425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

ART

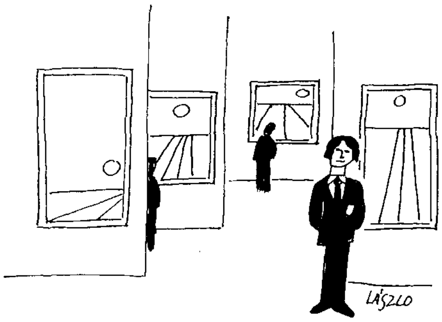
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Boris Anisfeld (1879-1973)—Oils, watercolors, and drawings, including set and costume designs, executed in his native Russia in the early years of his career. Through Dec. 29. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

Horst Antes—Recent paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. The Guggenheim Museum is currently showing sculptures by Antes.)

Herbert Bayer—A three-gallery exhibit of paintings, works on paper, and photographs by an artist who taught at the Bauhaus. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays. . . . ¶ Browne, 16 E. 78th St.)



Michael Byron—Paintings on unstretched canvas, with altarlike arrangements of candles in front of them, plus a series of drawings borrowed from a tattoo artist's stylebook. Through Nov. 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Loren D. Calaway—Small, elegant examples of cabinetmaking, with felt-lined drawers and curious recesses. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Mary Cassatt (1845-1926)—A benefit loan show of about thirty pastels and paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Robert Cronin—Tabletop-size stabiles made of painted tinplate and wire. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Luise Kaish—Collage paintings, some based on glacial landscapes in Alaska and some on the bright lights of Broadway. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Le Corbusier (1887-1965)—Two shows of paintings and works on paper. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon. Through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Starts Thursday, Oct. 25.)

Henry Moore—Three exhibits of drawings, sculptures, and prints. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays. Through Wednesday, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St. Through Dec. 1.)

Clark Murray—Life-size bronze torsos, plus related drawings done in exceptionally thick black pencil lines. Through Wednesday, Oct. 31. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—More than thirty paintings and drawings, ranging from portraits of prim little girls to his more characteristic bordello scenes. Through Nov. 17. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Max Pechstein (1881-1955)—Nearly thirty paintings, drawings, and prints dating from his connection with the German Expressionist Die Brücke group, some of whose work is also on view. Through Dec. 28. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

Cy Twombly—Paintings and drawings dated 1952 to 1983. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Herk Van Tongeren—New bronze sculptures. Through Nov. 10. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

African Art—A hundred elegant examples of tribal African art and artifacts on loan from the Musée de l'Homme in Paris. Through Jan. 22. (Center for African Art, a new establishment at 54 E. 68th St. Open Sundays.)

Group Show—New drawings by twenty-six artists, including Jasper Johns, Sandro Chia, and Eve Sonneman. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—Sixty-five paintings and fifteen works on paper, all but one carrying the title "Homage to the Square." Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

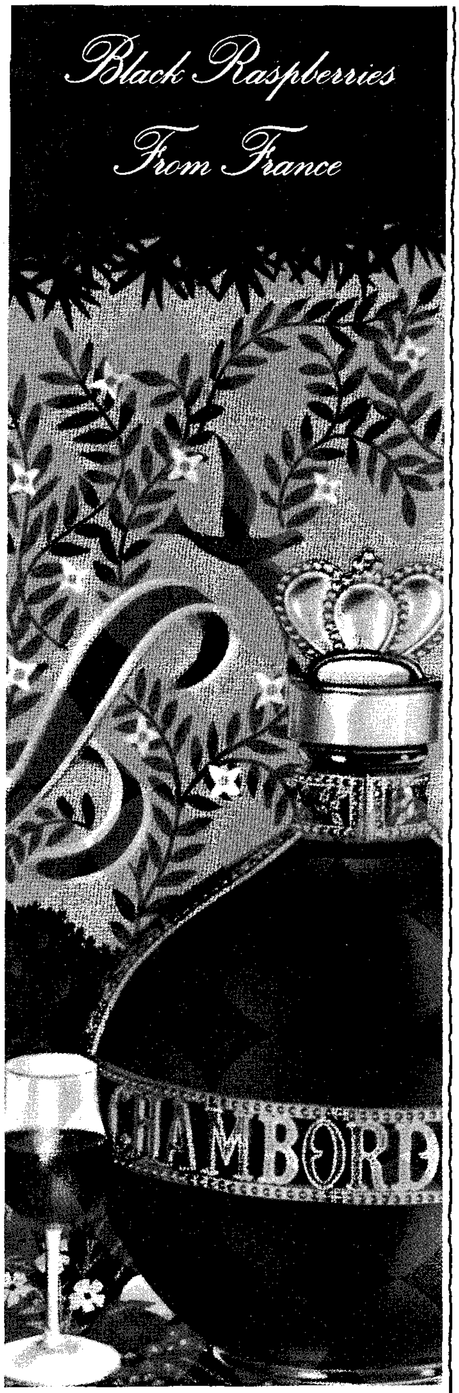
Arman—Life-size bronzes cast from badly charred Louis XV furniture that was set afire by the artist for this sobering installation entitled "The Day After." Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Will Barnet—For many of these twenty-two new paintings the artist used family members and pets as his models. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Natvar Bhavsar—Color-field paintings on paper. Through Nov. 17. (Getler Pall Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Bosman—Paintings of people in desperate straits—tied to a stake, falling through space, swept away in a flood. Through Nov. 10. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Claudio Bravo—Realist paintings and works on



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paper, with subjects as varied as a Crucifixion scene and contemporary soccer players. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Helen Frankenthaler / David Hockney—Abstract works on paper. / Several new panoramic paintings, smaller-scale paintings, drawings, and photocollages. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jedd Garet—Large, dramatic paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Harold Gregor—Recent paintings of Illinois farm country. Through Nov. 10. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Raymond Han—Every highlight gleams to perfection in these still-life paintings of china table settings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 31. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lila Katzen—Yucatán archeological sites inspired this large sculptural installation. Through Nov. 24. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Luce—Paintings on paper, and an eight-foot-long graphite drawing. Through Nov. 17. (Ross, 162 W. 56th St.)

Brice Marden / Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—New Minimalist paintings and works on paper. / Aquatints. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 84th St., is showing, among other prints, a copy of Matisse's only etching in colors, "La Danse." Through Dec. 1. (Open Mondays.)

I. Rice Pereira (1907-71)—Geometric abstractions. Through Nov. 24. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Miklos Pogany—Abstract paintings and works on paper by an artist who uses dry acrylic pigments, which give his works a rubbed-in, pastel look. Through Wednesday, Oct. 31. (Munroe, 56 W. 57th St.)

Katherine Porter—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 10. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Saul / Matta—New paintings and drawings, including a series on Ronald Reagan. / Drawings dated 1939 to 1948. Through Nov. 15. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Osamu Shimoda / Ellery Kurtz—Geometric painted-iron sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. / Trompe-l'oeil paintings. Through Nov. 17. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Philip Trusttum—Paintings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Kim Whanki—A loan show of works on paper and oil-on-cotton paintings done between 1969 and 1973. Through Thursday, Nov. 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Wilde—Small oils in the tradition of Magic Realism. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joe Zucker—New paintings, mostly in stark black and white. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **galerie maeght lelong**, 9 W. 57th St.: A small, elegant show of comfortably sized works by eight prominent abstractionists—LeWitt, Judd, and Ryman, for instance. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . **galerie st. etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: American folk-art paintings by Grandma Moses, Edward Hicks, Ammi Phillips, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . **wunderlich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American prints. Through Nov. 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ida Applebroog—Serial-strip paintings, among other works, by an artist whose métier is social commentary. Through Nov. 24. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Alice Aycock—Four large metal sculptures, consisting of revolving blades, sweeping arms, blinking lights, and a general air of industry. Also, drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

John Bellany—Paintings of distorted figures, many of them related to the sea. The artist is a Scot and his father was a fisherman. Through Nov. 8. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Max Cole / Alan Wolfson—Abstract paintings. / Miniature dioramas, mostly of subway interiors, fleabag-hotel entrances, and other blemishes on the Big Apple. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Chuck Connelly—Carnival rides and carnival gambling games provide some of the themes for paintings done in carnival colors but somehow sombre in mood. Through Wednesday, Oct. 31. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Westa Delagi—Full-face portraits. Through Nov. 4. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Fred Escher—Paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

Helmut Federle—A Swiss artist's paintings of bold, simple rectangular forms, shown in dark gray and yellow-green. Through Nov. 14. (Gibson, at a new location at 568 Broadway.)

Eric Fischl—Frankly naked people in high-rent quarters—in apartments, in the bathroom, in the suburbs—caught in large and often disturbing paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Vernon Fisher—Large, enigmatic paintings, accompanied by lengthy texts printed on them and sometimes by related sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Joan Gardner / Stefany Blyn—Paintings of figures. / Emblematic oils. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Paul Georges—A heroic (eleven feet by twenty) painting in which the gods of Olympus meet up with satellites out in space; Perseus and Medusa depicted with a droll brush; and other works. Through Nov. 10. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

Mary Grigoriadis—Abstract geometric oils. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Jan Hashey—Big semi-abstract paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Michael Lucero—Larger than life-size sculptured heads, some ceramic and some bronze. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Sculptures from 1979-83. Through Nov. 4. (Sharpe, 328 E. 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

George McNeil—A retrospective of works by an Abstract Expressionist now in his seventies. Through Nov. 10. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Claudia McNulty—Paintings of bison, cows, deer, executed on pieces of burlap sacking sewn together, sometimes in the rough outline of an animal's hide. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Henri Michaux—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Elizabeth Murray—Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Bruce Nauman—A two-gallery show that plays with words—on a big electrified bulletin board at Castelli, 142 Greene Street, and on inscribed stone tablets upstairs at Sperone Westwater. Through Saturday, Nov. 3.

Yhuda Porbochrai—Paintings of seated androgynous figures with a variety of symbols in the background—fleur-de-lis, fish, helicopters, floating chairs. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—New works on canvas. Through Nov. 10. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Charles Simonds—Clay sculptures of tiny cliffdweller houses that are part plant; windblown rocks; and organic forms. Through Nov. 10. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

D. Jack Solomon—New paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Zush—Spidery ink-and-watercolor drawings of fantasy creatures with visible brains, intestines, and genitals. Through Nov. 7. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Group Show—Realist paintings: Lance Richbourg's baseball memories, including Bob Gibson pitching for the Cards; Davis Cone's urban scenes, including a convincing small-town rainstorm; Daniel Chard's Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, landscapes; and Arsen

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Roje's blowups of movie stills. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Max Coyer—Figurative paintings combining images borrowed from sources as disparate as commercial advertisements and Ingres portraiture. Through Nov. 10. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Terry Rosenberg—Paintings, drawings, collages, and sewn-leather sculptures. Through Nov. 24. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Krzysztof Wodiczko—Photographs of exhibitions of the artist's work, which consists of photographic slides projected on large buildings. Through Nov. 10. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. The artist will show a new work on the south side of the Washington Square Arch on Saturday, Oct. 27, from dusk to midnight.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Horst / Ansel Adams (1902-84)—A retrospective that includes recent portraits of Paloma Picasso, Andy Warhol, and Diana Vreeland. / Twenty-five of his favorite prints. Through Nov. 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Arnold Kramer—Informal portraits and landscape photographs. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Irving Penn—A retrospective has been mounted at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Theodore Roszak—Photograms that the Constructivist sculptor did in the thirties. Through Nov. 10. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Francesco Scavullo—Prints by a fashion photographer. Through Dec. 1. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joel Sternfeld—Recent photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Eight prints not exhibited together since Paul Strand made them for a 1917 show at Gallery 291; Robert Frank's photographs of the Democratic National Conventions in 1956 and in 1984; new work by Nicholas Nixon. Through Nov. 24. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The van Gogh show: a canvas-by-canvas chronicle of his months in Arles, February 1888 to May 1889, with a few works by Gauguin painted during his brief stay with van Gogh. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese painting and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. . . . ¶ The first large-scale exhibit of Maori tribal artifacts to leave New Zealand consists of close to two hundred objects, such as house posts, canoe prows, and ceremonial sculptures. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures and two hundred tribal objects which demonstrates the critical influence of tribal art, mainly African and Oceanic, on Western modernism. Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Alvar Aalto's glass objects and furniture, ubiquitous in his native Finland, form an exhibit mounted by the Department of Architecture and Design. Through Nov. 27. . . . **Photography:** About two hundred works by Irving Penn. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Paintings, photographs, and works in mixed mediums by eight contemporary Australian artists. . . . ¶ A show of nearly forty sculptural environments that Horst Antes has devised for the severe, truncated figures that identify his paintings. A complementary exhibit is at Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. Both museum exhibits through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show that revives the New York art world of 1958-64, via, for example, re-creations of Claes Oldenburg's tableaux "The Street" and "The Store" and two of Allan Kaprow's found-object environments. Other artists include Johns, Lichtenstein, and Morris. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ More than two hundred prints added to the museum's collection in the past decade, ranging from John Marin's 1911 "Brooklyn Bridge" to lithographs completed this year by Susan Rothenberg and by Terry Winters. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Bronze sculptures by Nancy Graves, Sandro Chia, Isaac Witkin, Anthony Caro, Bryan Hunt, and George Segal. Starts Friday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty-four pieces of ceramic tableware by industrial designer Eva Zeisel, in a retrospective spanning more than fifty years. Through Nov. 16. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Asante: Kingdom of Gold," eight hundred objects from Asante, a colony of the west African Gold Coast now in modern Ghana, have been assembled from the British Museum's collection and arranged, in part, to simulate festival day in a king's court. Gold objects, wood sculptures covered in sheet gold, jewelry, textiles, carved furniture. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A survey of Japanese calligraphy from the eighth century to the nineteenth, jointly organized by the Asia Society and Japan House (see below). This section has works by scholars and artists, including eight decorated poem pages from a set of thirty-six by Hon'ami Koetsu. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Jewelry from the prodigious collection of Baltimore's Walters Art Gallery, whose founder purchased precious objects that range from the Egyptian amulets commonly sewn into mummy wrappings to the "Tiffany Iris" brooch, whose petals are made of a hundred and twenty sapphires set in silver. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese calligraphy, including the ornate Buddhist text "Lotus Sutra." A joint exhibit with the Asia Society, this section is devoted to calligraphers from the court and the temple. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—International Style architecture in Israel is documented with models and renderings, plus photographs by Judith Turner, who concentrated on buildings in Tel Aviv. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Watercolors and drawings primarily by European artists, including Raphael and Picasso, in a selection from the National Gallery of Ireland. . . . ¶ "William Morris: The 150th Anniversary of His Birth"—manuscripts, photographs, pamphlets, and books. . . . ¶ Landscape etchings by Rembrandt. All shows through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—"The World of Grandma Moses": more than fifty paintings, plus source materials, in

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an exhibit that points up her stylistic and technical development. Through Sunday, Oct. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Forty-one paintings by Leon Golub, spanning nearly as many years of his career. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of traditional African art and of nineteenth- and twentieth-century African-American paintings, sculptures, and photographs from the collections of the museum, the Schomburg Center, and the Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building. Through Jan. 1. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Tom Murrin, better known as the Alien Comic (performance), Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Joelle Ballonzoli (performance), Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A group show of works in several mediums, all incorporating a text. Through Saturday, Oct. 27.

P.S. 1, at 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The curator, Henry Geldzahler, has pulled together a show of a hundred paintings by twelve artists whose work he feels deserves wider recognition. Among them are Sally Hazelet Drummond, Joan McLaughlin, and Walter Murch. Through Dec. 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Cleopatra Ciurca, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; conducted by Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8: "La Bohème," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Myra Merritt, Giuliano Ciannella, and Pablo Elvira; Plácido Domingo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Cleopatra Ciurca, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Claudia Catania, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Katia Ricciarelli, Ermanno Mauro, David Holloway, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8: "La Bohème," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Myra Merritt, Giuliano Ciannella, and Pablo Elvira; Plácido Domingo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Claudia Catania, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 2, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Katia Ricciarelli, Ermanno Mauro, David Holloway, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8: "La Bohème," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Myra Merritt, Giuliano Ciannella, and Pablo Elvira; Plácido Domingo.

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New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Stephanie Sundine, Robert Grayson, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by Bruce Ferden. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Kaaren Erickson, Sally Wolf, Jon Garrison, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2: "Lakmé," with Gianna Rolandi, Susanne Marsee, Barry McCauley, and Harry Dworchak; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Lamy, Richard Leech, and Adib Fazah; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 28, at 1: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Janice Meyerson, Alteouise DeVaughn, Harry Theyard, and William Dansby; and "Pagliacci," with Marianna Christos, Jon Fredric West, and Adib Fazah; Klaus Weise conducting both. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 28, at 7: "Mefistofele," with Stephanie Sundine, Robert Grayson, and Samuel Ramey; Bruce Ferden. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Lakmé," with Gianna Rolandi, Susanne Marsee, Barry McCauley, Harry Dworchak; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Susanne Marsee, Rico Serbo, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Stephanie Sundine, Robert Grayson, and William Dansby; Bruce Ferden. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Janice Meyerson, Alteouise DeVaughn, Harry Theyard, and William Dansby; and "Pagliacci," with Maryanne Telese, Jon Fredric West, Robert McFarland, and Stephen Dickson; Klaus Weise conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, Jon Garrison, and William Stone; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Sheryl Woods, Janis Eckhart, Richard Leech, and Adib Fazah; Mark Flint. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 18.)

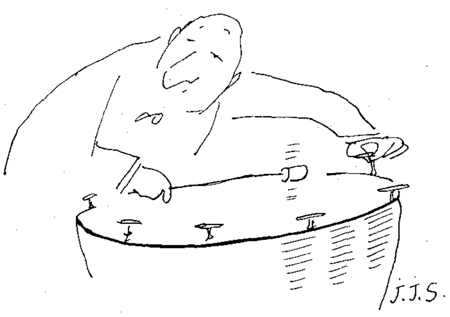
John Brownlee Opera Theatre—A program of scenes from such operas as "Don Giovanni," "The Magic Flute" (in English), and "Madame Butterfly." (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Amato Opera Company—Puccini's "Tosca." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Bel Canto Opera—James Richman conducting performances of J. C. Bach's "Amadis des Gaules," staged by Michel Beretti. With Thomas Bogdan, tenor, and Ann Monoyios, soprano. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. Saturdays, Oct. 27 and Nov. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Myung-Whun Chung conducting an Earle Brown–Tchaikovsky–Prokofieff program on Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8; Friday, Oct. 26, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 27, and Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8 (all with Elmar Oliveira, violin). . . . ¶ Andrew Davis conducting an Oliver Knussen–Prokofieff–Beethoven program on Thursday and Friday, Nov. 1-2, and Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 8 (all with Glenn Dicterow, violin).



Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting a Brahms–Richard Strauss program, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello, and Burton Fine, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 24-25, at 8.)

Pittsburgh Symphony—Lorin Maazel conducting a Britten-Haydn-Berlioz program, with Wynton Marsalis, trumpet. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Montreal Symphony—Charles Dutoit directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8, a Schumann-Shostakovich program, with Martti Talvela, bass, and the Montreal Symphony Orchestra Men's Chorus. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 3, a Verdi-Beethoven-Stravinsky program, with Murray Perahia, piano.)

Northern Sinfonia of England—Barry Tuckwell conducting and acting as horn soloist for this chamber orchestra making its first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Lawrence Leighton Smith conducting a Schumann-Chopin program, with Natan Brand, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Stockholm Philharmonic—Yuri Ahronovitch conducting, with Frans Helmerson, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Camerata Bariloche—An Argentine chamber orchestra, with Guelfo Nalli, horn. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Sidney Harth conducting, with Lilian Kallir, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Grande Bande—A program of music by members of the Bach family, with Julianne Baird, soprano, and the Gleemen. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach" Festival—Richard Westenburg directing the Musica Sacra chorus and orchestra in a performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with Marvis Martin, soprano; Judith Malafronte, mezzo-soprano; Stanley Cornett, tenor; and William Parker, baritone. The last in a series of concerts honoring the tercentennial of the composer's birth. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 7:30.)

St. Thomas Choir—Gerre Hancock directing, with the Concert Royal. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with an orchestra and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

RECITALS

Cameron Grant and James Winn—Duo-piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

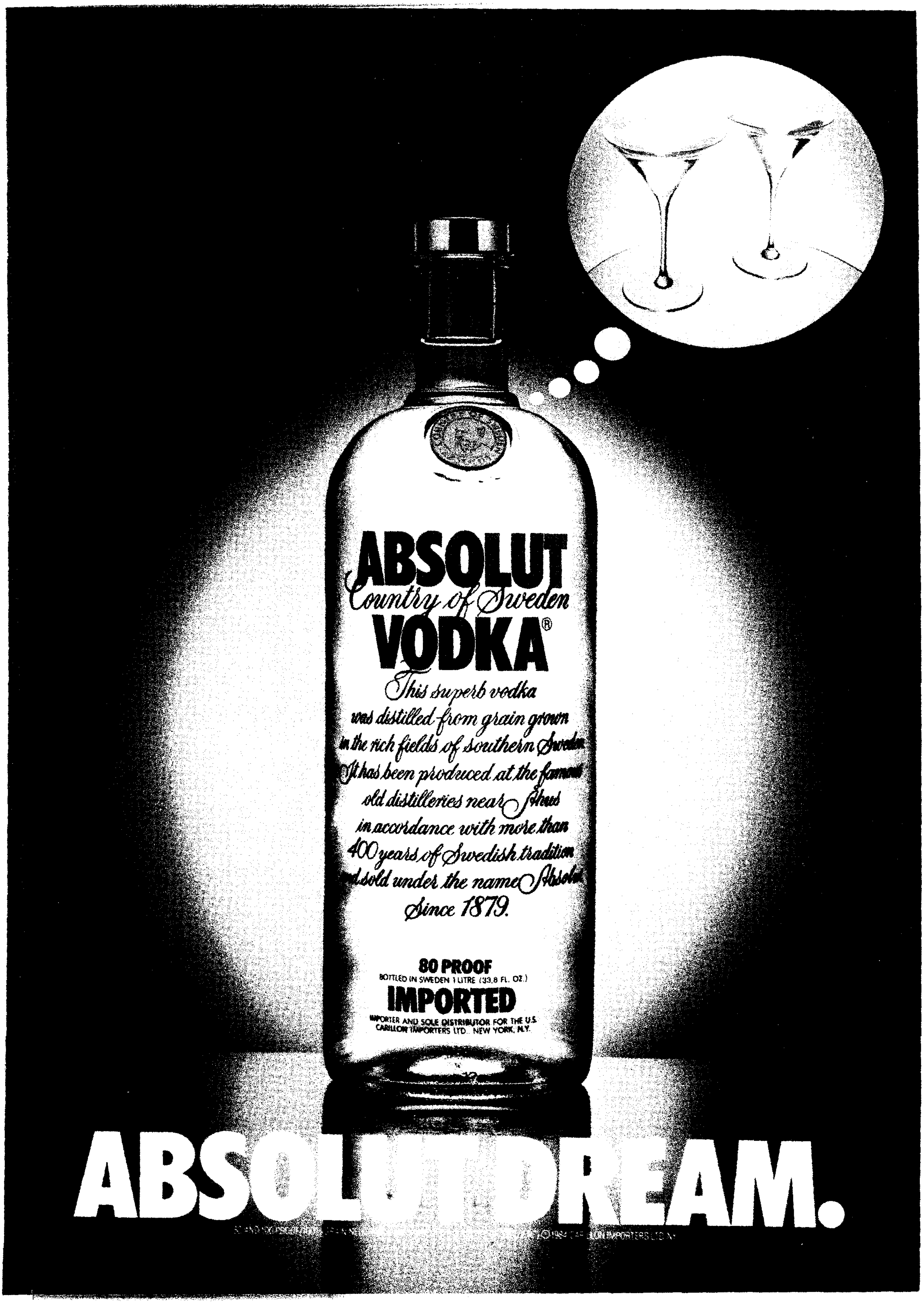
Stefani Starin—Flute, in a one-hour concert, with assisting artists. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Oct. 26, at 6. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Oxana Yablonskaya—Piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Oct. 26, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

James Galway—Flute, with Phillip Moll, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts, each with a guest violist, this one featuring Ida Kavafian. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—In a program that includes the American premières of four-part songs by Richard Strauss and Schu-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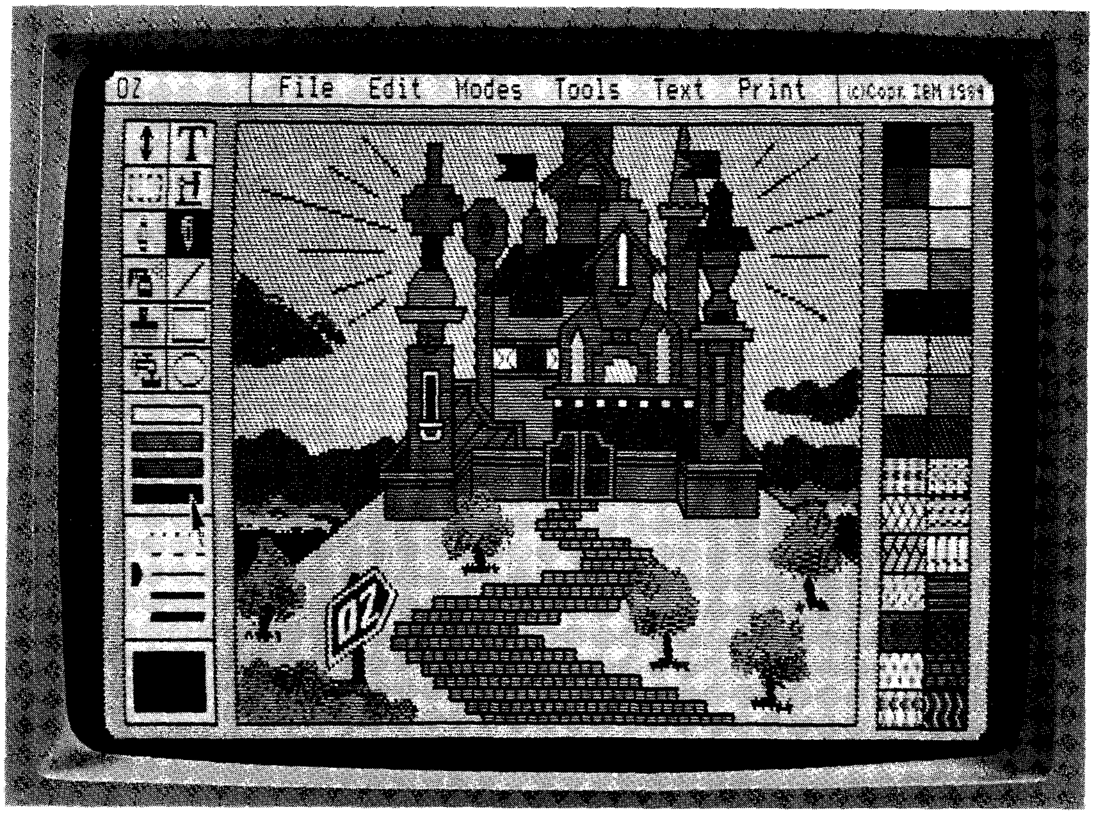
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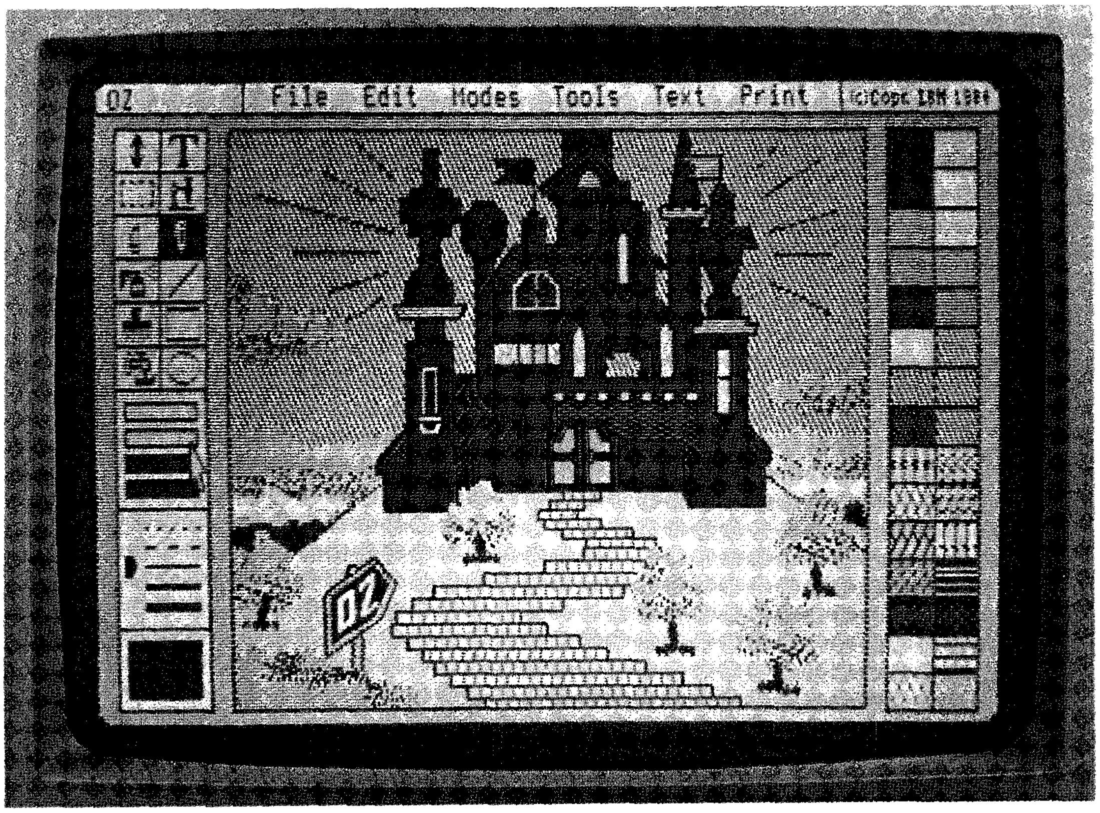
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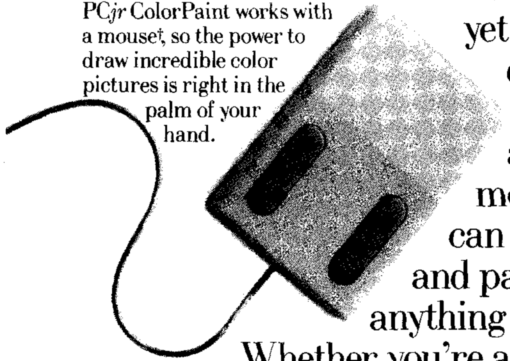

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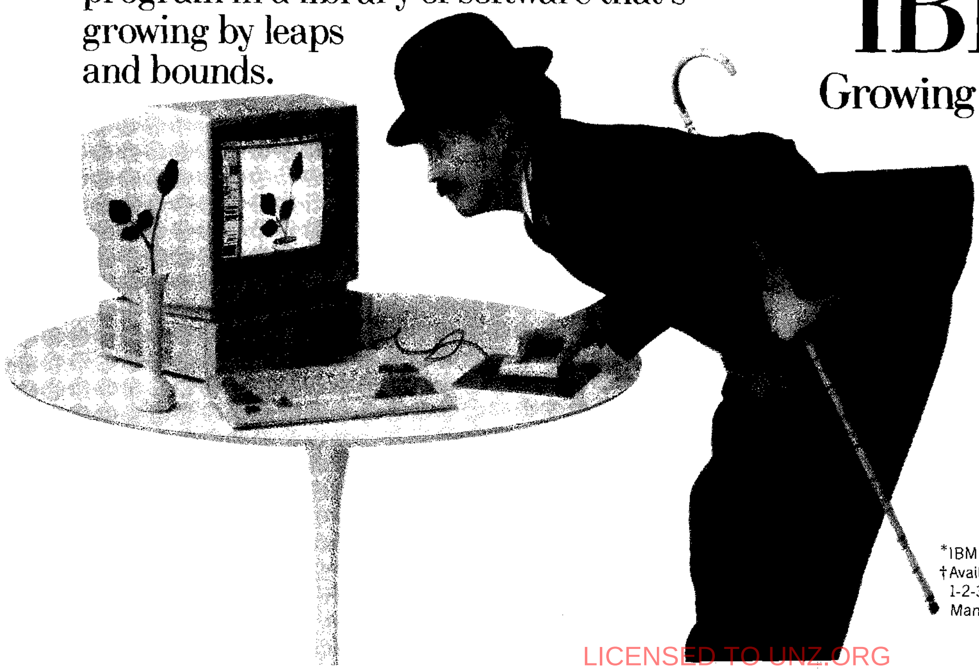

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National Geographic

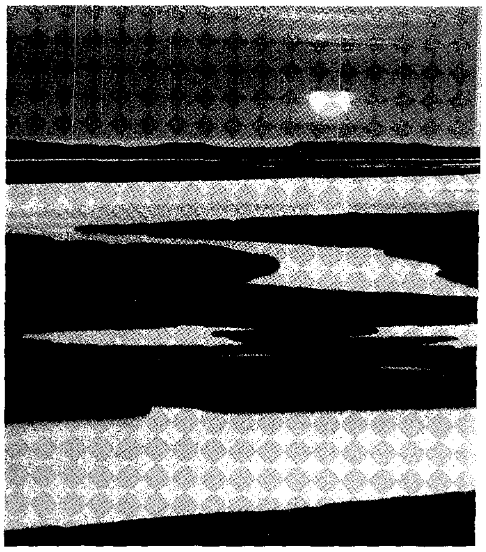
Traveler takes the serious

There are a lot of "travel magazines" that talk about buying batik on Java, pre-season ski exercises, and English-language newspapers all over the world. But what serious travelers most need to know, even before leaving home, is what their destination is really like. And that's the reason for National Geographic Traveler.

Traveler explores every subject in the best National Geographic Society tradition. Our authors contribute original points of view, meticulous reporting, and evocative details. Our photographers do the same. Our maps are backed by a century of cartographic experience. And Traveler's practical information draws on the resources of the organization that blazed the trails that are now beaten paths all over the world.

Even before publication, some 700,000 serious travelers subscribed; after just three issues, the circulation rose to 1,000,000. Well over half of these readers spent six or more nights away from home on their last trip. They travel for pleasure as well as for business. And they were waiting for a magazine that took their travels as seriously as they do. They were waiting for Traveler.

Source: 1983 SMRB Traveler Respondent Survey



Sunrise at Nauset Marsh, Eastham, Massachusetts.

Exciting photographs

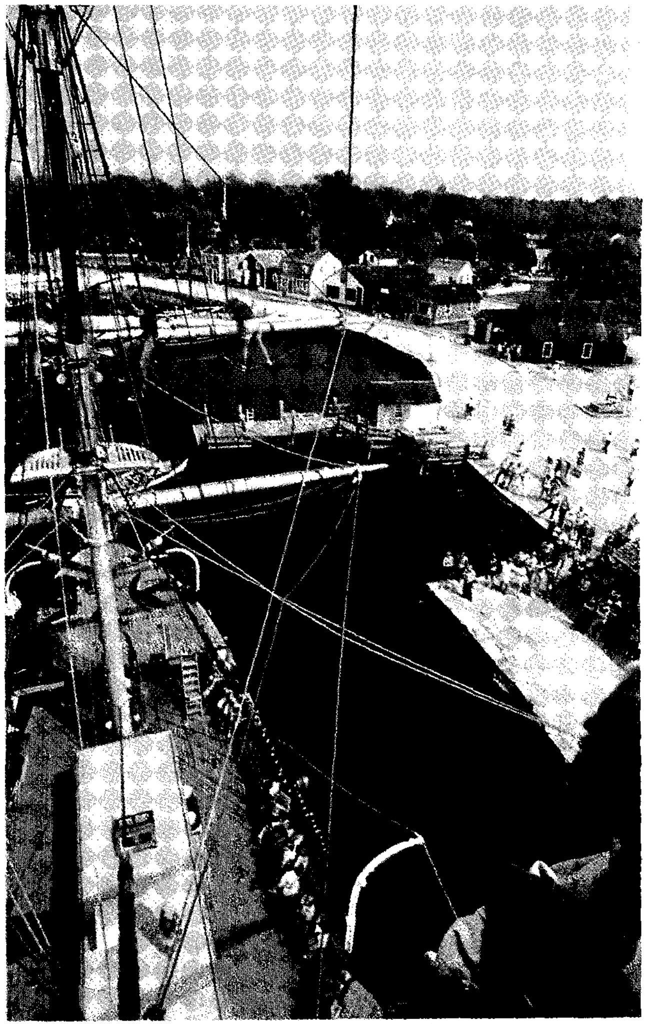
In Dinosaur National Monument in Colorado and Utah, petroglyphs silently recall the Indians of a thousand years ago who used stone tools to peck the figures into the cliff.

The best in travel literature

"This was real chin-in-the-dirt sport caving, with the ceiling pressing on my back. The passage narrowed so much I could hardly move my arms and legs. I wedged my shoulders and pushed forward with my toes, only to get my helmet caught for a few long, uncomfortable moments.

We emerged into a six-foot-high, three-foot-wide passage that seemed almost roomy.... Almost immediately, the ceiling forced us onto all fours and then to our bellies again. This time, the passage narrowed to a tiny chute that angled upward into a body-size hole.... I crammed my body into the space and pushed my toes, popping through the hole to find my smiling guides sitting on a big rock beside a tourist trail...."

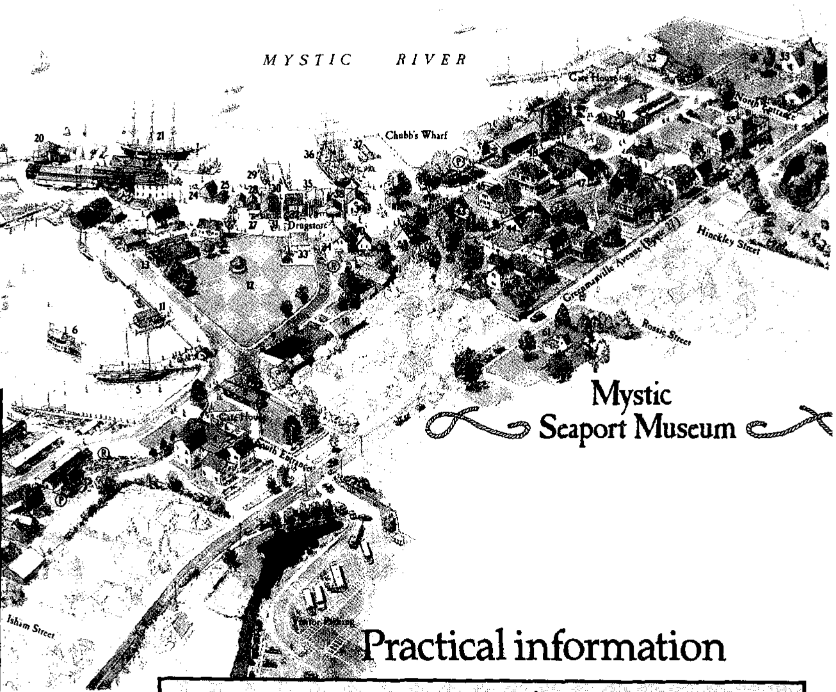
—*Laura White Alderson, describing her Wild Cave Tour, in "Mammoth Cave: Kentucky's Buried Treasure"*



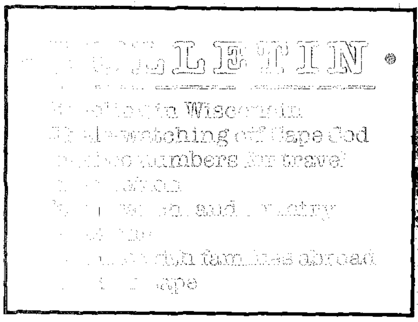
Above: From his yardarm perch, Roger Ryley, a staff member at Mystic Seaport in Mystic, Connecticut, watches fellow workers furl sail high above a rapt crowd. Right: Rafters on the Green River in Dinosaur National Monument sweep through treacherous Warm Spring Rapids.

traveler closer to the world.

Maps in every style


MYSTIC RIVER
Chubb's Wharf
Drugstore
Hinckley Street
Greenmanville Avenue
Roosevelt Street
Isham Street
Mystic Seaport Museum

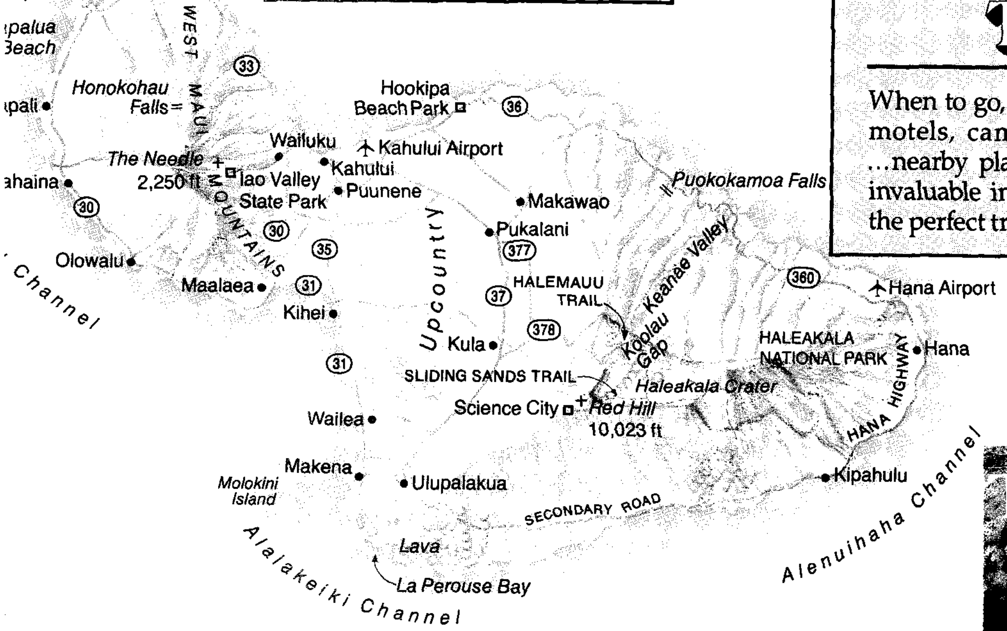
Travel news



Practical information

Travel • Wise

When to go, how to get there, what to see…hotels, motels, camping, restaurants, museum hours …nearby places of interest. Every article features invaluable information for planning and enjoying the perfect trip.


Pailolo Channel
WEST MAUI MOUNTAINS
Kapalua Beach
Honokohau Falls
Napili
The Needle 2,250 ft
Lahaina
Olowalu
Channel
Wailuku
Iao Valley State Park
Kahului
Kahului Airport
Puunene
Hookipa Beach Park
Maalaea
Kihei
Wailea
Makena
Molokini Island
Makawao
Pukalani
Upcountry
HALEMAUU TRAIL
Kula
SLIDING SANDS TRAIL
Science City
Red Hill 10,023 ft
Haleakala Crater
Koolau Gap
Keanae Valley
Puokokamoa Falls
HALEAKALA NATIONAL PARK
HANA HIGHWAY
Hana
Hana Airport
Kipahulu
Ulupalakua
SECONDARY ROAD
Lava
La Perouse Bay
Alalakeiki Channel
Alenuihaha Channel
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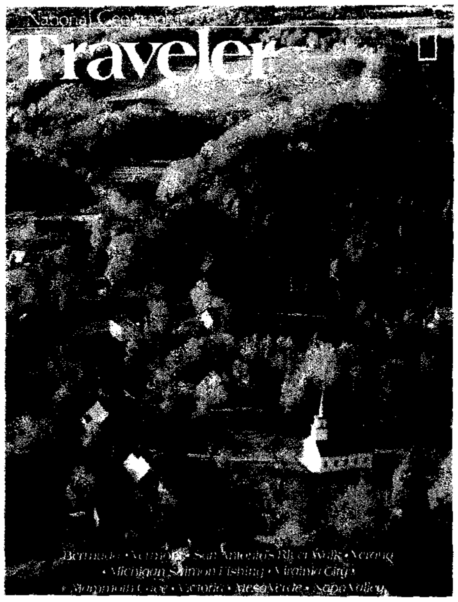
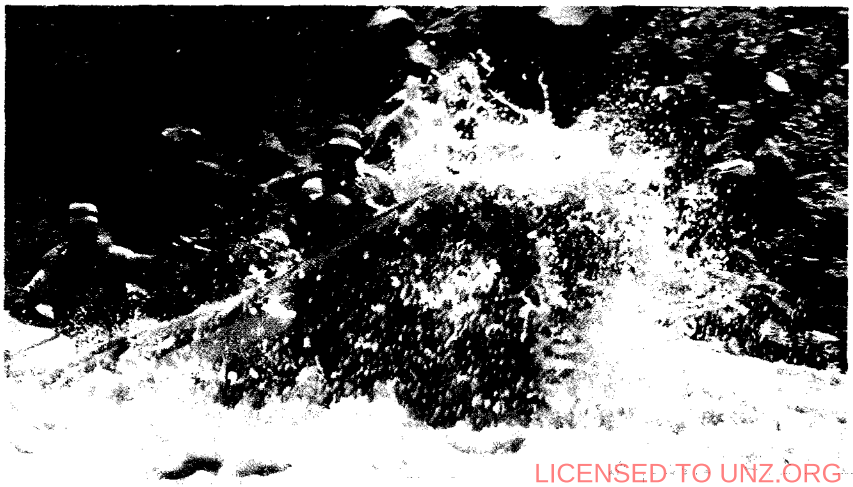
360

The magazine they were waiting for.


National Geographic
Traveler



Panasonic presents a 1½″ color TV. And three other minor miracles.

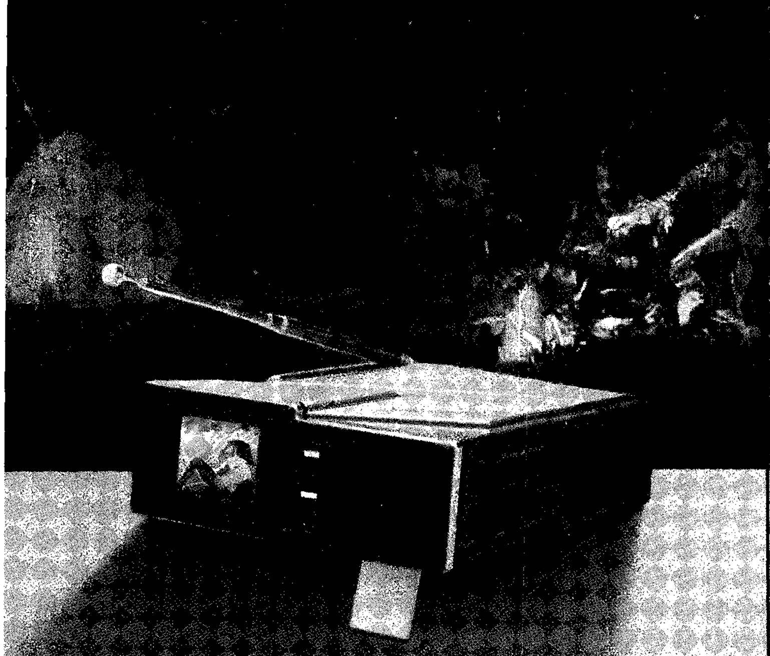
You're looking at four small TVs with some very big extras. Extras that pop up. Wake you up. Fill you up with fantastic stereo sound. And keep you up with the latest personal TV technology.

Nobody is bigger in small TVs than Panasonic. Take this really portable, portable color TV. Featuring a gem of a color picture. Measuring a mere 1½″. All screen sizes measured diagonally.

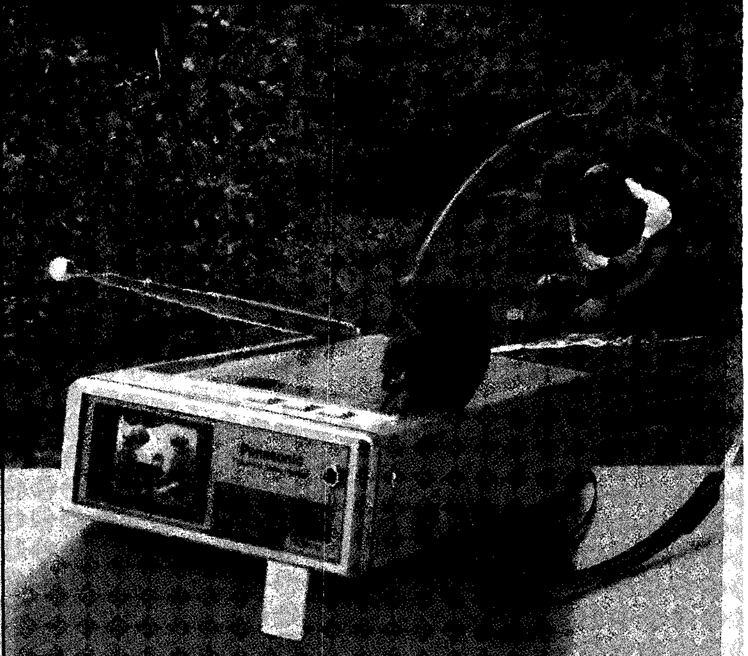
The three portables play on house current or batteries. Each one comes with a battery that can be recharged hundreds of times. Which can add up to some very large savings.

The minor miracles from Panasonic. They do a lot more than just stay home and play TV. TV pictures simulated.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.



CT-101 Portable. 1½″ color TV. Sharp picture indoors or out. Audio/video inputs for VCR. Plays on house current. Standard batteries. Rechargeable and car batteries.



TR-1020P Portable. 1½″ B/W TV. Plays AM/FM stereo through its headphones. Sunscreen for outdoor viewing. Plays on house current. Standard batteries. Rechargeable and car batteries.

TRF-438P. 4″ B/W TV with a built-in AM/FM digital clock radio. Wake to TV, radio or alarm. Slim styling. Perfect for night table, kitchen counter, workbench. Or anywhere you can plug it in.

TR-5100P Portable. 5″ TV that pops out of an AM/FM radio. Glare guard for better outdoor viewing. Plays on house current. Rechargeable batteries. And car battery with optional cord.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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28	29	30	31	1	2	3

bert. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 3.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 3.)

Antonio Meneses—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 3.)

Daune Mahy—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 3.)

Vivian Taylor—Piano, with Paul Cohen, saxophone; Aline Benoit, clarinet; and Pamela Wood Ambush, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 5:30.)

Ferruccio Tagliavini—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 7:30.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Aurora—With Stanley Ritchie, baroque violin. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Berenice Lipson-Gruzen—Piano. (City University Graduate Center, third floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Monday, Oct. 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Parnassus—Anthony Korf conducting a program of contemporary chamber music, with Judith Bettina, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Bach Chamber Soloists—The first in a series of seven concerts, this one a program of sonatas and selections from the "Musical Offering." (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Monday, Oct. 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Håkan Hagegård—Baritone, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Portland String Quartet—The first of two concerts presenting the Ernest Bloch quartet cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Melos Quartet—A Mozart-Bruckner program, with Atar Arad, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano, in the first in a series of three concerts, this one with Felix Galimir, violin; John Graham, viola; and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Menahem Pressler and the Emerson String Quartet—The first in a series of three programs of music for piano and strings. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; James Buswell and Martha Caplin, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Richard Goode, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 5.)

Ivo Pogorelich—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Homero Francesch—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Hermann Baumann—Horn, with Samuel Sanders, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Calliope—A program of late-Renaissance and early-baroque music from English and Italian royal courts. With instrumental soloists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the second annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects: In the Lepercq Space. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 7; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 25-27, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2 and 7: The première of Tim Miller's multimedia work **DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA**. . . . ¶ In the Opera House. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 7, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, at 8: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the American première of Steve Reich's **THE DESERT MUSIC**, an orchestral work set to poetry by William Carlos Williams. With Mr. Reich and his musicians, and the chorus and members of the Brooklyn Philharmonic. . . . Thursday, Nov. 1, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 2-3, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2: The **ELISA MONTE DANCE COMPANY** performing "Set in Stone" (première), "Pigs and Fishes," "Treading," "White Dragon" (New York première), and "Indoors" (American première). (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Festival runs through Sunday, Dec. 23.)

Sounds American—A series of concerts in which composers perform their own works. Wednesday, Oct. 24: Robert Dick, flute. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25: Pauline Oliveros, accordion. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26: Bob Telson, electronic keyboards and vocals, with Sam Butler, singer-guitarist. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27: Elliott Sharp, guitar, bass, soprano saxophone, and bass clarinet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 28: Three electronic works by Chris Janney, which are activated by voice or the movements of a dancer. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday at 9:30, and Sunday at 7:30.)

Classical Music by Black Composers—A program including spirituals, chamber music, and choral music, performed by Alpha Floyd, soprano; Benjamin Matthews, bass-baritone; Wayne Sanders, piano; the Hal Archer trio; the St. Thomas Singers; and others. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, Oct. 28, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

SPORTS

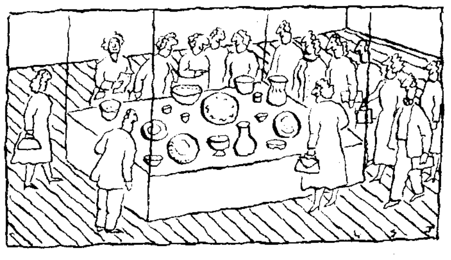
(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Oct. 27, at 7:30. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, Oct. 26, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Saturday, Nov. 3, at 7:30.

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 27** (all games at 1:30): Boston College vs. Rutgers, at Chestnut Hill. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Colgate, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Army, at Syracuse. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 28:** Manhattan vs. Fairfield, at John F. Kennedy Field, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 3:** Army vs. Air Force, at West Point, at 12:20. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Canisius, at Fordham, at 1. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 12:20. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 1. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 28: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 4. . . . ¶ Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Sunday, Oct. 28, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Oct. 27, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Rangers, Thursday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Wednesday, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Minnesota North Stars, Friday, Nov. 2. (Games begin at 7:35.)



Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 30-Nov. 4. Competitions daily at 1:30 and 7:30.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30, from Wednesday, Oct. 24, through Monday, Dec. 31. The Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 27; the Miss Grillo, Sunday, Oct. 28; the East View, Wednesday, Oct. 31; and the Long Island Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 31. The Gardenia, Friday, Oct. 26.

Running—The New York City Marathon, with the course winding through all five boroughs, will start at 10:30 on Sunday, Oct. 28, at the toll-booth plaza of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge in Staten Island and end near the Tavern-on-the-Green, at West 66th St., at approximately 12:30.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 3.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—At the **92ND STREET Y:** Theodore Weiss and Herbert Morris reading from their own works. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 29, at 8.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART:** An international poetry festival, featuring readings by forty poets. (Titus 2 Theatre, 11 W. 53rd St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 29-Nov. 2, at 8:30. Free admission on a first-come, first-served basis; for schedule information, call 708-9520.)

The Art of Penjing: Miniature Landscapes from China—A hundred and fifty examples of Chinese rockery *penjing*, arranged to represent mountain peaks, caves, and other natural formations. A loan show celebrating the bicentennial of the opening of trade relations between the United States and China. (Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4. Through Sunday, Nov. 4.)

Antiques Shows—**NEW YORK ARMORY ANTIQUES SHOW,** 7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St.: Wednesday, Oct. 24, from 4 to 9; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 25-27, noon to 9; and Sunday, Oct. 28, noon to 6. . . . **FALL ANTIQUES SHOW,** New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 50th St.: Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 25-27, noon to 10, and Sunday, Oct. 28, noon to 6.

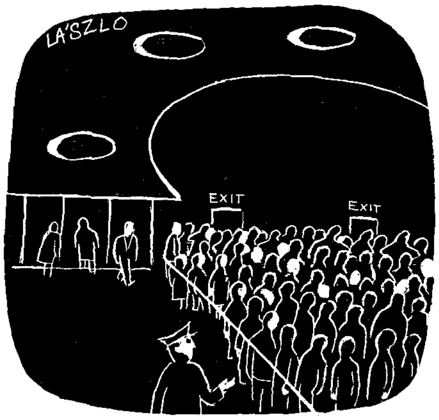
Walking Tours—Conducted tours of upper Fifth Avenue, sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 27-28, starting in front of the former Duke Mansion, 1 E. 78th St., at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.) . . . ¶ "Upper Fifth Avenue: The Townhouse and the Private Palace," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Oct. 28, starting at the corner of Fifth Ave. and 89th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 25, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Oct. 26, at 10:15: American Indian art. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 10:15 and 2: American nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 2: Americana books, manuscripts, and autographs. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 31, at 7, and Thursday, Nov. 1, at 10:15: Contemporary art. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 26. Admission to the Wednesday sale by ticket only; for information, call 606-7245. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 1, at 10:15 and 2: Paperweights, from the collection of the Corning Museum of Glass and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 27.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 30.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"The Ploughman's Lunch" (directed by Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 25: "Purple Rain" (†); and "Grandview, U.S.A." (Randal Kleiser), with Jamie Lee Curtis and C. Thomas Howell.
From Oct. 26: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Oct. 25: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
From Oct. 26: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 25: "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†).
From Oct. 26: "American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 25: "All of Me" (†). From Oct. 26: "Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.
Theatre 3: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Places in the Heart" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 25: "All of Me" (†).
From Oct. 26: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Oct. 25: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.
From Oct. 26: "American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Oct. 25: "Impulse" (Graham Baker), with Tim Matheson, Meg Tilly, and Hume Cronyn.
From Oct. 26: "Give My Regards to Broad Street" (Peter Webb), with Paul McCartney.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Nov. 1: "Comfort and Joy" (Bill Forsyth), with Bill Paterson and C. P. Grogan.
From Nov. 2: "Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 25: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer. From Oct. 26: "Body Double" (Brian De Palma), with Craig Wasson, Gregg Henry, and Melanie Griffith.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 25: "The Bostonians" (†). From Oct. 26: "Body Double."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 31: "Places in the Heart" (†). From Nov. 1: "Choose Me" (Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lesley Ann Warren.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Oct. 31: "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†).
From Nov. 1: "Not for Publication" (Paul Bartel), with Nancy Allen, David Naughton, and Laurence Luckinbill.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 28: "Cal" (Pat O'Connor), with Helen Mirren and John Lynch. Oct. 29-Nov. 1: Theatre closed. From Nov. 2: "The Killing Fields" (Roland Joffe), with Sam Waterston.
Theatre 2: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 25: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods. The full three-hour-and-forty-five-and-a-half-minute version. From Oct. 26: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 25: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins. From Oct. 26: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Country" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 25: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams. From Oct. 26: "Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Amadeus" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Oct. 30: "Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.
From Oct. 31: Theatre closed.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 25: "Ninja III: The Domination" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi and Lucinda Dickey.
From Oct. 26: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 25: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams. From Oct. 26: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 25: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
From Oct. 26: "Body Double" (Brian De Palma), with Craig Wasson, Gregg Henry, and Melanie Griffith.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 30: A program of eight recent Czech animated films. From Oct. 31: "Ghost Dance" (1983; directed by Ken McMullen; in English and French), with Pascale Ogier.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 25: "The Ballad of Narayama" (Shohei Imamura; in Japanese). Oct. 26-Nov. 1: "The Conformist" (†). From Nov. 2: "Nicaragua: No Pasaran" (David Bradbury), a documentary.

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Oct. 25: A two-week program of documentary and short films on Central America and the Caribbean Islands.
Oct. 26-Nov. 1: "Burroughs" (Howard Brookner), a documentary.
From Nov. 2: A week-long program of films by Christian Blackwood.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 25: "The 4th Man" (†). From Oct. 26: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 25: "Crimes of Passion." From Oct. 26: "Body Double" (Brian De Palma), with Craig Wasson, Gregg Henry, and Melanie Griffith.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Country" (†).
Theatre 2: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 3: "Metropolis" (†).
Theatre 4: Through October 25: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett. From Oct. 26: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Razor's Edge" (John Byrum), with Bill Murray and Theresa Russell.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Oct. 25: "Children of Paradise" (†).
From Oct. 26: A French film festival.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stop Making Sense" (Jonathan Demme), with the Talking Heads.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Swann in Love" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Amadeus" (†).

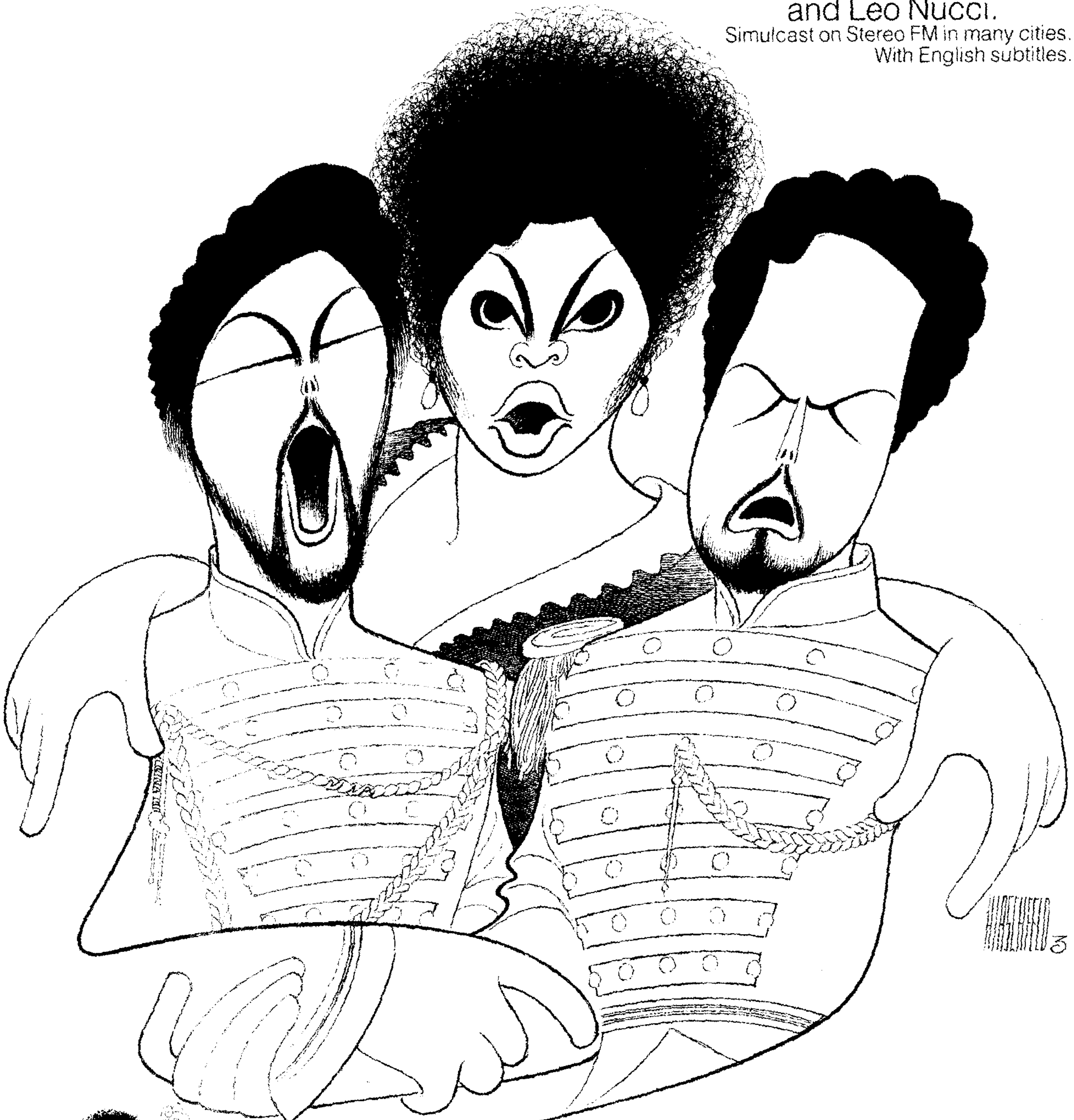
Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Full Moon in Paris" (Eric Rohmer; in French).
Theatre 2: "A Nos Amours" (Maurice Pialat; in French).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 30: "The Family Game" (Yoshimitsu Morita; in Japanese). From Oct. 31: "Diary for My Children" (Márta Mészáros; in Hungarian).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Carmen" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (Jim Jarmusch), with John Lurie, Richard Edson, and Eszter Balint.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.
Theatre 2: "The Brother from Another Plan-

The Metropolitan Opera's "La Forza del Destino." October 31st, at 8 P.M. (EST) on PBS.

James Levine conducts.
With Leontyne Price,
Giuseppe Giacomini,
and Leo Nucci.
Simulcast on Stereo FM in many cities.
With English subtitles.



The leading character of Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" never appears on stage, speaks or sings, but is present throughout. The character is Fate. It leads Leonora to a life of penitence. Fate compels her lover, an Incan prince, to commit a murder he never intended. Fate contemptuously brings ruin on all it confronts in Verdi's operatic masterwork—where a twist of Fate ultimately becomes the final twist of the knife.

TEXACO PHILANTHROPIC FOUNDATION INC

Funding for "Live From The Met" is made possible by a major grant from Texaco Philanthropic Foundation Inc. with additional grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Charles E. Culpeper Foundation.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

et" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 25: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver. From Oct. 26: "American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 25: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams. From Oct. 26: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 3: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.
Theatre 4: "Country" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 25: "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†). From Oct. 26: "Body Double" (Brian De Palma), with Craig Wasson, Gregg Henry, and Melanie Griffith.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 25: "Metropolis" (†). From Oct. 26: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 25: "Ghostbusters" (†). From Oct. 26: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 25: "Ninja III: The Domination" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi and Lucinda Dickey. From Oct. 26: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 25: "Impulse" (directed by Graham Baker), with Tim Matheson, Meg Tilly, and Hume Cronyn. From Oct. 26: "Give My Regards to Broad Street" (Peter Webb), with Paul McCartney.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 25: "Purple Rain" (†). From Oct. 26: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 3: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 4: "Savage Streets" (Danny Steinmann), with Linda Blair and John Vernon.
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 25: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin. From Oct. 26: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Oct. 25: "Tightrope" (†). From Oct. 26: "All of Me" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Oct. 24: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Oct. 25: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 26: "Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Oct. 24: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†). From Oct. 25: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 3: Oct. 24: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita. From Oct. 25: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 25: "All of Me" (†). From Oct. 26: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Oct. 25: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.
From Oct. 26: "American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Ninja III: The Domination" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi and Lucinda Dickey.
Theatre 2: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Oct. 24: "Basileus Quartet" (1982; directed by Fabio Carpi; in Italian), with François Simon; and "Providence" (1977; Alain Resnais), with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch.
Oct. 25: "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron; and "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale.
Oct. 26-27: "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch); and "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970; Leonard Kastle), with Shirley Stoler and Tony Lo Bianco.
Oct. 28-29: "Le Bal" (1984; Ettore Scola); and "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Oct. 30: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976; Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi.
Oct. 31: "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones; and "The Hellstrom Chronicle" (1971; Walon Green).
Nov. 1: "Trash" (1970; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn; and "Going Places" (1974; Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, and Patrick Dewaere.
Nov. 2-3: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry.

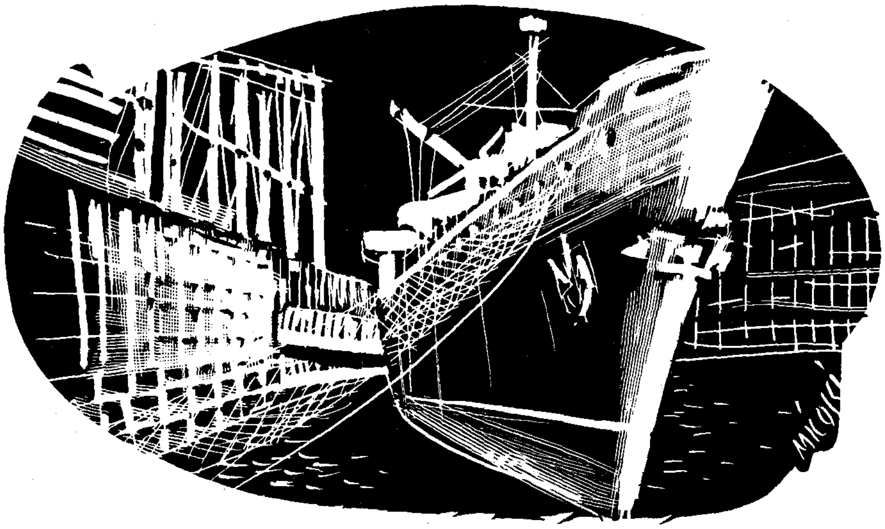
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Oct. 25: "Without Witness" (1984; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian).
From Oct. 26: "The Times of Harvey Milk" (1984; Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 25: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.
Oct. 26-27: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
Oct. 28-30: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "Frankenstein" (1931; James Whale), with Boris Karloff, Mae Clark, and John Boles; and "Dracula" (1931; Tod Browning), with Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye.
Nov. 2-3: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Stardust Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Oct. 24: "Gentleman Jim" (1942; Raoul Walsh), with Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith, Alan Hale, and Ward Bond; "Body and Soul" (1947; Robert Rossen), with John Garfield and Lilli Palmer; and "Champion" (1949; Mark Robson), with Kirk Douglas, Arthur Kennedy, and Marilyn Maxwell.
Oct. 25-27: "I Vitelloni" (1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, Franco Interlenghi, and Franco Fabrizi; and "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.
Oct. 28-29: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (†) and "The Sting" (†).
Oct. 30-31: "Firestarter" (1984; Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore; "Carrie" (1976 †); and "Christine" (1983; John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.
Nov. 1-3: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Oct. 25: "So Fine" (1981; Andrew Bergman), with Ryan O'Neal, Jack Warden, and Mariangela Melato; "Silver Streak" (1976; Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder, Jill Clayburgh, and Richard Pryor; and "Used Cars" (1980; Robert Zemeckis),



with Kurt Russell, Jack Warden, and Gerrit Graham.

Oct. 26-27: "The Brood" (1979; David Cronenberg), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar; "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan; and "Videodrome" (1983; David Cronenberg), with James Woods.

Oct. 28: "Judgment at Nuremberg" (†).

Oct. 29-30: "The Taming of the Shrew" (†) and "Henry V" (†).

Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "1941" (1979; Steven Spielberg), with Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, and Robert Stack; "Animal House" (1978; John Landis), with John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, and Verna Bloom; and "The Blues Brothers" (1980; John Landis), with John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Aretha Franklin, and Carrie Fisher.

Nov. 2-3: "From Here to Eternity" (†); and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Oct. 24: "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and William Holden; and "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert.

Oct. 25: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler.

Oct. 26: "And the Ship Sails On" (1984; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.

Oct. 27: "Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo" (1971; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu and Toshiro Mifune; and "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Oct. 28: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Mr. Lucky" (1943; H. C. Potter), with Cary Grant, Laraine Day, Florence Bates, and Charles Bickford.

Oct. 29: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "Pigpen" (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Oct. 30: "Peppermint Soda" (1979; Diane Kurys; in French), with Eleonore Klarwein and Odile Michel; and "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari.

Oct. 31: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift.

Nov. 1: "The American Friend" (†); and "Lightning Over Water" (1981; Nicholas Ray and Wim Wenders).

Nov. 2: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman; and "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Nov. 3: "The Leopard" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Oct. 24: "Silent Movie" (1976; Mel Brooks), with Brooks, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Sid Caesar; and "Nickelodeon" (1976; Peter Bogdanovich), with Ryan O'Neal, Burt Reynolds, Tatum O'Neal, and Brian Keith.

Oct. 25-27: "Daisy Kenyon" (1947; Otto Preminger), with Joan Crawford, Dana Andrews, and Henry Fonda; and "Mildred Pierce" (1945; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth.

Oct. 28-29: "Woman's World" (1954; Jean Negulesco), with Clifton Webb, June Allyson, Van Heflin, Lauren Bacall, and Fred MacMurray; and "Designing Woman" (1957; Vincente Minnelli), with Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall, and Dolores Gray.

Oct. 30: "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter MacNicol.

Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; and "Dead End" (†).

Nov. 2-3: "Carefree" (†) and "Three Little Words" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 24: "Testament" (1983; Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane; and "Dark Circle" (1982; Chris Beaver and Judy Irving).

Oct. 25: "Pitfall" (1948; André de Toth), with Lizabeth Scott and Dick Powell; "Angel Face" (1953; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum, Jean Simmons, Mona Freeman, and Herbert Marshall; and "Repeat Performance" (1947; Alfred L. Werker), with Louis Hayward and Joan Leslie.

Oct. 26: "The Compleat Beatles" (1984; Patrick Montgomery), a documentary; and "Magical Mystery Tour" (1969), with the Beatles.

Oct. 27: "Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron; and "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983; Terry Jones).

Oct. 28: "Ludwig" (†).

Oct. 29: "Valley Girl" (1983; Martha Coolidge), with Nicolas Cage; and "Bimbo" (1979; Martha Coolidge).

Oct. 30: "The Dance of Death" (†) and "That Hamilton Woman!" (†).

Oct. 31: "Tales from the Crypt" (1972; Freddie Francis), a five-episode film; and "Dr. Terror's House of Horrors" (1965; Freddie Francis), with Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee.

Nov. 1: "The Big Heat" (†); "Violent Saturday" (1955; Richard Fleischer), with Victor Mature, Richard Egan, and Stephen McNally; and "Railroaded" (1947; Anthony Mann), with John Ireland and Sheila Ryan.

Nov. 2: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Monkey Business" (1952; Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, and Marilyn Monroe.

Nov. 3: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "Cafe Flesh" (1983).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 24: "The Stars Look Down" (1939; Carol Reed), with Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, and Emlyn Williams; and "Kipps" (1941; Carol Reed), with Diana Wynyard, Michael Redgrave, Phyllis Calvert, and Max Adrian.

Oct. 25: "Ecstasy" (1933; Gustav Machaty; in Czech), with Hedy Lamarr; and "Algiers" (1938; John Cromwell), with Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer.

Oct. 26-27: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

Oct. 28: "The Criminal Code" (1931; Howard Hawks), with Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes, and Constance Cummings; and "Crime and Punishment" (1935; Josef von Sternberg), with Edward Arnold and Peter Lorre.

Oct. 29: "Vampyr" (†) and "Day of Wrath" (†).

Oct. 30: "Broadway Melody of 1938" (1937; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, and Buddy Ebsen; and "Broadway Melody of 1936" (†).

Oct. 31: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932; Rouben Mamoulian), with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart.

Nov. 1: "Test Pilot" (1938; Victor Fleming), with Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, and Spencer Tracy; and "Too Hot to Handle" (1938; Jack Conway), with Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, and Walter Pidgeon.

Nov. 2-3: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

Theatre I: Oct. 26 at 2:30: "The Pleasure Garden" (1927; directed by Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Virginia Valli, Carmelita Geraghty, and Miles Mander. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 6: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1949; Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness, Dennis Price, Joan Greenwood, and Valerie Hobson. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 2:30: "The Good Companions" (1933; Victor Saville), with

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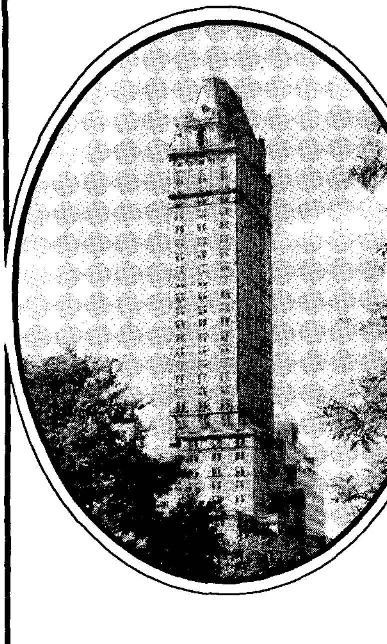

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Jessie Matthews, Edmund Gwenn, John Gielgud, and Max Miller. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 5: "Hindle Wakes" (1931; Victor Saville), with Sybil Thorndike, Edmund Gwenn, and Belle Chrystall. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 2:30: "Kind Hearts and Coronets." . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 5: "The Pleasure Garden." . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 2:30: "The Lodger: A Story of the London Fog" (1926; Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Ivor Novello, . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 6:30: "Rome Express" (1932; Walter Forde). . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 2:30: "The Rat" (1926; Graham Cutts; a silent film), with Ivor Novello, Mae Marsh, and Isabel Jeans. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 6: "Hindle Wakes." . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 2:30: "Blighty" (1927; Adrian Brunel; a silent film), with Nadia Sibirskaia, Ellaline Terriss, and Jameson Thomas. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 6: "The Good Companions." . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 2:30: "The Sea Urchin" (*1926; Graham Cutts; a silent* film), with Betty Balfour. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 6:30: "The Lodger: A Story of the London Fog." . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2: "The Rat." . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 5: "Blighty."

Theatre 2: Oct. 25 at 2:30: "Three Sisters with Maiden Hearts" (1935; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Chikako Hosokawa, Masako Tsutsumi, and Tatsuko Umezono. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 6: "The Whole Family Works" (1939; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Musei Tokugawa, Fumiko Honma, and Akira Ubukata. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 3: "Wife! Be Like a Rose!" (1935; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Tomoko Ito, Sachiko Chiba, and Sadao Maruyama. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 6:30: "Herringbone Clouds" (1958; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Chikage Awashima, Michiyo Aratama, and Ganjiro Nakamura. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 2:30: "Lightning" (1952; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine, Mitsuko Miura, Chieko Murata, and Kumeko Urabe. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 5:30 and Oct. 28 at 2:30: "Mother" (1952; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Kinuyo Tanaka, Masao Mishima, Kyoko Kagawa, and Eiji Okada. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 5:30: "Lightning." . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 3 and 6: "Little Man, Do Your Best!" (1931; Mikio Naruse; a Japanese silent film, with English intertitles), with Isamu Yamaguchi, Tomoko Naniwa, and Seiichi Kato; and "Every Night Dreams" (1933; Mikio Naruse; a Japanese silent film, with English intertitles), with Sumiko Kurishima, Teruko Kojima, and Tatsuo Saito. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 3 and 6:30: "Hell's Kitchen Chronicle" (1984; Maren and Reed Erskine), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 6:30 and Nov. 2 at 3: Two different programs of animated films shown at the Zagreb and Toronto Festivals. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 6: A program of Bulgarian animated films. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two different programs of animated films shown at the Zagreb and Toronto Festivals. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Oct. 30: "Machinery for the Re-education of a Delinquent Dictator," an installation by Doug Hall. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, noon to 6. Mr. Hall will be present on Thursday, Nov. 1, at 2. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai—A kind of fermented parody of "M*A*S*H," "Star Wars," "Raiders of the Lost Ark," and the TV series "The A-Team," in which Dr. Buckaroo Banzai (Peter Weller), the half-Japanese, half-American hero, is a neurosurgeon, a physicist, a jet-car racer (who goes right through a mountain), and the leader of Team Banzai—seven dapper, whiz-bang Renaissance men. The director, W. D. Richter, and the scriptwriter, Earl Mac Rauch, have an unmoored hipsterism and a lot of inventiveness. John Lithgow, the mad-genius villain, gives the movie the anchor it needs. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/20/84.) (Murray Hill, and New Yorker; through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ D.W. Griffith; through Oct. 31.)

All of Me—Steve Martin is Roger, a lawyer, and Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and is about to die. Her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the same body fall in love and find happiness. (9/17/84) (R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, Eastside Cinema, and Loews State; through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Oct. 26.)

Amadeus—With F. Murray Abraham and Tom Hulce, directed by Miloš Forman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

The American Friend (1977)—The young German director Wim Wenders overdoses on mood—poetic urban masochism—in this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game." The film doesn't have the nasty pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant. In English, German, and French. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 1.)

The Big Heat (1953)—This could have been a routine cops-and-robbers thriller, but the director, Fritz Lang, gave it a formalized style. Its underworld atmosphere glistens with the possibilities of sadism—this is a definitive *film noir*, with a few stunningly choreographed scenes. With Glenn Ford, Alexander Scourby, Jocelyn Brando, Lee Marvin, and Gloria Grahame. (Thalia; Nov. 1.)

The Bostonians—Another of the film adaptations of great novels that fail to communicate what's great about the book—in this case, Henry James's liveliest novel. The only good reason to see the insignificant, washed-out film is Vanessa Redgrave's performance. With Jessica Tandy, Christopher Reeve, Linda Hunt, Nancy Marchand, and Wesley Addy. Directed by James Ivory. (8/6/84) (Manhattan; through Oct. 25.)

Broadway Melody of 1936 (1935)—An M-G-M musical with Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, Buddy Ebsen, and Jack Benny. A good score, by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown, includes "You Are My Lucky Star" and "Broadway Rhythm." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 30.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 28-29.)

Carefree (1938)—Fred Astaire plays a psychiatrist who was psychoanalyzed out of thinking he wanted to be a dancer; his friend, Ralph Bellamy, is in love with Ginger Rogers, who's in show business. This is one of the least scintillating of the Astaire-Rogers pictures; there's too much plot and too much leaden comedy between the dances. (Regency; Nov. 2-3.)

Carmen—With Plácido Domingo and Julia Migenes-Johnson, directed by Francesco Rosi. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

Carrie (1976)—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically. With Piper Laurie, John Travolta, and Amy Irving. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 30-31.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A sumptuous epic about the relations between theatre and life. At first, it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it turns into a comparison of dramatic modes. And, encompassing these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love. With Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Louis Salou, Marcel Herrand, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. Directed by Marcel Carné. In French. (Festival; through Oct. 25.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci wrote and directed this extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Alberto Moravia novel about an upper-class follower of Mussolini. Jean-Louis Trintignant is the aristocratic Fascist; Stefania Sandrelli is his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife; and Dominique Sanda, with her swollen lips and tiger eyes, is the lesbian he would like to run away with. It's a triumph of feeling and lyrical, flowing, velvety style. In Italian. (Film Forum; Oct. 26-Nov. 1.)

Country—This film, which stars Jessica Lange, who conceived it and had a hand in producing it, is trying to be a feminist "The Grapes of Wrath," and doesn't succeed at it—awful as that would be. Essentially, this is a movie about Jessica Lange's spirit-of-the-prairie face. With Sam Shepard, Wilford Brimley, and Levi L. Knebel. Directed by Richard Pearce. (10/1/84) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

The Dance of Death (1968)—A film of a British National Theatre production of Strindberg's 1901 play. Laurence Olivier and Geraldine McEwan play the antagonists in a long, bitter marriage. Plot complications and stage mechanics make the second half seem a waste of time, but the first half is worth seeing to watch Olivier at work in a proper part, and maybe for a couple of vampire allusions. (Thalia; Oct. 30.)

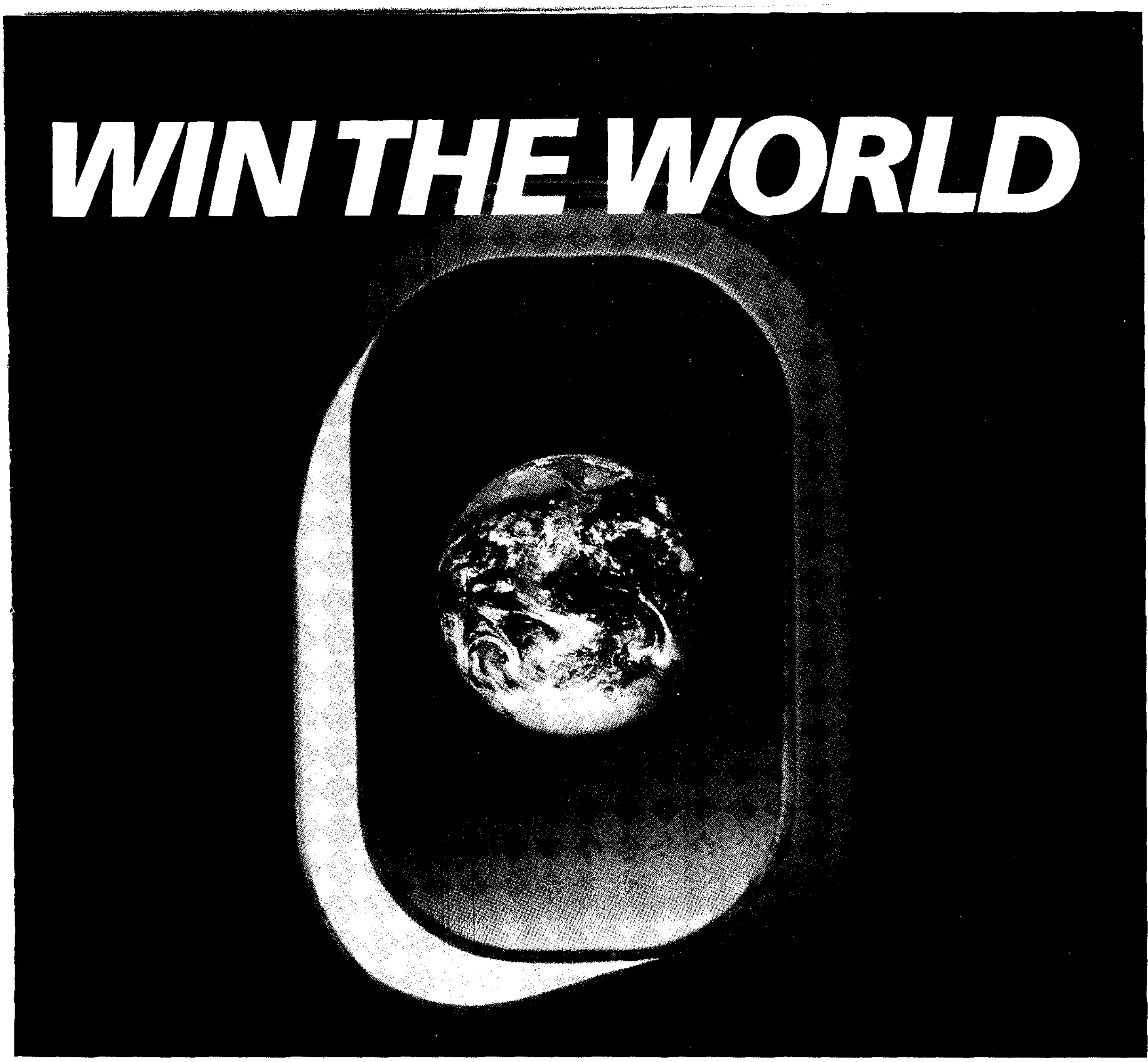
Day of Wrath (1943)—This psychological masterpiece suggests a fusion of Hawthorne and Kafka. In 1623, the young second wife of an austere pastor desires his death, because of her feelings for his son; when she tells the pastor of her feelings, he suffers a stroke and dies. Accused of witchcraft, she becomes what she and her accusers believe a witch to be. The most intense, powerful film ever made on the subject of witchcraft, it explores the erotic tensions of the "witch" and her accusers. Directed by Carl Dreyer. In Danish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 29.)

Dead End (1937)—Sidney Kingsley's once-celebrated play is about the confrontation of rich and poor, and it features a gang of streetwise kids and a gangster. The movie has the ambience of Broadway social consciousness of the thirties, which, like the beautifully engineered plot, is highly entertaining. Humphrey Bogart is the gangster, and the thieves who steal the picture are the Dead End Kids. With Claire Trevor, Marjorie Main, Sylvia Sidney, and Joel McCrea. Directed by William Wyler; screenplay by Lillian Hellman. (Regency; Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

The 4th Man—A Dutch thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow, because he has a passionate yen for her longtime lover. The widow, who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure, is a blank. But the film is amusing and Krabbé plays worminess exultantly. Directed by Paul Verhoeven. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (Waverly; through Oct. 25.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—James Jones' Dreiserian novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor does such an honest job of storytelling that it triumphs over its pedestrian prose; the movie succeeds by the smooth efficiency of Fred Zinnemann's lean, intelligent direction. Montgomery Clift has the control to charm an audience without ever stepping outside his inflexible, none-too-smart character; Burt Lancaster has a role that's just about perfectly in his range—the man's man who's also a ladies' man; Frank Sinatra surprised audiences with a softly modulated, likable performance as Maggio. This was the movie of its year, because it brought to the screen new attitudes that touched a social nerve. With Deborah Kerr, Ernest Borgnine, and Donna Reed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 2-3.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism, but nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. With Sigourney Weaver and Annie



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Potts. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Embassy 1; Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Oct. 25.)

Henry V (1944)—Laurence Olivier once said that Shakespeare's Henry V was the sort of juvenile role that you can't play when you're a juvenile. He came to it at the right time. His production—it was his first time out as a film director—is a triumph of color, music, spectacle, and soaring heroic poetry, and, as actor, he brings lungs, exultation, and a bashful wit to the role. With Renee Asherson, Leslie Banks, Esmond Knight, Leo Genn, Felix Aylmer, Robert Newton, Max Adrian, Robert Helpmann, and Ernest Thesiger. The music is by William Walton. (2 hours and 14 minutes) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 29-30.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—Steven Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. The plot involves the hero (Harrison Ford), his child sidekick (Ke Huy Quan), and the gold-digger heroine (Kate Capshaw) with a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. (6/11/84) (Embassy.)

Judgment at Nuremberg (1961)—Stanley Kramer's version of the meaning of the Nuremberg trials, from a script by Abby Mann. Spencer Tracy is the simple, humane superjudge, and the cast includes Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Marlene Dietrich, William Shatner, Werner Klemperer, and Alan Baxter. When Mann's screenplay won the Academy Award, he accepted it not only for himself "but for all intellectuals." (2 hours and 10 minutes) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 28.)

The Leopard (1963)—This version, not released here until September, 1983, is in Italian, with subtitles, and at its full length—three hours and five minutes. And it's magnificent —a sweeping popular epic, with obvious similarities to "Gone with the Wind," and with an almost Chekhovian sensibility. The film is set in the eighteen-sixties, when Italy was in the middle of a revolution, but it's essentially about Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina (played superlatively by Burt Lancaster), and how he reacts to the dying of his class and his own death. We couldn't be any closer to the Prince if we were inside his skin—which in a way we are. With Alain Delon, Claudia Cardinale, Paolo Stoppa, and Rina Morelli. (9/19/83) (Metro Cinema; Nov. 3.)

Ludwig (1973)—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. (Thalia; Oct. 28.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine and underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. One of the last examples of the imaginative, but often monstrous, grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design, with moments of almost incredible beauty and power, absurd ineptitudes, and oddities that defy analysis. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder; he has gone in for a lot of hocus-pocus with the footage and put on a pop score. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Oct. 25.)

Places in the Heart—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (34th St. East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Oct. 31.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. (8/20/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 25.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. There's nothing at the center, but the young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around, and he never once slips—never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Sting (1973)—After their hit film "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (see above), Paul Newman and Robert Redford swapped mustaches and got together again with the director George Roy Hill. The script is a collection of Damon Runyon hand-me-downs with the flavor gone. This is a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 28-29.)

Swann in Love—Proust's writing requires the most subtle feeling for rhythms, and neither the director nor the scriptwriters seem to do anything to draw us in. The movie doesn't even have the force of real desecration. Ornella Muti is a wily, plausible Odette, and Alain Delon is at least amusing as the Baron de Charlus. But as Swann, Jeremy Irons doesn't suggest intelligence or feeling—he's a stick. In French. (10/1/84) (Paris.)

The Taming of the Shrew (1967)—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 29-30.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh, with Laurence Olivier as Lord Nelson, but the movie is rather soggy. Alexander Korda directed, in the lavish style considered appropriate to national heroes. (Thalia; Oct. 30.)

Three Little Words (1950)—A big M-G-M musical bio of the songwriting team of Bert Kalmar (Fred Astaire) and Harry Ruby (Red Skelton). The movie is witless and totally uninspired, but good-natured, especially during the fourteen Kalmar-Ruby songs. With Vera-Ellen, Arlene Dahl, and Debbie Reynolds. (Regency; Nov. 2-3.)

Tightrope—Clint Eastwood is Homicide Inspector Wes Block, of the New Orleans Police Department, who is investigating a series of murders of young prostitutes. The writer-director Richard Tuggle keeps whomping us on the skull with good-evil symbolism, but the movie has no more depth than the usual exploitation film in which pretty girls are knocked off. (10/1/84) (Criterion Theatres; through Oct. 25.)

Vampyr (1932)—Most vampire movies are so silly that this film by Carl Dreyer—a great vampire film—hardly belongs to the genre. Dread and obsession are the film's substance, and its mood is evocative, dreamy, spectral. The incomparable photographic effects are the work of Rudolph Maté. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 29.)

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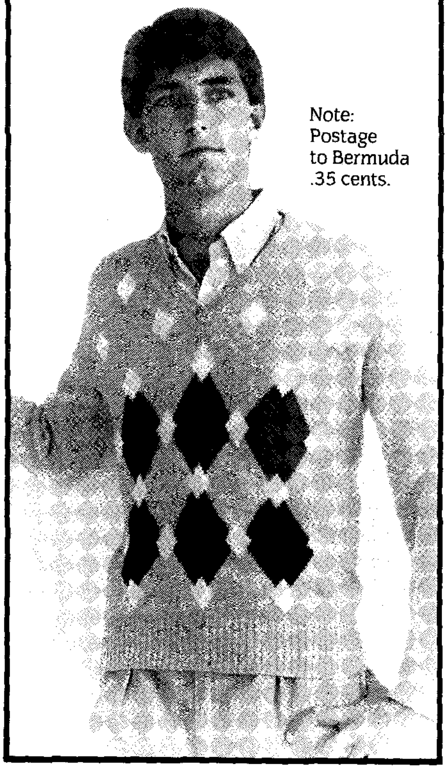

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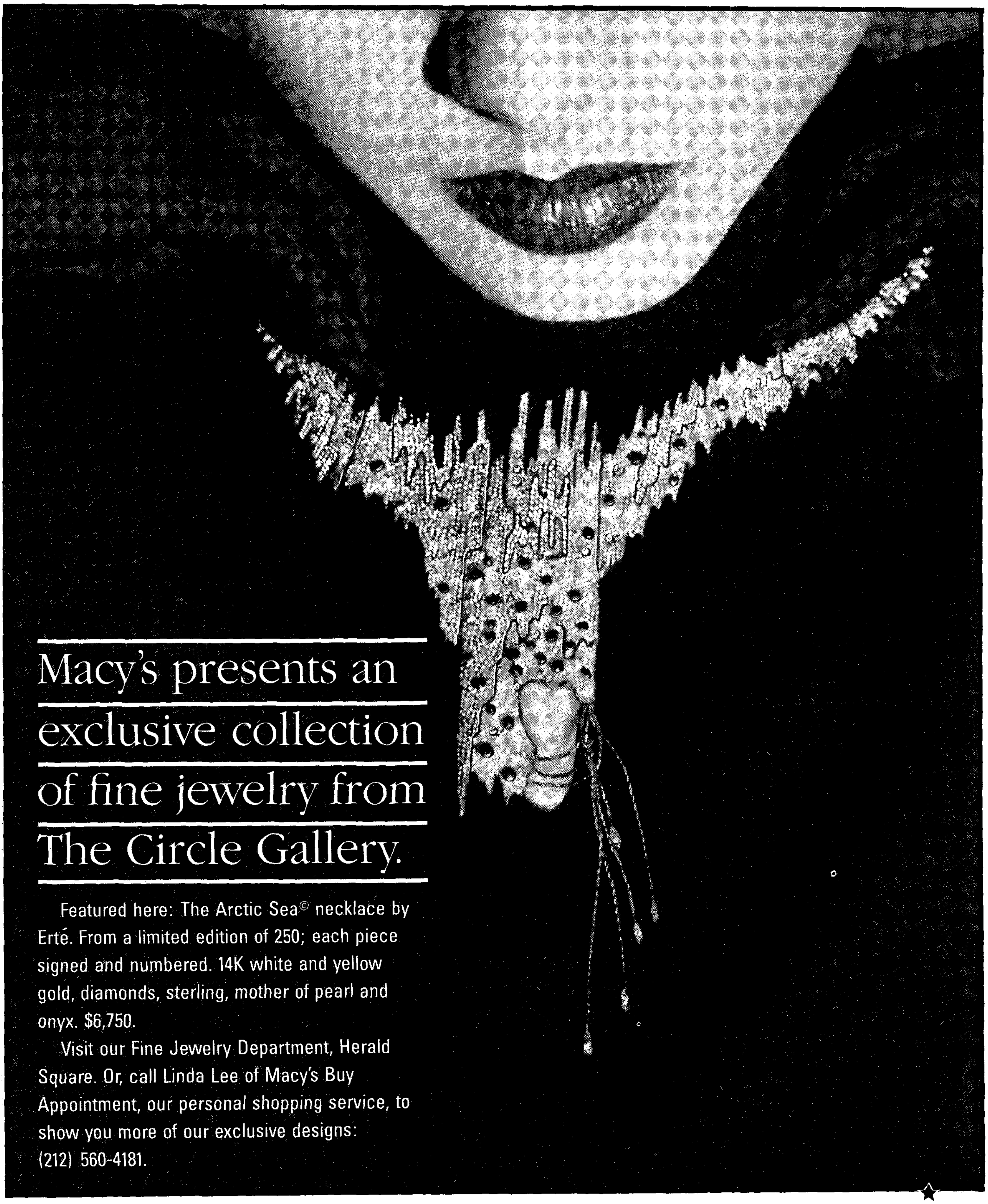

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

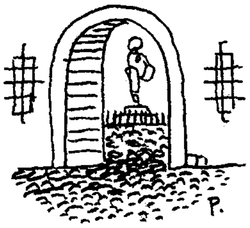
Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

I read, and try to understand, as much as I can about new discoveries and theories in astronomy, cosmology, particle physics, and higher mathematics. I read a fair amount and understand only a little, but there is something in those articles in the *Times* and *Science News* and *Scientific American*—something compelling in the various terminologies ("dark matter," "flavor," "parquet deformation," "lepton," "pancake theory," "naked beauty," "gauge boson") and something grand in the concepts under discussion—that draws me in every time. Once, quite a while ago, I read an article about entropy, which is the process of degradation of all matter and energy in the universe into a final state of motionless uniformity. When entropy has finished its work, in other words, the universe will be so much still, evenly distributed chaff—or that's how I apprehended it, at any rate. I'm sure that in the great mind of nature entropy is as neutral and indifferent as gravity or continental drift, but it seems to me one of those purely empirical patterns which the mind of man simply cannot help endowing with moral and emotional significance, however vaingloriously or foolishly. In the nineteenth century, people used the Darwinian law of the survival of the fittest to justify a whole panoply of bizarre and usually cruel social and political ideas. Heisenberg's uncertainty principle threw philosophers and theologians into an electronlike spin, because it was thought to undermine in a fundamental and irremediable way precisely what they were looking for—order. (It was even reported that the discovery of the uncertainty principle caused some neurotics to fear that all the atoms of oxygen in their room or Central Park or Europe, or wherever they happened to be, would simultaneously jump somewhere else, thus asphyxiating them. That's not the same thing as imposing human values on scientific information, of course, but it's weird.) Entropy, for its part, might seem to furnish good grounds for everything from not shining one's shoes or not voting to falling into utter melancholic despair: if everything is ultimately going to run down anyway, what's the point of winding up anything for what will be no more than a trice in comparison with the endless aeons of gelid stasis that lie in wait for the cosmos? And entropy also tempts the mind as a titanic gloomy metaphor for the decay and deterioration that all of us witness every day—the word "degradation," which is part of the dictionary's definition of entropy, is not meant to carry any moral value, but it would be almost impossible to close one's ears tightly enough to its connotations to keep them out. Roses fade, tires become bald, candles gutter, porches sag, neighborhoods decline, political ideals lose their steam, and one's own energy inevitably ebbs—as the hours go by at play, as the days undermine friendship, as the months eat away at enthusiasm for work, as the years erode plans and dreams. People who habitually dwell on such thoughts are emotionally disturbed—clinically depressed—yet the principle of entropy does seem to provide such a cast of mind with something that at least *looks like* a rational basis.

All this is going through my mind right now because of an experience that began for me a few weeks ago—an experience of a kind that nearly everyone has sometime, but one that I suspect always seems uniquely difficult. My aunt—my father's sister—after years of proverbially fierce independence as a widow in her house near Claverack and in her apartment in New York, suddenly and inexplicably took a very bad turn. Well, I suppose her age—ninety-two—does make it explicable. She has no children and I'm her only nephew, and my mother and father are a bit too far along in their own journeys to do more than lend moral and financial support—though that is a lot—so it fell to me to go up to the country and get my aunt out of the hospital, close her house, bring her back to New York, and install her in her apartment with round-the-clock homemaker-companions. For, as I was told by friends who live nearby in the country, in the space of a week she had grown physically feeble and mentally confused, and even though there was no reason for her to stay in the hospital, where she had gone for tests (inconclusive), she could no longer be alone. Before I left home, through the hospital upstate I hired a nurse's aide to help for the two days it would take to arrange things for the winter up there. Then I rented a car and drove up the Taconic Parkway and did what needed to be done. It involved such tasks as taking down screens and putting up storm windows, finding a notary who could witness my aunt's granting of power of attorney to me, cleaning out the refrigerator, arranging for help in New York by telephone, and seeing to it that a leak in the roof was mended—and also trying to comfort my aunt, who thought that the hospital was a prison and believed that she was about to go on a trip to Paris which would prove to be perilous. She could barely get about, her eyes had lost their keen interest in the world around her, and her once sharp—even caustic—wit had disappeared.

This was the first time I had ever had to try to take over in such a situation, and though it isn't exactly the most cheerful sort of occasion for pride I will say that I did the best I could. It wasn't perfect, and things are still a bit haywire—the power of attorney may be questionable, because of my aunt's mental incapacity, and one of the people who stay with her in New York may not work out—but as I started and have continued to attempt to sort things out and organize them I have found resources in myself that I didn't know I had; it's almost as though I had developed some new faculty or capacity, as a kind of compensation for, or answer to, distant early warnings of a slow decline in other powers and abilities. It has been like a river finding a new channel, or a new river springing up. And it has been mirrored on the outside by what has seemed to me an immediate strengthening and deepening of the ties that already existed among my friends and family, and the creation of new ones. People have come forward to help with expenses and in other ways. When I got my aunt to her house from the hospital, two young men, the sons of her nearest neighbors, at once appeared and, without being asked, took the porch furniture off the porch and put it in the barn, where they knew it belonged for the winter. I couldn't have done that job myself. And a cousin I hadn't heard from in years called me and offered a thousand dollars a year toward the help my aunt will need if she is to be able to remain outside a nursing home.



I may be taking intellectual refuge from painful feelings in speculating about whether this sad episode embodies larger patterns, but, surely, trying to find a broad context, or even just a metaphor, for one's personal experiences is or ought to be a universal human goal—it accounts for our taxonomical name. Anyway, I can't help doing it. I can't help seeing my aunt's decline as a sudden and grievous symbol of the principle of entropy, and the initiation—in me and in others, alone and together—of ways of coping with this crisis as a confounding of the principle: which may be nothing more than a fancy description of hope.

• •

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The Solid Gold Music Trivia Game is the invention of ________?

Marvin Silbermintz, among others. Marvin is creative manager of the games division of Ideal, a toy company, which also produces the Chipmunks Game and has just introduced a game based on the movie "Cloak & Dagger"—a movie that, in the words of Mr. Silbermintz, "unfortunately disappeared after a week or two in the theatres."

Before coming to Ideal, Mr. Silbermintz wrote a book about practical jokes, which has yet to be published. Which of the following were among his suggestions? (A) Wrap a rubber band snugly around two pencils, wind one of the pencils like a propeller, and place them in someone's pencil cup; when the pencils are taken out, they will tap-dance across the desk. (B) Tape ten-dollar bills to a large sheet of paper. Take the sheet and the scissors to a restaurant. Pay the check by cutting bills from the sheet. (C) Drop an ice cube down the back of a friend's shirt.

A and B.

True or False: The success of Trivial Pursuit influenced Ideal's decision to market the Solid Gold Music Trivia Game.

True.

What is it about kids today?

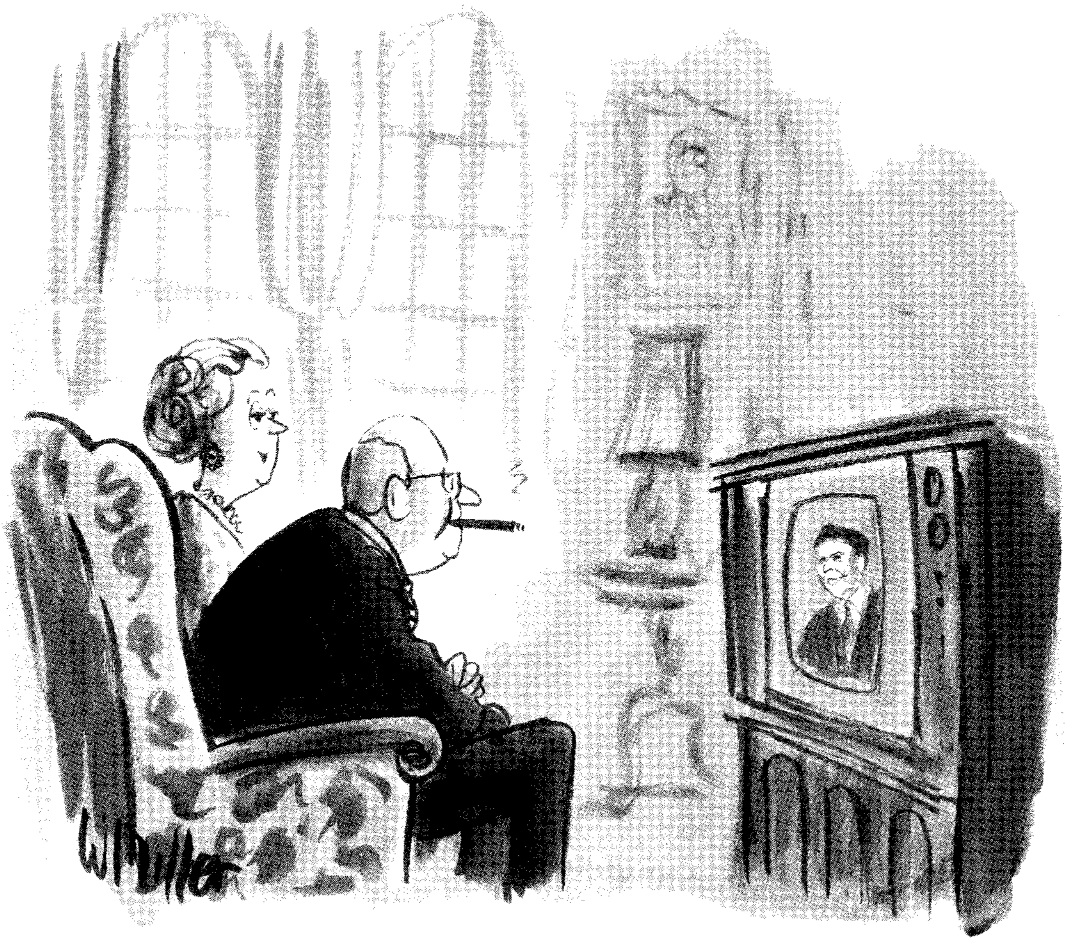
The original plan was for a golden-oldies trivia game, Mr. Silbermintz said. "However, nostalgia just isn't what it used to be. When I was growing up, I knew about Jolson, I knew about Cantor. These kids today don't even know about Peter Frampton. They know about the fifties milieu from watching 'Happy Days,' but that's about it. They've heard of Elvis Presley *maybe*."

•

IN a function room of the Harley Hotel—the Turtle Bay Room, on the third floor of the Harley, which sits at 212 East Forty-second Street, next to the Daily News Building—we watched last week as yet another trivia game curtsied and scraped before the press. This one, PQ, the Party Quiz Game, connects to your computer and asks you questions you almost certainly don't know the answers to, so you hit any of the four buttons on your player paddle and about a quarter of the time your answer is correct. If the game is set in the "competitive" mode, you have to hit your button very fast; if it's programmed for "social" play, you can drink at the same time.

Douglas Grunther introduced Party Quiz; he runs a trivia show over a Woodstock, New York, radio station and also does college and corporate appearances. According to Howard Leventhal, the president of the company that manufactures PQ, Mr. Grunther could accurately be called "the No. 1 producer of live trivia events in the East." Mr. Grunther, in his remarks to the gathering, and later, when we took him aside, said a number of important things: trivia are so popular because mankind wants information sweetened with humor; the trivia boom may fade but "the search for knowledge will go on forever;" and the most common means of transportation in the world is the elevator.

Frivolous questions make Mr. Grunther see red. "The word 'trivia' comes from the Latin *trivium*, which meant three of the fundamental elements of a good education, so there is no way we should think of trivia as trivial," he told us. "They should be a springboard for conversation. On my show, which is called 'Conversations,' I asked what famous American writer is named after the composer of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' The answer, of course, is F. Scott Fitzgerald—and that led to a discussion of Fitzgerald's novels. I always say a good trivia player must know everything from Greek philosophy to Dobie Gillis, and from Godzilla to Einstein. I chose those last two for a reason. They're connected. See, we here in America think of 'Godzilla' as a silly monster movie. But in Japan, where it was made, it's a serious political statement. Because how does Godzilla get loose? When a prehistoric monster is awakened by H-bomb tests. And where was the first atomic bomb dropped? Japan. And who is often considered the father of the atomic age? Einstein."



"Why, Chester, what ever do you mean 'I wish I'd said that'? You've said things like that hundreds of times."

• •

Cookies

WE have just learned, from a recent catalogue of the institution called the Learning Annex, that the nineteen-eighties "are fast becoming the Decade of the Entrepreneur." This means that you have exactly two choices if you are not yet an entrepreneur and still hope, at this late date, to make the decade your own. You can hang back and hope for some stunning turn of events that will cause the eighties to be renamed the Decade of the File Clerk or of the Cash Register Person, or whatever you are—or you can adapt. We no sooner got the word about the eighties than we were off to the auditorium of Robert F. Wagner Junior High School for a Learning Annex seminar on the theme "How to Create an Empire," featuring David Liederman, the founder and chairman of the board of David's Cookies and, according to the catalogue, "an outstanding example of the 'new breed' of entrepreneurs who are changing the face of business."

The catalogue had promised that Mr. Liederman would "share with you the secrets of his phenomenal success." Well, he *didn't* share *all* his secrets. He didn't share his secret recipe for chocolate-chip cookies. "There's no one person who knows all of the components of the recipe, other than me," he said. But Mr. Liederman, an energetic, mustachioed thirty-five-year-old, seemed pleased to answer just about any other question put to him by any of three hundred aspiring entrepreneurs who went there to hear him—and eat his cookies, since a bag of them was thrown in with the seminar, at the all-inclusive price of twenty-three dollars.

"How do you police the standards of the people you franchise?" someone asked.

"It's the Achilles' heel of the whole scenario," Mr. Liederman replied. "The company has four people who run around the greater metropolitan area checking both company-owned stores and franchise stores."

Another questioner wanted to know how Mr. Liederman went about picking sites for his stores.

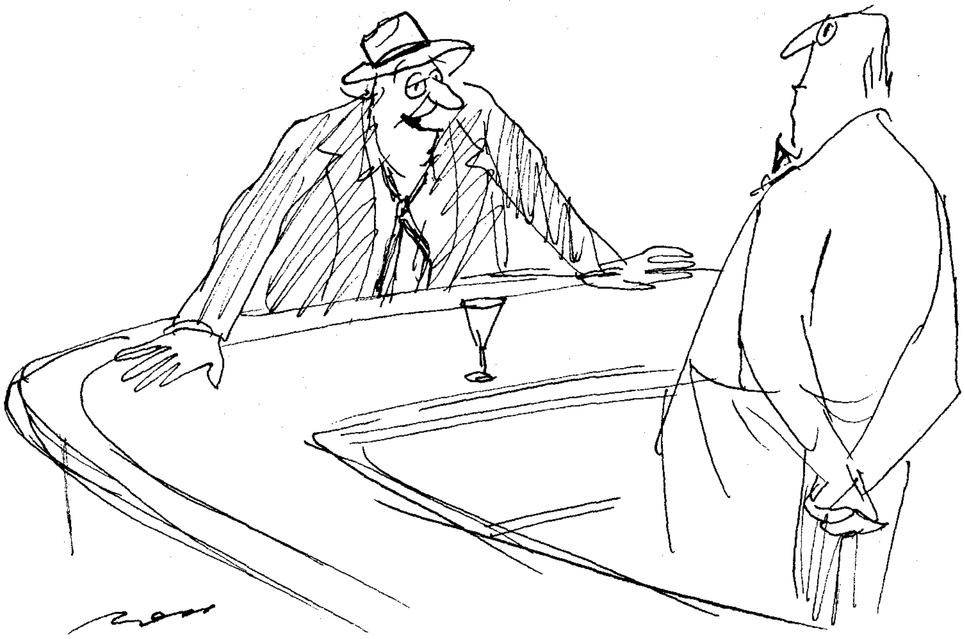
"In the cookie business," he said, "if you have a location with human beings walking in front of it which is conducive to buying cookies you will make lots of money."

What would be a location *un*conducive to buying cookies?

"Between two health clinics," he replied.

Sugar, Mr. Liederman said, is not "in" these days. But he went on to say that a few years ago he came out with a low-calorie cookie called David's Lites, which had "half the chocolate, half the butter, and half the sugar," and that "we threw out an awful lot of those cookies." Now the company has introduced French-bread pizza as an important step in a diversification program aimed at helping it evolve from the cookie business into the specialty-food business.

Mr. Liederman has already come a long way. He opened his first cookie store in 1979, at Second Avenue and Fifty-third Street—a site chosen, he said, principally for its low rent and its large window, which allowed potential customers to see the operation as they passed by. Five years later, the number of David's outlets stands at a hundred and forty-two, including four in Japan, and Mr. Liederman has been prominently featured in any



"Six Martinis. Mission accomplished."

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number of battlefield reports on the "cookie wars," together with Mrs. Fields, Famous Amos, and the rest. And he has a vision of the future. "People will be driving down Route 1," he said, "and they'll stop at a David's Specialty Food shop just as they stop at McDonald's, and get high-quality food products."

But his vision is a clouded one. "I'm not sure that my life goal is to open five thousand cookie stores throughout the world," he said. "It reaches a point where it becomes fairly mechanical, and you become a reactive individual—you react to problems. You worry about 'Did the air-conditioner on Seventy-ninth Street blow up today?' Many times, I wake up at three in the morning and wonder why I didn't stop with one store. But we have no choice now but to keep growing, because, unfortunately, when you get on this treadmill that we're on, if people didn't see more cookie signs around they'd say, 'It's finished, it's over, the public doesn't like his cookies anymore.' "

The food business as a whole, Mr. Liederman said, is unusually volatile. Some ice-cream stores "got killed this summer by all the gelato stores, which will probably be out of business by next summer," he said. Tofutti has "caught the fancy of the American food-eating public," he went on, but he suggested that it could well be "knocked off" by one of the major manufacturers. "One morning, a senior vice-president of Dart & Kraft, which makes Velveeta, is going to wake up and decide the company should get into the bean-curd-ice-cream business," he said. "The next morning, they'll commission some market studies—they'll study Tofutti very closely—and within twelve months they'll be national with bean-curd ice cream, and twelve to sixteen months after that, Tofutti will be out of business."

Mr. Liederman went on to say that three very large cookie manufacturers—Procter & Gamble, Nabisco, and Pepsico—"have decided that maybe David's and the people like us are on to something, because Americans are obviously paying a lot of money for soft and chewy cookies," and he predicted that "this year they will spend three hundred million dollars advertising the wonders of soft and chewy cookies." He then pointed out that his cookies are freshly baked on the store premises, and that that sets them apart from any cookie packed at a factory.

This was reassuring. But as we left the auditorium, nibbling a David's cookie and pondering the words of its maker, we weren't sure that entrepreneurship was for us. Not this decade, anyway.

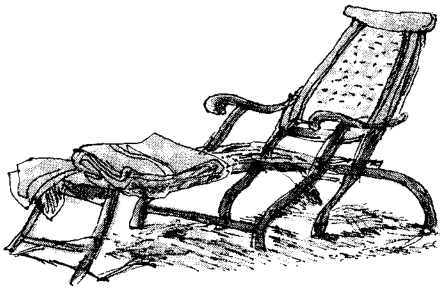
Crossing in Style

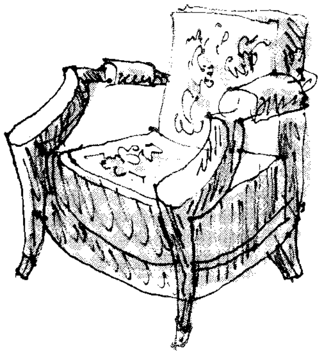
On an otherwise somnolent Saturday afternoon in the subdued village of Southport, Connecticut, steamship whistles tooted and crowds shouted inside the Pequot Library, a squat Richardsonian stone building with a red tile roof, where under normal conditions the loudest sound is probably the turning of a page. The clamor, which was on tape and was issuing from loudspeakers, provided a dockside bon-voyage atmosphere for a handsome exhibition called "Crossing in Style—Atlantic Liners Between the Wars."

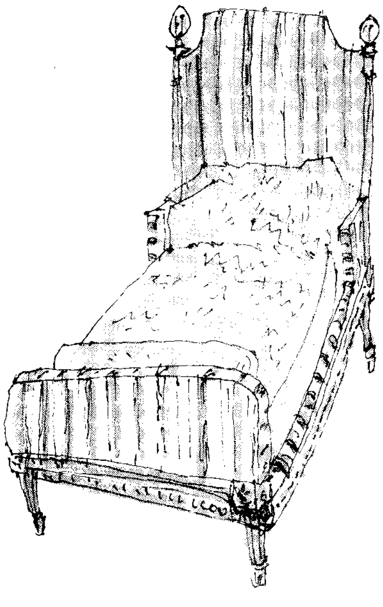
On one wall was a quotation from E. B. White: "I heard the Queen Mary blow one midnight and the sound carried along with it the whole history of departure, longing, and loss." Beneath this, another sign declared, "Cunard using a Chinese gong, White Star a bugle, and the French Line a set of chimes, all accompanied by the refrain 'All ashore that's going ashore' . . . not until the ship's whistles sounded did most visitors depart." Faded flags, aged pennants, bleached life preservers also hung on the walls, as did posters ("Majestic—The World's Largest Ship"), photographs, and paintings of such liners as the Mauretania, the Britannic, the Aquitania, the Normandie, the Leviathan (950 feet 7 inches in length; speed 27 knots), the Berengaria, the Carmania, and the Caronia. Around the room were deck plans, scale models, murals, menus, signs, plates, silver, ashtrays, letters, invitations, wireless cables, snapshots, a length of hawser, a suitcase covered with hotel and steamship stickers, a tea set, confetti, a red-white-and-blue paper fan from the Red Star Line, and other memorabilia of privileged travel and spiffiness, including a small pale-brown menu listing what "Mr. W. C. Teagle and Party" were served aboard the Mauretania on August 6, 1922 (Grape Fruit au Maraschino/Tortue Verte Claire/Darne de Saumon—Sauce Génoise/Dindonneau Rôti—Sauce Airelles/Choux-Fleurs/Pommes Château/Macédoine de Fruit Glacé—Melba/Petits Fours/Café).

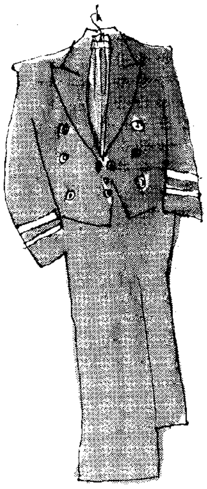
The one-hundred-member kitchen staff of the Aquitania (full crew: nine hundred) prepared twelve thousand meals a day, each of six or seven courses, for the three thousand passengers, according to a sign, and the menu of the Normandie for "*Vendredi 3 Septembre 1937*" featured such staples as Turbotin Gisèle, Tunny-Fish Tartlets, Slices of Pike à la Nantaise, Turkey Poêle à la Mode, and Mignon de Charolais Masséna; also a cold buffet that offered five varieties of ham, Beef de Mode in Jelly à la Provençale, Loin of Veal, Cold Chicken, Cold Rack of Pork, Cold Saddle of Spring Lamb, Cold Rib of Beef, Foie Gras à la Gelée au Porto, Cold Halibut with Condorcet Sauce, and Lobster Mayonnaise; also several desserts and three wines.

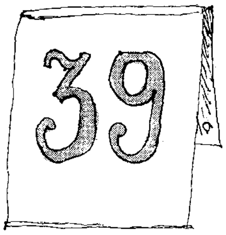
It seemed natural, therefore, that several items on display had to do with sitting or lying down. There was a red deck chair with blanket (*Illus. A*), an overstuffed lounge chair with a low center of gravity (*Illus. B*), and a commodious bed from a suite on the Normandie (*Illus. C*). A black Cunard uniform with gold buttons and gold stripes was displayed on a hanger (*Illus. D*); there was a silver table-number with red numerals (*Illus. E*), this from the Normandie; a brass lamp from the Imperial Suite of the Leviathan (*Illus. F*); a bud vase from the Carinthia (*Illus. G*); and a book of matches (*Illus. H*) from the Italian Line. An open trunk (*Illus. I*) revealed some of the compartments, drawers, and hangers needed to transport the four daily changes of clothes which the society columnist Lucius Beebe said "a traveler should count on." (Beebe also decreed, according to a sign, that "twenty pieces of luggage were an absolute minimum for social survival.")


Illus. A

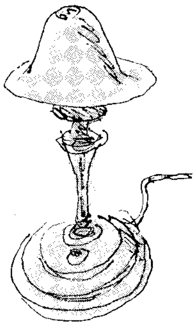

Illus. B

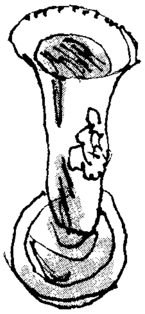

Illus. C

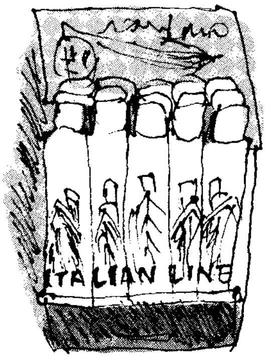

Illus. D



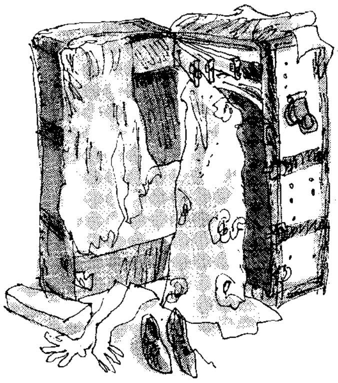
Illus. E


Illus. F

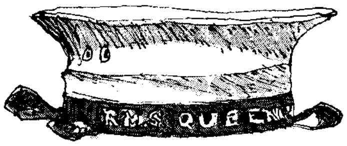

Illus. G



Illus. H


Illus. I

The Queen Mary set a new record in 1936 by crossing the Atlantic in three days twenty hours, and the snappiest object in the Southport show was a sailor's cap (*Illus. J*)—white, with a black ribbon on which was printed in gold letters "R.M.S. QUEEN MARY." It appeared to have an extra length of ribbon that might be employed for lashing things down during high winds or attempts at record-breaking. Otherwise, the hat would no doubt take off to leeward—an elegant white Frisbee skipping across the mighty waves.



Illus. J

ENGLAND PICKS A POET

IN England, when people discuss poetry they're talking business—big business. Some countries leave their poets gathering dust on the academic shelf, but here in England people like their poetry the way they like their tea: hot, fresh, and three times a day. Poetry experts estimate that in one fiscal year the English poetic community generates over nine hundred fifty million pounds (almost 1.2 billion dollars) in revenue, all of which goes right back into the local economy. That works out to about twenty-six dollars apiece for every English man, woman, and child. With numbers like these, it's no wonder that poets here demand, and receive, the highest word rate of any Western country.

At the top of this heap sits the poet laureate of England. Chosen from among the best in his field, the poet laureate is a throwback to the days of the royal bard, constantly singing odes at the jewelled elbow of some pagan king. Today, the poet laureate no longer spends all his time around the palace but is permitted to live in his own style of home and furnish it as he wishes. This, combined with a salary, income from lectures and endorsements, and the unlimited use of a government vehicle, makes the job one of the most attractive in all literature. So when Queen Elizabeth and Prime Minister Thatcher announced earlier this year that they were looking for a new person for the post, they received so many applications that they have already been forced to pull a couple of all-nighters in an attempt to read through them. Fuelled by innumerable cups of coffee, the Queen and the Prime Minister have checked and double-checked every poem and application, always with this dark thought at the back of their minds: What if we make a mistake?

As students of history, they know how costly human error can be. Sometimes it has meant that the foremost living poet missed his chance to be laureate, as happened this century with W. H. Auden. After getting the necessary recommendations and breezing through a personal interview with King George VI, Auden, who had the highest Q rating of any poet in the world, looked like a certainty. But he neglected to make the important post-interview followup call, and then the King misplaced Auden's folder when he went on vacation and didn't know how to get in touch with him. The loss to literature resulting from this act of carelessness can only be imagined.

Other poets appear to be qualified during the selection process and then, once installed, they turn into complete goldbricks. That was what William Wordsworth did. From our vantage point of years, we can see that Wordsworth's entire career was nothing but an elaborate bait-and-switch scam: write some poetry, get yourself chosen poet laureate, and then—quittin' time! In Wordsworth's years as laureate, he became so bone-lazy that he would write only the metres of poems; he would do a limerick:

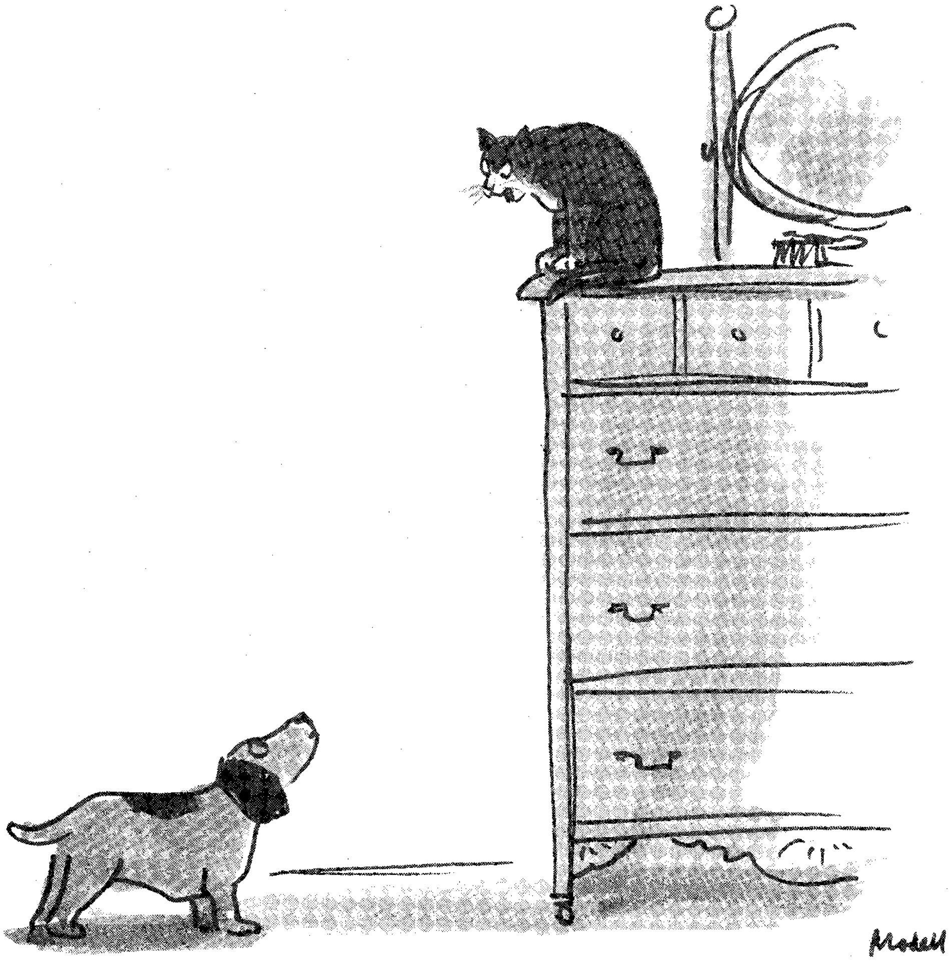
De duh de de duh de de *dah*,
De duh de de duh de de *dah*.
De duh de de duh,
De duh de de duh,
De duh de de duh de de *dah*.

Then he would mail that in to the "Information, Please" column of the London *Times Literary Supplement* and ask if any subscriber knew what the words might be.

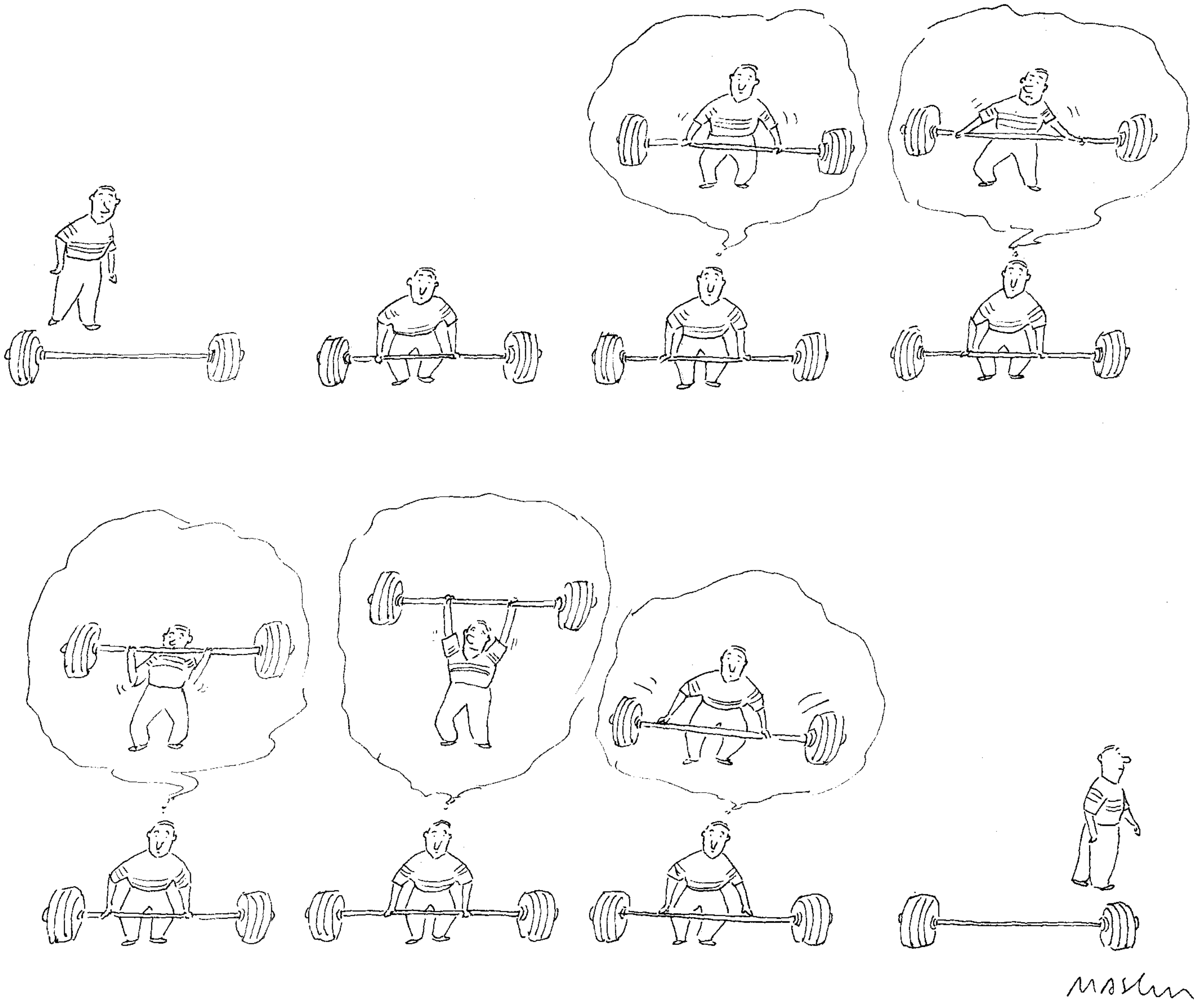
Just as disappointing was Alfred, Lord Tennyson, a laureate who literally could not write his way out of a paper bag. He proved this at a benefit performance for the Christian Temperance League in 1879. The poet was placed inside a large sack of standard-weight brown paper on a stage at Covent Garden, given several pens, and left to himself. He thrashed and flopped helplessly inside for four and a half hours; finally, members of the Grenadier Guards had to come and cut him free.

How Tennyson ever made laureate is anybody's guess, yet even he was an improvement on John Dryden, England's first poet laureate, although by no means her best. Whenever people told Dryden they didn't like one of his poems, he threw such a fit—arguing, sulking, and snapping at them—that they would resolve never to be candid with him again. By means of such behavior, Dryden was able, in a short period of time, to manipulate an entire population into pretending that he was a genius without equal. Today, we know better.

And what of John Masefield, poet laureate from 1930 to 1967? He was



"Why don't you go fetch something?"



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the one, you will remember, who penned the howler "Sea Fever," with the opening

I must down to the seas again,
to the lonely sea and the sky

Eeeeeeeouch! It is a sad fact that among past poets laureate of England tin ears like Masefield's have been not the exception but the rule.

IF anyone can turn this tradition around, Queen Elizabeth and Prime Minister Thatcher can. Both have proved themselves to be smart, articulate women with an eye for spotting talent—and the world of contemporary poetry gives them quite a bit of talent to spot. So far, the top candidates are Philip Larkin, 62; Roy Fuller, 72; D. J. Enright, 64; Gavin Ewart, 68; Ted Hughes, 53; and Dr. Leo Buscaglia, 59. Larkin is a popular essayist, as well as a poet with a strong sense of the beauties of commonplace speech. Fuller served on the governing board of the BBC, England's main TV network, and a reflected glow from that "cool medium" often shines through the luminous poetry on which his reputation rests. Both Enright and Ewart have been poets since they were very little, and they have had a great many interesting insights over the years. Hughes is a much-honored poet whose trademark is the originality shown in every page of his work, which combines a love for the rhythms of nature with some other values. Buscaglia, though not, strictly speaking, a poet or an Englishman, still might be as good a choice as anyone, if not better. First, he is a doctor; second, he is an author and expert on the subject of human emotion, notably love, which has always been the poet's province; and third, his books, "Love," "Living, Loving, and Learning," and "Personhood," which have sold in the millions, are profound enough to be poetry already. With a slight change in typography, they would be. Lots of people know who Dr. Buscaglia is. And, compared to more traditional poets, Dr. Buscaglia is a nicer person. He could infuse social functions with a warm feeling that would humanize all that glittering pomp, and everyone would benefit. Along with poetic talent, the ability to reach out to others might well be an important requirement for the poet laureate of the future.

Soon, the Queen and the Prime Minister will announce their decision. One of the candidates will wear the wreath of laurel; the rest will send their congratulations, and console themselves with the thought that, at this level of poetry, there really are no losers. With a new poet laureate at the helm, a new era in English poetry may dawn. And in libraries and country retreats and book-lined dens across the land thousands of poets will return to their work, providing the verse that feeds a nation. —IAN FRAZIER

LOVE LIFE

Opal lolls in her recliner, wearing the Coors cap her niece Jenny brought her from Colorado. She fumbles for the remote-control paddle and fires a button. Her swollen knuckles hurt. On TV, a boy is dancing in the street. Some other boys dressed in black are banging guitars and drums. This is her favorite program. It is always on, night or day. The show is songs, with accompanying stories. It's the music channel. Opal never cared for stories—she detests those soap operas her friends watch—but these fascinate her. The colors and the costumes change and flow with the music, erratically, the way her mind does these days. Now the TV is playing a song in which all the boys are long-haired cops chasing a dangerous woman in a tweed cap and a checked shirt. The woman's picture is in all their billfolds. They chase her through a cold-storage room filled with sides of beef. She hops on a motorcycle, and they set up a roadblock, but she jumps it with her motorcycle. Finally, she slips onto a train and glides away from them, waving a smiling goodbye.

On the table beside Opal is a Kleenex box, her glasses case, a glass of Coke with ice, and a cut-glass decanter of clear liquid that could be just water for the plants. Opal pours some of the liquid into the Coke and sips slowly. It tastes like peppermint candy, and it feels soothing. Her fingers tingle. She feels happy. Now that she is retired, she doesn't have to sneak into the teachers' lounge for a little swig from the jar in her pocketbook. She still dreams algebra problems, complicated quadratic equations with shifting values and no solutions. Now kids are using algebra to program computers. The kids in the TV stories remind her of her students at Hopewell High. Old age could have a grandeur about it, she thinks now as the music surges through her, if only it weren't so scary.

But she doesn't feel lonely, especially now that her sister Alice's girl, Jenny, has moved back here, to Kentucky. Jenny seems so confident, the way she sprawls on the couch, with that backpack she carries everywhere. Alice was always so delicate and feminine, but Jenny is enough like Opal to be her own daughter. She has Opal's light, thin hair, her large shoulders and big bones and long legs. Jenny even has a way of laughing that reminds Opal of her own laughter, the boisterous scoff she always saved for certain company but never allowed herself in school. Now and then Jenny lets loose one of those laughs and Opal is pleased. It occurs to her that Jenny, who is already past thirty, has left behind a trail of men, like that girl in the song. Jenny has lived with a couple of men, here and there. Opal can't keep track of all of the men Jenny has mentioned. They have names like John and Skip and Michael. She's not in a hurry to get married, she says. She says she is going to buy a house trailer and live in the woods like a hermit. She's full of ideas, and she exaggerates. She uses the words "gorgeous," "adorable," and "wonderful" interchangeably and persistently.

Last night, Jenny was here, with her latest boyfriend, Randy Newcomb. Opal remembers when he sat in the back row in her geometry class. He was an ordinary kid, not especially smart, and often late with his lessons. Now he has a real-estate agency and drives a Cadillac. Jenny kissed him in front of Opal and told him he was gorgeous. She said the placemats were gorgeous, too.

Jenny was asking to see those old quilts again. "Why do you hide away your nice things, Aunt Opal?" she said. Opal doesn't think they're that nice, and she doesn't want to have to look at them all the time. Opal showed Jenny and Randy Newcomb the double-wedding-ring quilt, the star quilt, and some of the crazy quilts, but she wouldn't show them the craziest one—the burial quilt, the one Jenny kept asking about. Did Jenny come back home just to hunt up that old rag? The thought makes Opal shudder.

The doorbell rings. Opal has to rearrange her comforter and magazines in order to get up. Her joints are stiff. She leaves the TV blaring a song she knows, with balloons and bombs in it.

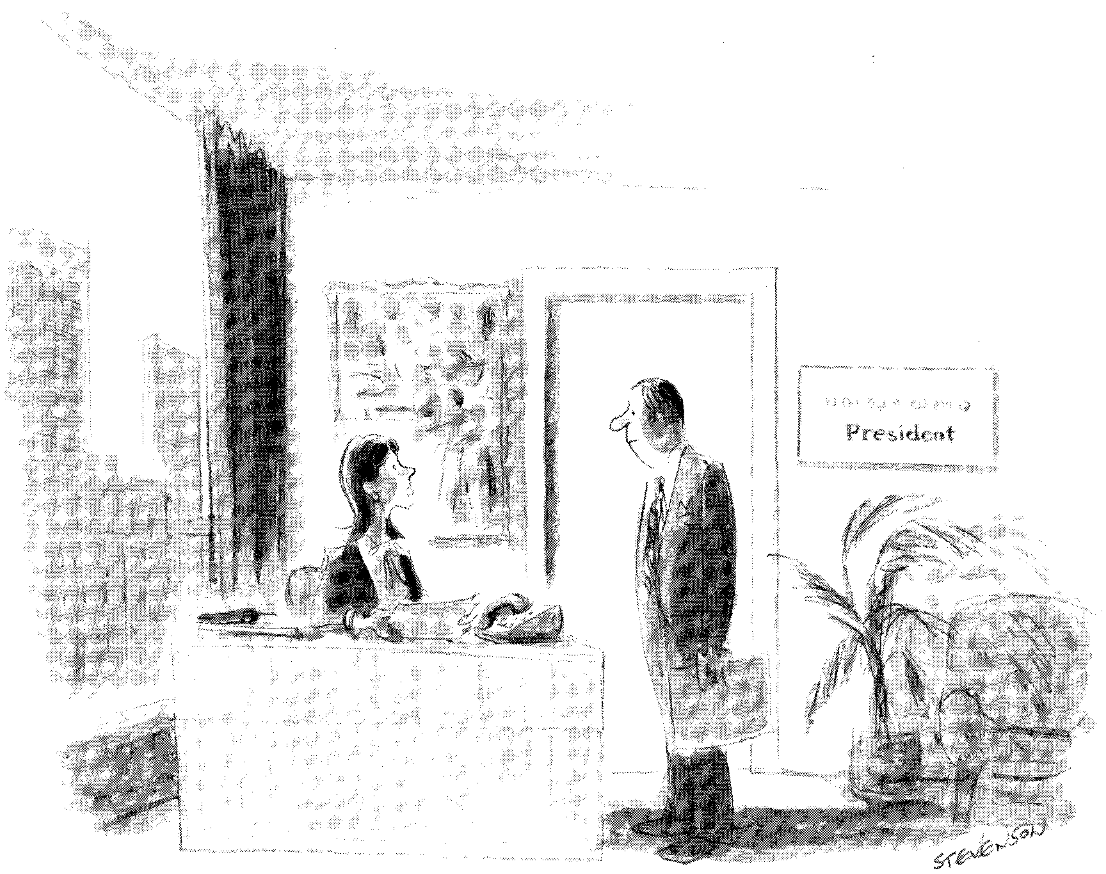
At the door is Velma Shaw, who lives in the duplex next to Opal. She has just come home from her job at Shop World. "Have you gone out of your mind, Opal?" cries Velma. She has on a plum-colored print blouse and a plum skirt and a little green scarf with a gold pin holding it down. Velma shouts, "You can hear that racket clear across the street!"

"Rock and roll is never too loud," says Opal. This is a line from a song she has heard.

Opal releases one of her saved-up laughs, and Velma backs away. Velma

Nostalgic Pair

is still trying to be sexy, in those little color-coördinated outfits she wears, but it is hopeless, Opal thinks with a smile. She closes the door and scoots back to her chaise longue.



"No one can go in now. They're having a corporate imbroglio."

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OPAL is Jenny's favorite aunt. Jenny likes the way Opal ties her hair in a ponytail with a ribbon. She wears muumuus and socks. She is tall and only a little thick in the middle. She told Jenny that middle-age spread was caused by the ribs expanding and that it doesn't matter what you eat. Opal kids around about "old Arthur"—her arthritis, visiting her on damp days.

Jenny has been in town six months. She works at the courthouse, typing records—marriages, divorces, deaths, drunk-driving convictions. Frequently, the same names are on more than one list. Before she returned to Kentucky, Jenny was waitressing in Denver, but she was growing restless again, and the idea of going home seized her. Her old rebellion against small-town conventions gave way to curiosity.

In the South, the shimmer of the heat seems to distort everything, like old glass with impurities in it. During her first two days there, she saw two people with artificial legs, a blind man, a man with hooks for hands, and a man without an arm. It seemed unreal. In a parking lot, a pit bull terrier in a Camaro attacked her at the closed window. He barked viciously, his nose stabbing the window. She stood in the parking lot, letting the pit bull attack, imagining herself in an arena, with a crowd watching. The South makes her nervous. Randy Newcomb told her she had just been away too long. "We're not as countrified down here now as people think," he said.

Jenny has been going with Randy for three months. The first night she went out with him, he took her to a fancy place that served shrimp flown in from New Orleans, and then to a little bar over in Hopkinsville. They went with Kathy Steers, a friend from work, and Kathy's husband, Bob. Kathy and Bob weren't getting along and they carped at each other all evening. In the bar, an attractive, cheerful woman sang requests for tips, and her companion, a blind man, played the guitar. When she sang, she looked straight at him, singing to him, smiling at him reassuringly. In the background, men played pool with their girlfriends, and Jenny noticed the sharp creases in the men's jeans and imagined the women ironing them. When she mentioned it, Kathy said she took Bob's jeans to the laundromat to use the machine there that puts knifelike creases in them. The men in the bar had two kinds of women with them: innocent-looking women with pastel skirts and careful hairdos, and hard-looking women without makeup in T-shirts and jeans. Jenny imagined that each type could be either a girlfriend or a wife. She felt odd. She was neither type. The singer sang "Happy Birthday" to a popular regular named Will Ed, and after the set she danced with him, while the jukebox took over. She had a limp, as though one leg were shorter than the other. The leg was stiff under her jeans, and when the woman danced Jenny could see that the leg was not real.

"There, but for the grace of God, go I," Randy whispered to Jenny. He squeezed her hand, and his heavy turquoise ring dug into her knuckle.

"THOSE quilts would bring a good price at an estate auction," Randy says to Jenny as they leave her aunt's one evening and head for his real-estate office. They are in his burgundy Cadillac. "One of those star quilts used to bring twenty-five dollars. Now it might run three hundred."

"My aunt doesn't think they're worth anything. She hides all her nice stuff, like she's ashamed of it. She's got beautiful dresser scarves and starched doilies she made years ago. But she's getting a little weird. All she does is watch MTV."

"I think she misses the kids," Randy says. Then he bursts out laughing. "She used to put the fear of God in all her students! I never will forget the time she told me to stop watching so much television and read some books. It was like an order from God Almighty. I didn't dare not do what she said. I read 'Crime and Punishment.' I never would have read it if she hadn't shamed me into it. But I appreciated that. I don't even remember what 'Crime and Punishment' was about, except there was an axe murderer in it."

"That was basically it," Jenny says. "He got caught. Crime and punishment—just like any old TV show."

Randy touches some controls on the dashboard and Waylon Jennings starts singing. The sound system is remarkable. Everything Randy owns is quality. He has been looking for some land for Jenny to buy—a couple of acres of woods—but so far nothing on his listings has met with his approval. He is concerned about zoning and power lines and frontage. All Jenny wants is a remote place where she can have a dog and grow some tomatoes. She knows that what she really needs is a better car, but she doesn't want to go anywhere.

Later, at Randy's office, Jenny studies the photos of houses on display, while he talks on the telephone to someone about dividing up a sixty-acre farm into farmettes. His photograph is on several certificates on the wall. He has a full, well-fed face in the pictures, but he is thinner now and looks better. He has a boyish, endearing smile, like Dennis Quaid, Jenny's favorite actor. She likes his smile. It seems so innocent, as though he would do anything in the world for someone he cared about. He doesn't really want to sell her any land. He says he is afraid she will get raped if she lives alone in the woods.

"I'm impressed," she says when he slams down the telephone. She points to his new regional award for the fastest-growing agency of the year.

"Isn't that something? Three branch offices in a territory this size—I can't complain. There's a lot of turnover in real estate now. People are never satisfied. You know that? That's the truth about human nature." He laughs. "That's the secret of my success."

"It's been two years since Barbara divorced me," he says later, on the way to Jenny's apartment. "I can't say it hasn't been fun being free, but my kids are in college, and it's like starting over. I'm ready for a new life. The business has been so great, I couldn't really ask for more, but I've been thinking— Don't laugh, please, but what I was thinking was if you want to share it with me, I'll treat you good. I swear."

At a stoplight, he paws at her hand. On one corner is the Pepsi bottling plant, and across from it is the Broad Street House, a restaurant with an old-fashioned statue of a jockey out front. People are painting the black faces on those little statues white now, but this one has been painted bright green all over. Jenny can't keep from laughing at it.

"I wasn't laughing at you—honest!" she says apologetically. "That statue always cracks me up."

"You don't have to give me an answer now."

"I don't know what to say."

"I can get us a real good deal on a house," he says. "I can get any house I've got listed. I can even get us a farmette, if you want trees so bad. You won't have to spend your money on a piece of land."

"I'll have to think about it." Randy scares her. She likes him, but there is something strange about his energy and optimism. Everyone around her seems to be bursting at the seams, like that pit bull terrier.

"I'll let you think on it," he says, pulling up to her apartment. "Life has been good to me. Business is good, and my kids didn't turn out to be dope fiends. That's about all you can hope for in this day and time."

WET ARE THE BOARDS

Not liking what life has in it,
"It's probably dead, whatever it is,"
You said, and turned, and thought
Of one spot on the ground, what it means to all of us
Passing through the earth. And the filleted, reasonable
Nymph of the fashions of the air points to that too:
"No need to be deprived. We are all
Friends here,
And whatever it takes to get us out of the mess we're in,
One of us has."

Charming, you thought. The spirited bulk,
The work of a local architect, knows how to detach itself
From the little puffs issuing from the mouths of the four winds,
Yet not too much, and be honest
While still remaining noble and sedate.
The tepees on the front lawn
Of the governor's palace became a fixture there
And were cast in stone when the originals rotted away.
Fish tanks glinted from within the varnished
Halls of jurisprudence and it was possible to save
The friezes, of Merovingian thrust,
And so much else made to please the senses
Like a plum tree dripping besmirched brilliants
On a round dirt bed, and all the stories of the ducks.
Now if only I were a noncombatant—
Which brings us back to the others: philosophers,
Pedants, and criminals intent on enjoying the public view—
Is it just another panorama

* * *

Jenny is having lunch with Kathy Steers at the Broad Street House. The iced tea is mixed with white grape juice. It took Jenny a long time to identify the flavor, and the Broad Street House won't admit it's grape juice. Their iced tea is supposed to have a mystique about it, probably because they can't sell drinks in this dry county. In the daylight, the statue out front is the color of the Jolly Green Giant.

People confide in Jenny, but Jenny doesn't always tell things back. It's an unfair exchange, though it often goes unnoticed. She is curious, eager to hear other people's stories, and she asks more questions than is appropriate. Kathy's life is a tangle of decep-

In my collection, or do I belong to it
As long as it wishes to regard me? For we none of us
Can determine strictly what they are thinking,
Even the one we walk arm in arm with
Through the darkling purple air of spring, so when it comes
Time to depart our goodbyes will read automatically true or false
According to what has gone before.
And that loneliness will accompany us
On the far side of parting, when what we dream, we read.
No hand is outstretched
Through the bored gloom unless more thinking wants to take us elsewhere
Into a space that seems changed, by luck or just by time hanging around,
And the mystery of the family that bore you
Into the race that is.

And get involved in it we did, reversing the story
So that the end showed through the paper as the beginning
And all children were nice again.
Think again of the scenery
Whirling to destroy itself, and what a different face
It wears when order smiles, as I know it
Does here. The costumes we wore
Must never be folded and put back into the trunk again,
Or someone too young for the part is going to step up
And say, "Listen, I made it. It's mine,"
In a November twilight when the frost is creeping over you
As surely as waves across a beach, since no chill is complete
Without your unique participation. And when you walk away
You might reflect that this is an aspect
In which all of the cores and seeds are visible.
It's a matter of not choosing to see.

—John Ashbery

• •

tions. Kathy stayed with her husband, Bob, because he had opened his own body shop and she didn't want him to start out a new business with a rocky marriage, but she acknowledges now it was a mistake.

"What about Jimmy and Willette?" Jenny asks. Jimmy and Willette are the other characters in Kathy's story.

"That mess went on for months. When you started work at the office, remember how nervous I was? I thought I was getting an ulcer." Kathy lights a cigarette and blows at the wall. "You see, I didn't know what Bob and Willette were up to, and they didn't know about me and Jimmy. That went on for two years before you came. And when it started to come apart—I mean, we had *hell!* I'd say things to Jimmy and then it would get back to Bob because Jimmy would tell Willette. It was an unreal circle. I was pregnant with Jason and you get real sensitive then. I thought Bob was screwing around on me, but it never dawned on me it was with Willette."

The fat waitress says, "Is everything all right?"

Kathy says, "No, but it's not your fault. Do you know what I'm going to do?" she asks Jenny.

"No, what?"

"I'm taking Jason and moving in with my sister. She has a sort of apartment upstairs. Bob can do what he wants to with the house. I've waited too long to do this, but it's time. My sister keeps the baby anyway, so why shouldn't I just live there?"

She puffs the cigarette again and levels her eyes at Jenny. "You know what I admire about you? You're so independent. You say what you think. When you started work at the office, I said to myself, 'I wish I could be like that.' I could tell you had been around. You've inspired me. That's how come I decided to move out."

Jenny plays with the lemon slice in the saucer holding her iced-tea glass. She picks a seed out of it. She can't bring herself to confide in Kathy about Randy Newcomb's offer. For some reason, she is embarrassed by it.

"I haven't spoken to Willette since September 3rd," says Kathy.

Kathy keeps talking, and Jenny listens, suspicious of her interest in Kathy's problems. She notices how Kathy is enjoying herself. Kathy is looking forward to leaving her husband the same way she must have enjoyed her fling with Jimmy, the way she is enjoying not speaking to Willette.

"Let's go out and get drunk tonight," Kathy says cheerfully. "Let's celebrate my decision."

"I can't. I'm going to see my aunt this evening. I have to take her some booze. She gives me money to buy her vodka and peppermint schnapps, and she tells me not to stop at the same liquor store. She says she doesn't want me to get a reputation for drinking! I have to go all the way to Hopkinsville to get it."

"Your aunt tickles me. She's a pistol."

The waitress clears away the dishes and slaps down dessert menus. They order chocolate pecan pie, the day's special.

"You know the worst part of this whole deal?" Kathy says. "It's the years it takes to get smart. But I'm going to make up for lost time. You can bet on that. And there's not a thing Bob can do about it."

Opal's house has a veranda. Jenny thinks that verandas seem to imply a history of some sort—people in rocking chairs telling stories. But Opal doesn't tell any stories. It is exasperating, because Jenny wants to know about her aunt's past love life, but Opal won't reveal her secrets. They sit on the veranda and observe each other. They smile, and now and then roar with laughter over something ridiculous. In the bedroom, where she snoops after using the bathroom, Jenny notices the layers of old wallpaper in the closet, peeling back and spilling crumbs of gaudy ancient flower prints onto Opal's muumuus.

Downstairs, Opal asks, "Do you want some cake, Jenny?"

"Of course. I'm crazy about your cake, Aunt Opal."

"I didn't beat the egg whites long enough. Old Arthur's visiting again." Opal flexes her fingers and smiles. "That sounds like the curse. Girls used to say they had the curse. Or they had a visitor." She looks down at her knuckles shyly. "Nowadays, of course, they just say what they mean."

The cake is delicious—an old-fashioned lemon chiffon made from scratch. Jenny's cooking ranges from English-muffin mini-pizzas to brownie mixes. After gorging on the cake, Jenny blurts out, "Aunt Opal, aren't you sorry you never got married? Tell the truth, now."

Opal laughs. "I was talking to Ella Mae Smith the other day—she's a retired geography teacher?—and she said, 'I've got twelve great-great-grandchildren, and when we get together I say, "Law me, look what I started!" ' " Opal mimics Ella Mae Smith, giving her a mindless, chirpy tone of voice. "Why, I'd have to use quadratic equations to count up all the people that woman has caused," she goes on. "All with a streak of her petty narrow-mindedness in them. I don't call that a contribution to the world." Opal laughs and sips from her glass of schnapps. "What about you, Jenny? Are you ever going to get married?"

"Marriage is outdated. I don't know anybody who's married and happy."

Opal names three schoolteachers she has known who have been married for decades.

"But are they really happy?"

"Oh, foot, Jenny! What you're saying is why are *you* not married and why are *you* not happy. What's wrong with little Randy Newcomb? Isn't that funny? I always think of him as little Randy."

"Show me those quilts again, Aunt Opal."

"I'll show you the crazies but not the one you keep after me about."

"O.K., show me the crazies."

Upstairs, her aunt lays crazy quilts on the bed. They are bright-colored patches of soft velvet and plaids and prints stitched together with silky embroidery. Several pieces have initials embroidered on them. The haphazard shapes make Jenny imagine odd, twisted lives represented in these quilts.

She says, "Mom gave me a quilt once, but I didn't appreciate the value of it and I washed it until it fell apart."

"I'll give you one of these crazies when you stop moving around," Opal says. "You couldn't fit it in that backpack of yours." She polishes her glasses thoughtfully. "Do you know what those quilts mean to me?"

"No, what?"

"A lot of desperate old women ruining their eyes. Do you know what I think I'll do?"

"No, what?"

"I think I'll take up aerobic dancing. Or maybe I'll learn to ride a motorcycle. I try to be modern."

"You're funny, Aunt Opal. You're hilarious."

"Am I gorgeous, too?"

"Adorable," says Jenny.

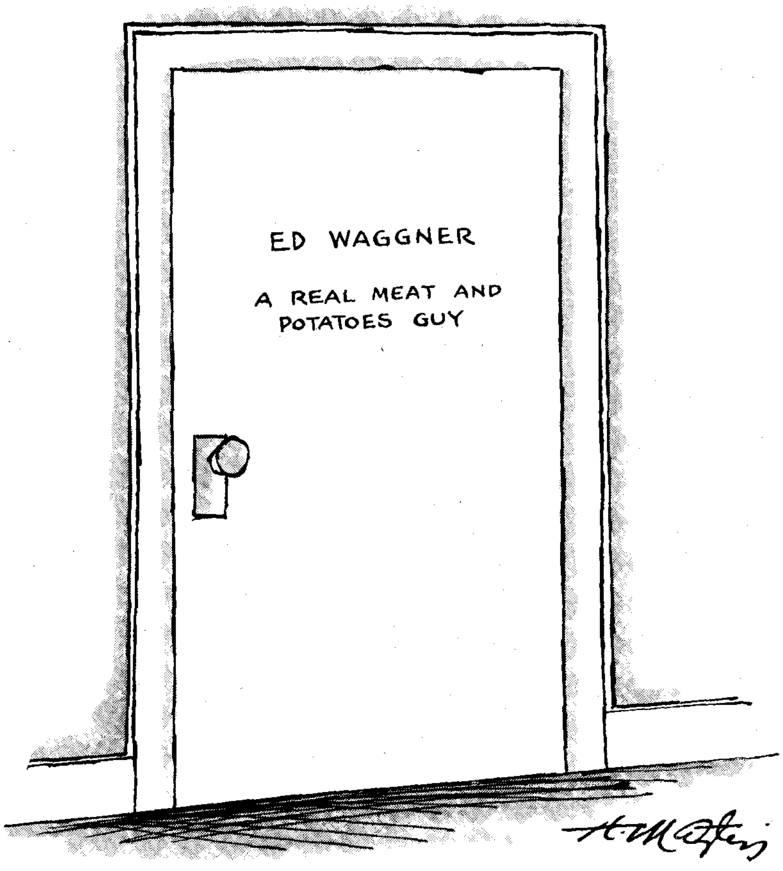
AFTER her niece leaves, Opal hums a tune and dances a stiff little jig. She nestles among her books and punches her remote-control paddle. Years ago, she was allowed to paddle students who misbehaved. She used a wooden paddle from a butter churn, with holes drilled in it. The holes made a satisfying sting. On TV, a nineteen-fifties convertible is out of gas. This is one of her favorites. It has an adorable couple in it. The girl is wearing bobby socks and saddle oxfords, and the boy has on a basketball jacket. They look the way children looked before the hippie element took over. But the boy begins growing cat whiskers and big cat ears, and then his face gets furry and leathery, while the girl screams bloody murder. Opal sips some peppermint and watches his face change. The red and gold of his basketball jacket are the Hopewell school colors. He chases the girl. Now he has grown long claws.

The boy is dancing energetically with a bunch of ghouls who have escaped from their coffins. "Grisly ghouls are closing in to seal your doom," Vincent Price says in the background. The girl is very frightened. The ghouls are so old and ugly. That's how kids see us, Opal thinks. She loves this story. She even loves the credits: "Scary Music by Elmer Bernstein." This is a story with a meaning. It suggests all the feelings of terror and horror that must be hidden inside young people. And inside, deep down, there really are monsters. An old person waits, a nearly dead body that can still dance.

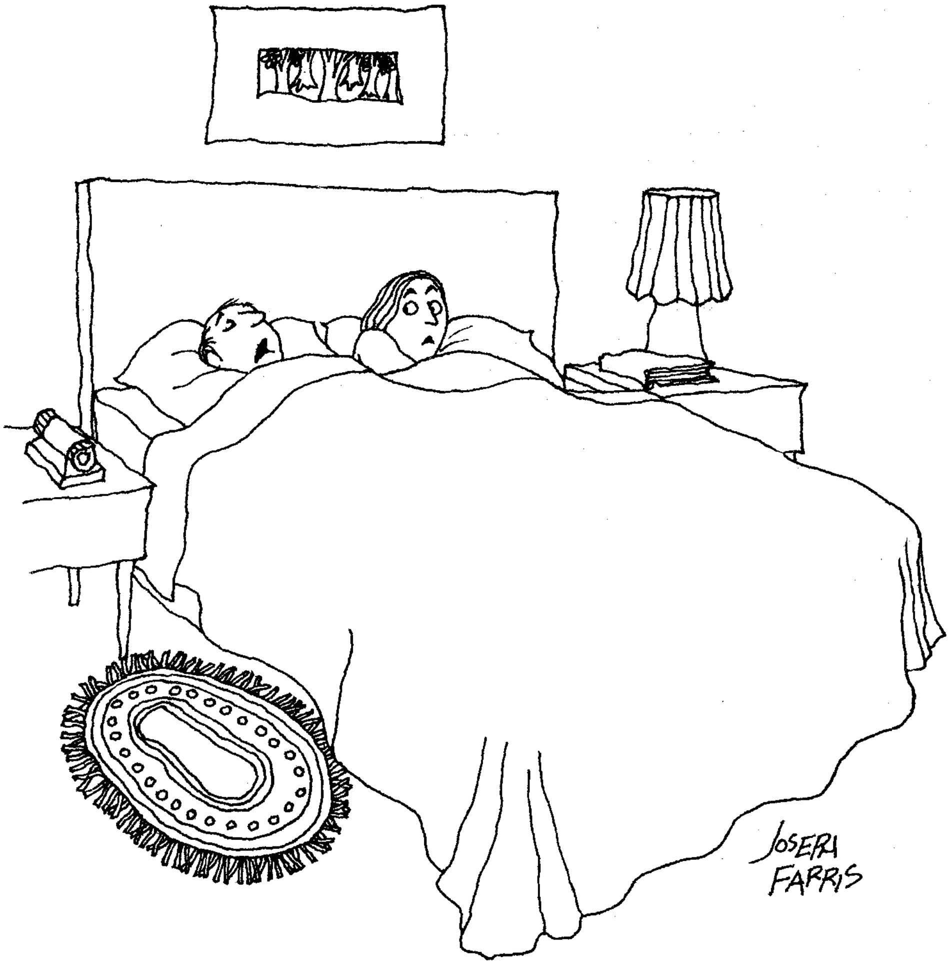
Opal pours another drink. She feels relaxed, her joints loose like a dancer's now.

Jenny is so nosy. Her questions are so blunt. Did Opal ever have a crush on a student? Only once or twice. She was in her twenties then, and it seemed scandalous. Nothing happened—just daydreams. When she was thirty, she had another attachment to a boy, and it seemed all right then, but it was worse again at thirty-five, when another pretty boy stayed after class to talk. After that, she kept her distance.

But Opal is not wholly without experience. There have been men, over the years, though nothing like the casual affairs Jenny has had. Opal remembers a certain motel room in Nashville. She was only forty. The man drove a gray Chrysler Imperial. When she was telling about him to a


ED WAGGNER
A REAL MEAT AND POTATOES GUY
H. Martin

friend, who was sworn to secrecy, she called him “Imperial,” in a joking way. She went with him because she knew he would take her somewhere, in such a fine car, and they would sleep together. She always remembered how clean and empty the room was, how devoid of history and association. In the mirror, she saw a scared woman with a pasty face and a shrimpy little man who needed a shave. In the morning he went out somewhere and brought back coffee and orange juice. They had bought some doughnuts at the new doughnut shop in town before they left. While he was out, she made up the bed and put her things in her bag, to make it as neat as if she had never been there. She was fully dressed when he returned, with her garter belt and stockings on, and when they finished the doughnuts she cleaned up all the paper and the cups and wiped the crumbs from the table by the bed. He said, “Come with me and I'll take you to Idaho.” “Why Idaho?” she wanted to know, but his answer was vague. Idaho sounded cold, and she didn't want to tell him how she disliked his scratchy whiskers and the hard, powdery doughnuts. It seemed unkind of her, but if he had been nicer-looking, without such a demanding dark beard, she might have gone with him to Idaho in that shining Imperial. She hadn't even given him a chance, she thought later. She had been so scared. If anyone from school had seen her at that motel, she could have lost her job. “I need a woman,” he had said. “A woman like you.”



“I deny any wrongdoing!”

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ON a hot Saturday afternoon, with rain threatening, Jenny sits under a tent on a folding chair while Randy auctions off four hundred acres of woods on Lake Barkley. He had a road bulldozed into the property, and he divided it up into lots. The lakefront lots are going for as much as two thousand an acre, and the others are bringing up to a thousand. Randy has several assistants with him, and there is even a concession stand, offering hot dogs and cold drinks.

In the middle of the auction, they wait for a thundershower to pass. Sitting in her folding chair under a canopy reminds Jenny of graveside services. As soon as the rain slacks up, the auction continues. In his cowboy hat and blue blazer, Randy struts around with a microphone as proudly as a banty rooster. With his folksy chatter, he knows exactly how to work the crowd. “Y'all get yourselves a cold drink and relax now and just imagine the fishing you'll do in this dreamland. This land is good for vacation, second home, investment—heck, you can just park here in your camper and live. It's going to be paradise when that marina gets built on the lake there and we get some lots cleared.”

The four-hundred-acre tract looks like a wilderness. Jenny loves the way the sun splashes on the water after the rain, and the way it comes through the trees, hitting the flickering leaves like lights on a disco ball. A marina here seems farfetched. She could pitch a tent here until she could afford to buy a used trailer. She could swim at dawn, the way she did on a camping trip out West, long ago. All of a sudden, she finds herself bidding on a lot. The bidding passes four hundred, and she sails on, bidding against a man from Missouri who tells the people around him that he's looking for a place to retire.

“Sold to the young lady with the backpack,” Randy says when she bids six hundred. He gives her a crestfallen look, and she feels embarrassed.

As she waits for Randy to wind up his business after the auction, Jenny locates her acre from the map of the plots of land. It is along a gravel road and marked off with stakes tied with hot-pink survey tape. It is a small section of the woods—her block on the quilt, she thinks. These are her trees. The vines and underbrush are thick and spotted with raindrops. She notices a windfall leaning on a maple, like a lover dying in its arms. Maples are strong, she thinks, but she feels like getting an axe and chopping that windfall down, to save the maple. In the distance, the whining of a speedboat cuts into the day.

They meet afterward at Randy's van, his mobile real-estate office, with a little shingled roof raised in the center to look rustic. It looks like an outhouse on wheels. A painted message on the side says, “Reality Is

Real Estate." As Randy plows through the mud on the new road, Jenny apologizes. Buying the lot was like laughing at the statue at the wrong moment—something he would take the wrong way, an insult to his attentions.

"I can't reach you," he says. "You say you want to live out in the wilderness and grow your own vegetables, but you act like you're somewhere in outer space. You can't grow vegetables in outer space. You can't even grow them in the woods unless you clear some ground."

"I'm looking for a place to land."

"What do I have to do to get through to you?"

"I don't know. I need more time."

He turns onto the highway, patterned with muddy tire tracks from the cars at the auction. "I said I'd wait, so I guess I'll have to," he says, flashing his Dennis Quaid smile. "You take as long as you want to, then. I learned my lesson with Barbara. You've got to be understanding with the women. That's the key to a successful relationship." Frowning, he slams his hand on the steering wheel. "That's what they tell me, anyhow."

Jenny is having coffee with Opal. She arrived unexpectedly. It's very early. She looks as though she has been up all night.

"Please show me your quilts," Jenny says. "I don't mean your crazy quilts. I want to see that special quilt. Mom said it had the family tree."

Opal spills coffee in her saucer. "What is wrong with young people today?" she asks.

"I want to know why it's called a burial quilt," Jenny says. "Are you planning to be buried in it?"

Opal wishes she had a shot of peppermint in her coffee. It sounds like a delicious idea. She starts toward the den with the coffee cup rattling in its saucer, and she splatters drops on the rug. Never mind it now, she thinks, turning back.

"It's just a family history," she says.

"Why's it called a burial quilt?" Jenny asks.

Jenny's face is pale. She has blue pouches under her eyes and blue eyeshadow on her eyelids. Her eyes are ringed like a raccoon's.

"See that closet in the hall?" Opal says. "Get a chair and we'll get the quilt down."

Jenny stands on a kitchen chair and removes the quilt from beneath several others. It's wrapped in blue plastic and Jenny hugs it closely as she steps down with it.

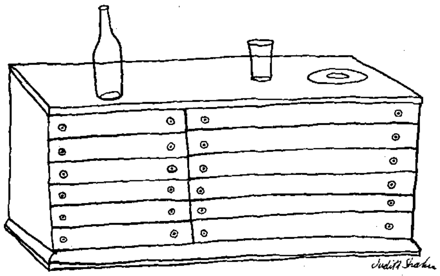
They spread it out on the couch, and the blue plastic floats off somewhere. Jenny looks like someone in love as she gazes at the quilt. "It's gorgeous," she murmurs. "How beautiful."

"Shoot!" says Opal. "It's ugly as homemade sin."

Jenny runs her fingers over the rough textures of the quilt. The quilt is dark and sombre. The backing is a heavy gray gabardine, and the nine-inch-square blocks are pieced of smaller blocks of varying shades of gray and brown and black. They are wools, apparently made from men's winter suits. On each block is an appliquéd off-white tombstone—a comical shape, like Casper the ghost. Each tombstone has a name and date on it.

Jenny recognizes some of the names. Myrtle Williams. Voris Williams. Thelma Lee Freeman. The oldest gravestone is "Eulalee Freeman 1857-1900." The shape is irregular, a rectangle with a clumsy foot sticking out from one corner. The quilt is knotted with yarn, and the edging is open, for more blocks to be added.

"Eulalee's daughter started it," says Opal. "But that thing has been carried through this family like a plague. Did you ever see such horrible old dark colors? I pieced on it some when I was younger, but it was too depressing. I think some of the kinfolks must have died without a square, so there may be several to catch up on."



"I'll do it," says Jenny. "I could learn to quilt."

"Traditionally, the quilt stops when the family name stops," Opal says. "And since my parents didn't have a boy, that was the end of the Freeman line on this particular branch of the tree. So the last old maids finish the quilt." She lets out a wild cackle. "Theoretically, a quilt like this could keep going till doomsday."

"Do you care if I have this quilt?" asks Jenny.

"What would you do with it? It's too ugly to put on a bed and too morbid to work on."

"I think it's kind of neat," says Jenny. She strokes the rough tweed. Already it is starting to decay, and it has moth holes. Jenny feels tears start to drip down her face.

"Don't you go putting my name on that thing," her aunt says.

Jenny has taken the quilt to her apartment. She explained that she is going to study the family tree, or that she is going to finish the quilt. If she's smart, Opal thinks, she will let Randy Newcomb auction it off. The way Jenny took it, cramming it into the blue plastic, was like snatching something that was free. Opal feels relieved, as though she has pushed the burden of that ratty old quilt onto her niece. All those miserable, cranky women, straining their eyes, stitching on those dark scraps of material.

MARK TWAIN, 1909

. . . his hair an aureole, white
cloud around a face half
eclipsed in shadow—"Everyone
is a moon, and has a dark
side he never shows
to anybody"—in his white
suit, Palm Beach white, white
cravat, the eyes like cinders
gazing on devastation
past Mr. Amy crouched
beneath his black sheet, peering
toward the future. Behind him,
in the bookcase, only one
title in focus, thick book:
"The Nile." Always rivers,
rivers, the mind afloat on
currents, eddies . . . Memory
the raft that bears us onward,
onward, back to our threatened
Paradise, the waters
rising, where sounds of evening
—hoot owl, a barking dog—
are harbingers of death. It's
death that makes the present
ache so for the past, as
time that won't be stilled
swirls us toward an end we
cannot grasp. Like shadows
our story lengthens, lengthens
behind us. As Amy squeezes
the bulb, from the next room
—"Youth!"—Livy calls, he
starts, and this sitting
for the photograph is ended.

—Daniel Hoffman

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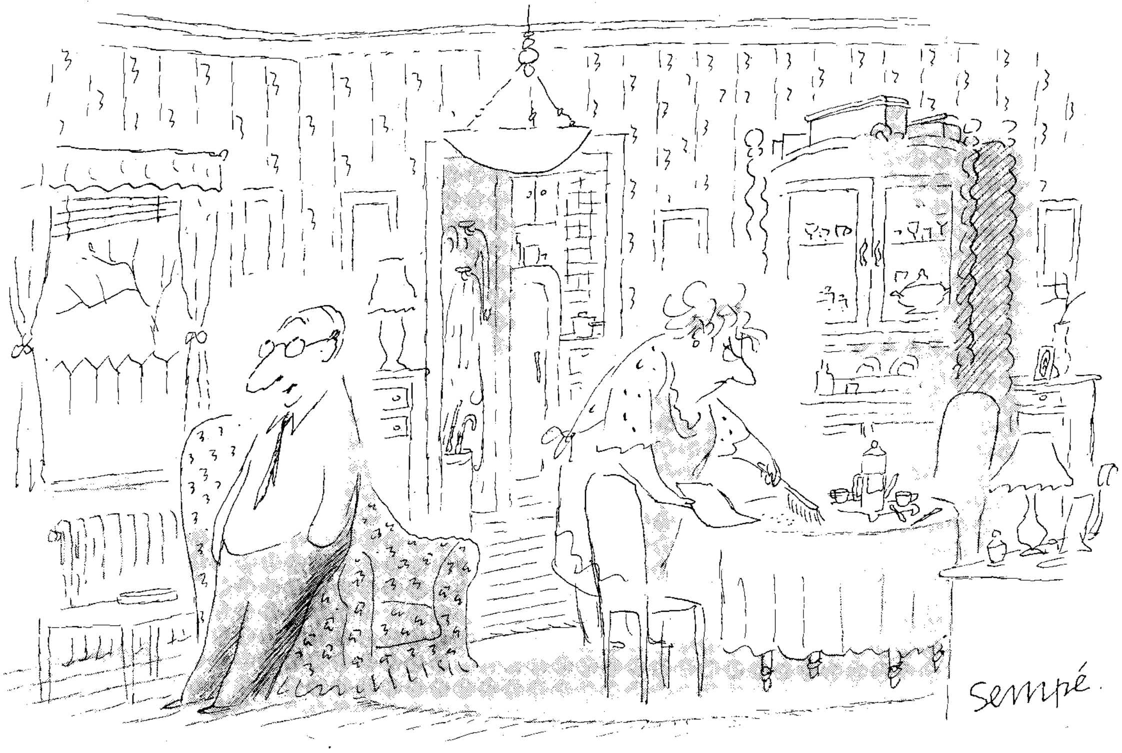
For a long time, Jenny wouldn't tell why she was crying, and when she started to tell, Opal was uncomfortable, afraid she'd be required to tell something comparable of her own, but as she listened she found herself caught up in Jenny's story. Jenny said it was a man. That was always the case, Opal thought. It was five years ago. A man Jenny knew in a place by the sea. Opal imagined seagulls, pretty sand. There were no palm trees. It was up North. The young man worked with Jenny in a restaurant with glass walls facing the ocean. They waited on tables and collected enough tips to take a trip together near the end of the summer. Jenny made it sound like an idyllic time, waiting on tables by the sea. She started crying again when she told about the trip, but the trip sounded nice. Opal listened hungrily, imagining the young man, thinking that he would have had handsome, smooth cheeks, and hair that fell attractively over his forehead. He would have had good manners, being a



"I dread to think of all the inaccuracies there would be if you wrote my biography after I'm gone."

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waiter. Jenny and the man, whose name was Jim, flew to Denver, Colorado, and they rented a car and drove around out West. They visited the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone and other places Opal had heard about. They grilled salmon on the beach, on another ocean. They camped out in the redwoods, trees so big they hid the sky. Jenny described all these scenes, and the man sounded like a good man. His brother had died in Vietnam and he felt guilty that he had been the one spared, because his brother was a swimmer and could have gone to the Olympics. Jim wasn't athletic. He had a bad knee and hammertoes. He slept fitfully in the tent, and Jenny said soothing things to him, and she cared about him, but by the time they had curved northward and over to Yellowstone the trip was becoming unpleasant. The romance wore off. She loved him, but she couldn't deal with his needs. One of the last nights they spent together, it rained all night long. He told her not to touch the tent material, because somehow the pressure of a finger on the nylon would make it start to leak at that spot. Lying there in the rain, Jenny couldn't resist touching a spot where water was collecting in a little sag in the top of the tent. The drip started then, and it grew worse, until they got so wet they had to get in the car. Not long afterward, when they ran short of money, they parted. Jenny got a job in Denver. She never saw him again.

Opal listened eagerly to the details about grilling the fish together, about the zip-together sleeping bags and setting up the tent and washing themselves in the cold stream. But when Jenny brought the story up to the present, Opal was not prepared. She felt she had been dunked in the cold water and left gasping. Jenny said she had heard a couple of times through a mutual friend that Jim had spent some time in Mexico. And then, she said, this week she had begun thinking about him, because of all the trees at the lake, and she had an overwhelming desire to see him again. She had been unfair, she knew now. She telephoned the friend, who had worked with them in the restaurant by the sea. He hadn't known where to locate her, he said, and so he couldn't tell her that Jim had been killed in Colorado over a year ago. His four-wheel drive had plunged off a mountain curve.

"I feel some trick has been played on me. It seems so unreal." Jenny tugged at the old quilt, and her eyes darkened. "I was in Colorado, and I didn't even know he was there. If I still knew him, I would know how to mourn, but now I don't know how. And it was over a year ago. So I don't know what to feel."

"Don't look back, hon," Opal said, hugging her niece closely. But she was shaking, and Jenny shook with her.

Opal makes herself a snack, thinking it will pick up her strength. She is very tired. On the tray, she places an apple and a paring knife and some milk and cookies. She touches the remote-control button, and the picture blossoms. She was wise to buy a large TV, the one listed as the best in the consumer magazine. The color needs a little adjustment, though. She eases up the volume and starts peeling the apple. She has a little bump on one knuckle. In the old days, people would take the family Bible and bust a cyst like that with it. Just slam it hard.

On the screen, a Scoutmaster is telling a story to some Boy Scouts around a campfire. The campfire is only a fireplace, with electric logs. Opal loses track of time, and the songs flow together. A woman is lying on her stomach on a car hood in a desert full of gas pumps. TV sets crash. Smoke emerges from an eyeball. A page of sky turns like a page in a book. Then, at a desk in a classroom, a cocky blond kid with a pack of cigarettes rolled in the sleeve of his T-shirt is singing about a sexy girl with a tattoo on her back who is sitting on a commode and smoking a cigarette. In the classroom, all the kids are gyrating and snapping their fingers to wild music. The teacher at the blackboard with her white hair in a bun looks disapproving, but the kids in the class don't know what's on her mind. The teacher is thinking about how, when the bell rings, she will hit the road to Nashville. —Bobbie Ann Mason

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ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in Editor & Publisher*]

GREEN BAY DAILY
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ANNALS OF EUGENICS

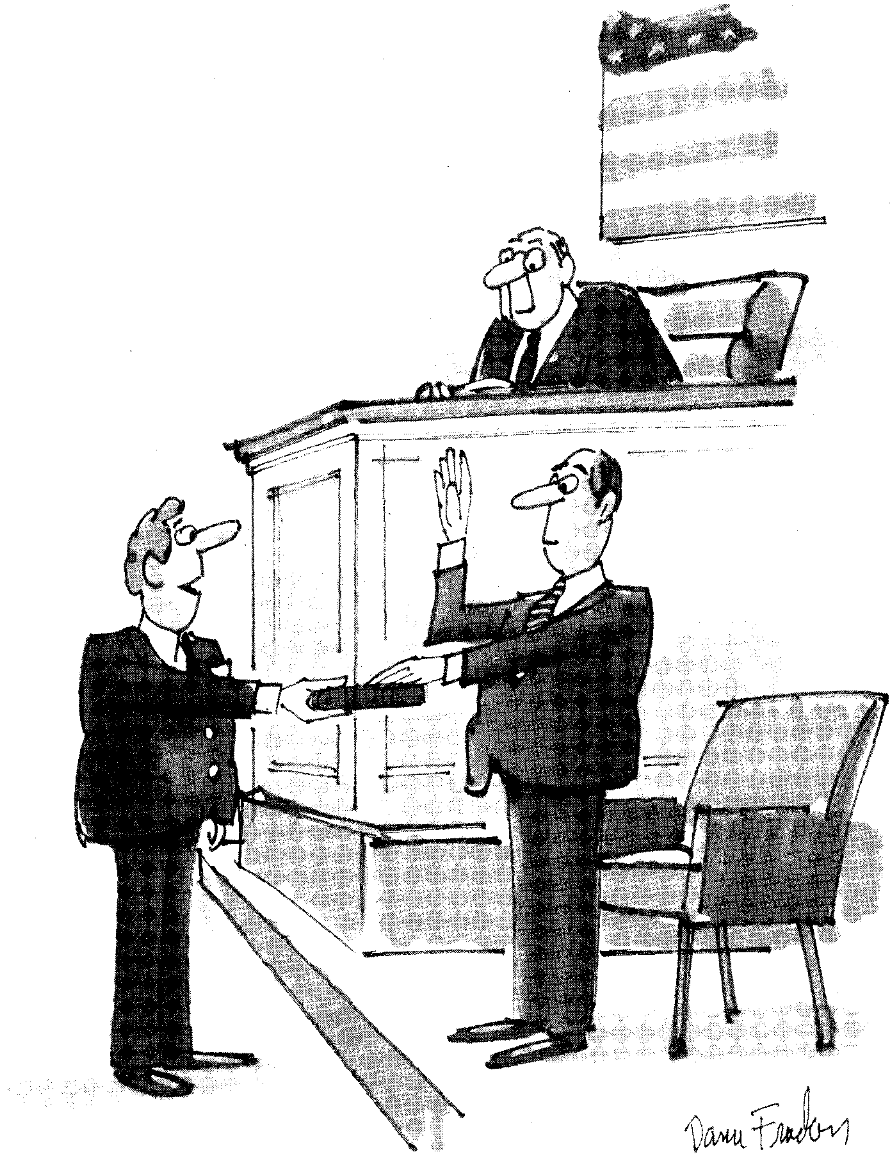
A SECULAR FAITH—IV

IN 1935, the American geneticist and future Nobel laureate Hermann J. Muller was moved to write that eugenics had become "hopelessly perverted" into a pseudoscientific façade for "advocates of race and class prejudice, defenders of vested interests of church and state, Fascists, Hitlerites, and reactionaries generally." By the mid-thirties, mainline eugenics—a creed that attributed social differences to biological inheritance—had generally been recognized as a farrago of flawed science. The number of books and articles published on eugenics steadily declined. The Third International Congress of Eugenics, held in New York City in 1932, attracted fewer than a hundred people. Yet if the mainline movement collapsed, the eugenic idea by no means died with it. On the contrary, eugenics continued to compel attention among a small group of enthusiasts—including a number of the principal critics of mainline theories and programs—who were tantalized still by the dream of human biological improvement.

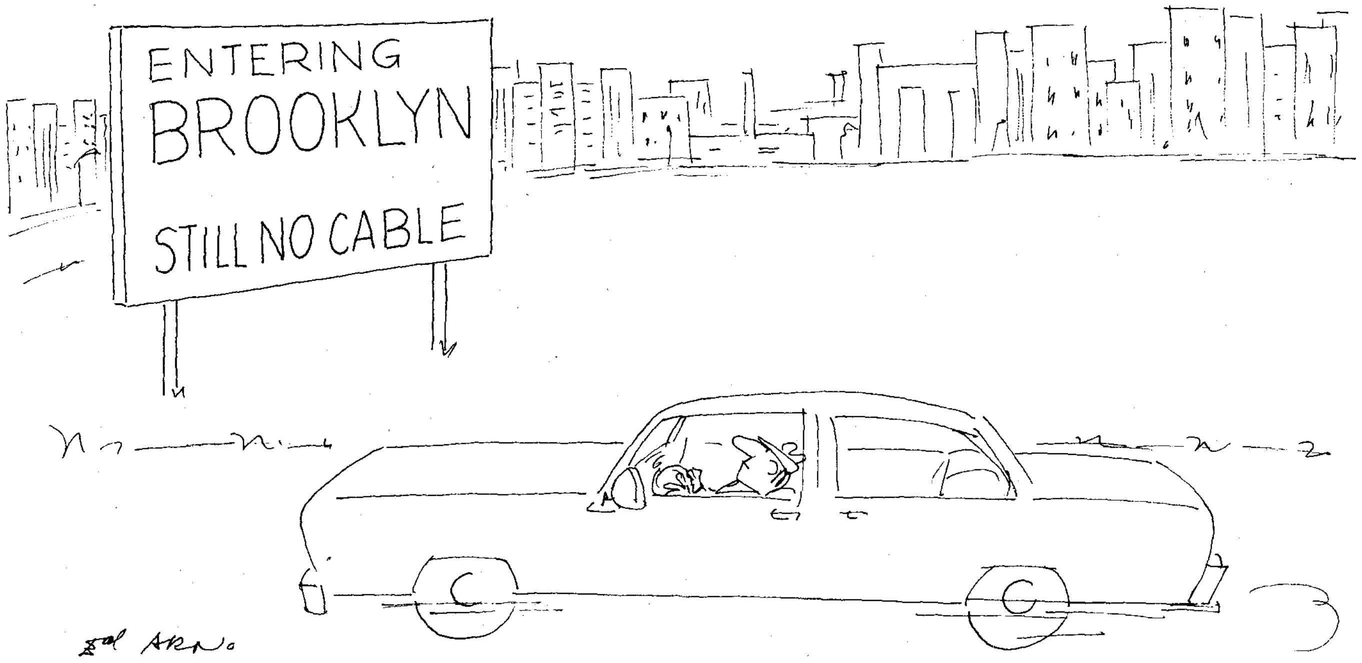
The large majority of these advocates differed considerably from their mainline predecessors. Some—like the brilliant mathematical geneticist Ronald A. Fisher, Karl Pearson's successor as Galton Eugenics Professor and director of the Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics, at University College, London—were anti-racist conservatives; others were social radicals in the tradition of George Bernard Shaw and Havelock Ellis. The prominent biologists among them ranged from the moderate left to the Marxist left—from Julian Huxley and Herbert S. Jennings to Lancelot Hogben, J. B. S. Haldane, and Muller. Whether right or left, they were united in recognition that advances in anthropology, psychology, and genetics had utterly destroyed the "scientific" underpinnings of mainline doctrine, and that any new eugenics had to be consistent with what was known about the laws of heredity.

Similar convictions characterized the new generation of leaders in organized eugenics, particularly Frederick Osborn, in the United States, and C. P. Blacker, in England. Frederick Osborn belonged to a New York mercantile and banking family—his father was William Church Osborn, a prominent New York corporate lawyer, and Cleveland H. Dodge was an uncle—in which the crudities of money-making had long since been replaced by a taste for art and a concern for the public welfare. After graduating from Princeton in 1910, Osborn went into railroads and banking, commuting between Wall Street and his ample home in Garrison-on-Hudson, where the walls were hung with pictures by Monet, Gauguin, and Pissarro. A Princeton geology course had aroused his interest in the evolution of man, and the interest remained with him into the Wall Street years; he often discussed it with another uncle—Henry Fairfield Osborn, the paleontologist, eugenicist, and president of the American Museum of Natural History. In the late nineteen-twenties, now an advocate of eugenics and convalescing from an illness, Osborn quit Wall Street to devote himself, along with some of his considerable funds, to a kind of intellectual philanthropy centered on eugenics. In 1929, he installed himself in an office in his uncle's museum, and for the next four years he read widely in demography, differential psychology, and genetics. His reading turned him against the mainline creed, particularly the racist and anti-immigrant claims central to the American eugenic movement.

C. P. Blacker, a physician, was a



"Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth even though the American people don't necessarily seem to want to hear the truth?"



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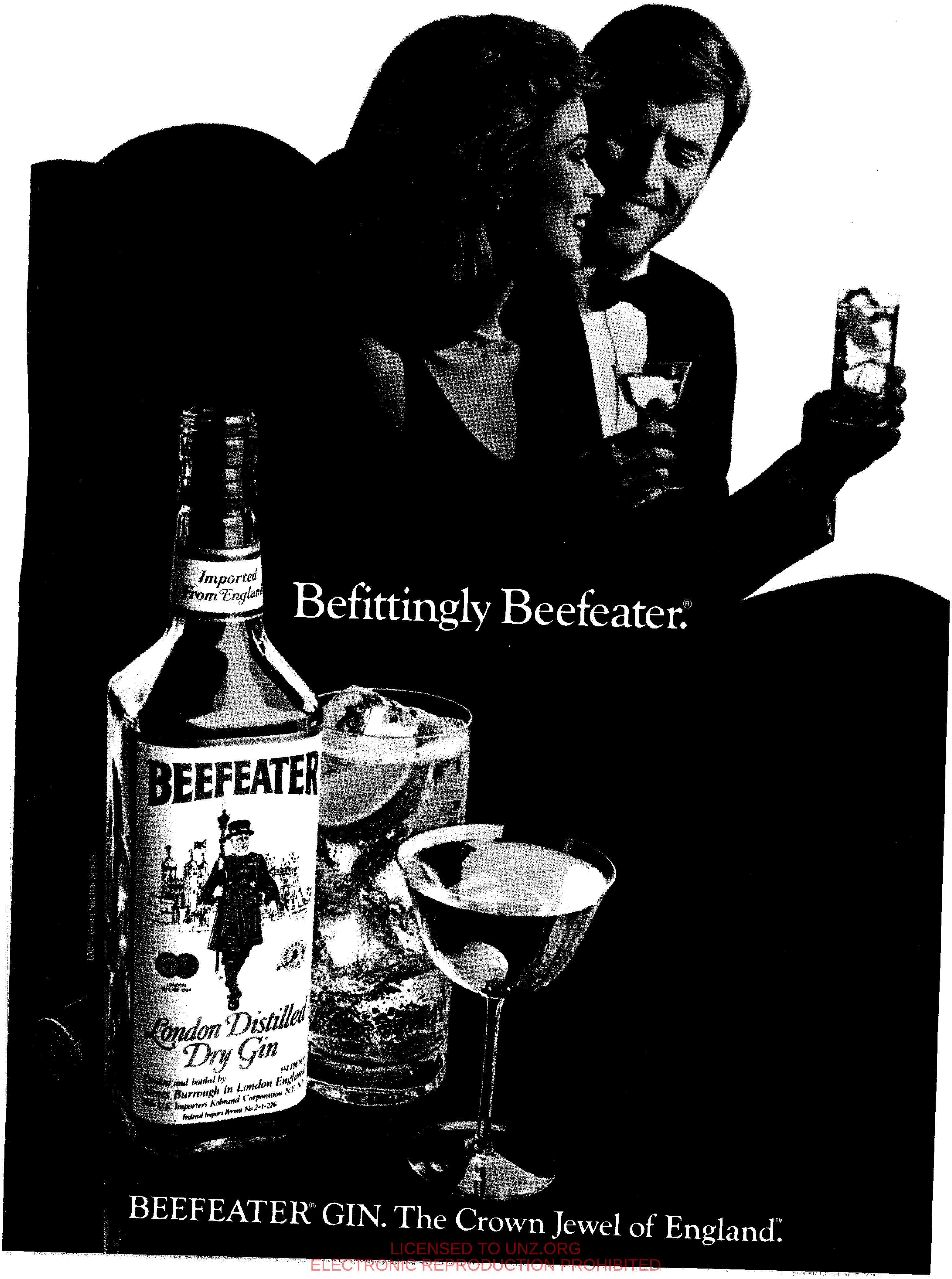
graduate of Eton who had served during the First World War in the Coldstream Guards and then gone on to Oxford. A tall, spare man, stern in manner, he married the daughter of a British Army major, fathered three children, and ran five miles before breakfast every morning until the age of sixty-five. Blacker lost a younger brother in action during the war and was himself decorated for gallantry. He held that war was dysgenic, both because it killed people who tended to be above the physical average and because the prospect of it deterred sensitive and thoughtful people from parenthood. Blacker himself seems to have been deeply shaken by the experience of the trenches. Evidently in order to come to grips with things, he began to read deeply in Freudian psychology while at Oxford. His immersion in Freud, to whom he counted his intellectual debt "immense," helped lead him into a career in psychiatric medicine. However, Blacker was never himself psychoanalyzed, nor was he ever an uncritical devotee of Freud. One counterbalance was his Oxford training, under Julian Huxley, in evolutionary biology. Another was his practice at the Maudsley Hospital, in London, where he encountered diverse forms of mental illness. In his judgment, Freudian psychology unduly stressed the universals of mental disorder; more attention needed to be given to the idiosyncrasies of individual patients. Like numerous members of the British school of psychiatry, Blacker preferred to locate mental disorder in concrete biology, and, as a trained zoologist, he tended to think strongly in terms of the biology of evolution. By profession and experience, he was too knowledgeable to accept the simplistic prejudices of mainline eugenics, or its often wrongheaded genetics, some of which he likened to taking the family pedigree of mining-accident victims—all of them, of course, male—to support a hypothesis that "the tendency to have mining accidents [is] the product of a sex-linked gene."

In the nineteen-thirties, Blacker and Osborn were elected to key offices in their national eugenic societies. Both men, although genuflecting at times to the hard-core conservatives in their constituencies, steadily moved their organizations a sanitizing distance away from the right—especially the pro-Nazi right. (Blacker took special pains to prevent British eugenics from being tarred with the Nazi brush, not only because he thought the pro-Nordic, anti-Semitic policies of the Nazis "ridiculous" but also because, unlike American eugenics, the British variety had attracted a number of Jews.) Blacker and Osborn both sought to construct a eugenics in keeping with the known facts of heredity. To that end, both turned their societies from propaganda promising universal social redemption to sober educational efforts concerning heredity and health. The British Eugenics Society had been made well off in 1930 by a bequest valued at sixty thousand pounds from Henry Twitchin, an Australian sheep farmer, who explained to the society that he had been "born of unsound parents and inherited their weaknesses," had himself declined to marry, and wanted to assist in discouraging the propagation of the unfit. The American Eugenics Society, impoverished by comparison, had to content itself with the sponsorship of various conferences in New York City, which, though few in number, did offer such attractions as lectures by Will Durant on eugenics and civilization, Rabbi Sidney Goldstein on eugenics and birth control, and Arthur Morgan, the head of the Tennessee Valley Authority, on the socioeconomic obstacles facing eugenics.

Blacker channelled some of his society's income into research. Osborn paid for a small research staff out of his own pocket. Both edited and wrote a variety of eugenically related books. Both painstakingly reshaped their respective societies as older members retired—or resigned in distress at the direction things were taking—in order to reduce the influence of lay eugenicists and strengthen the hold of professionals in eugenically relevant fields. Blacker proffered the hand of friendship directly to the left, inviting the participation in his society's affairs of Haldane, whom he disliked; Hogben, whom he scorned (according to Blacker, Hogben delivered his inaugural lecture as professor of social biology at the London School of Economics while wearing "a pink tie and [with] his hair arranged in such a way that three curls dangled down over his forehead, rather like what you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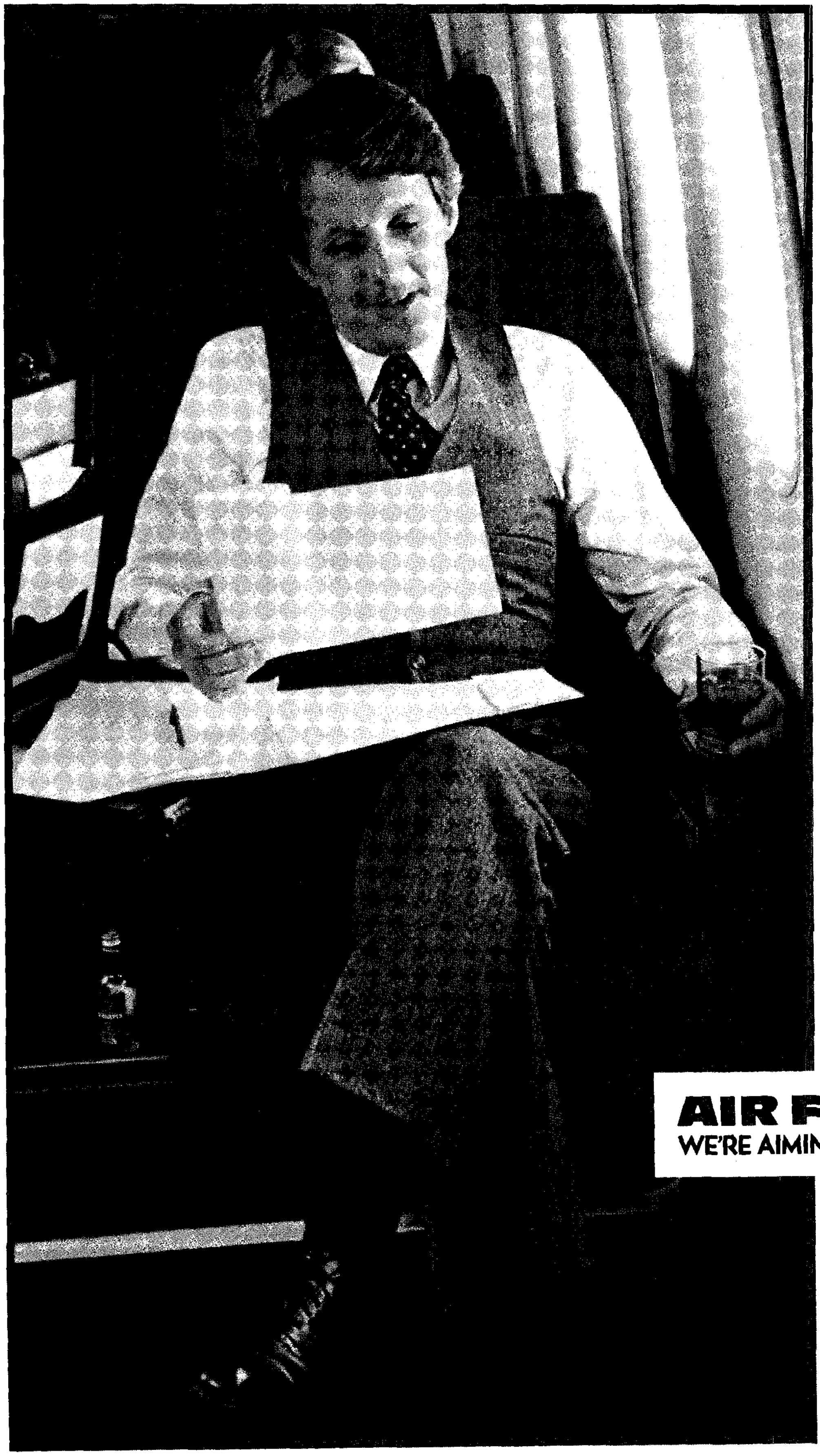

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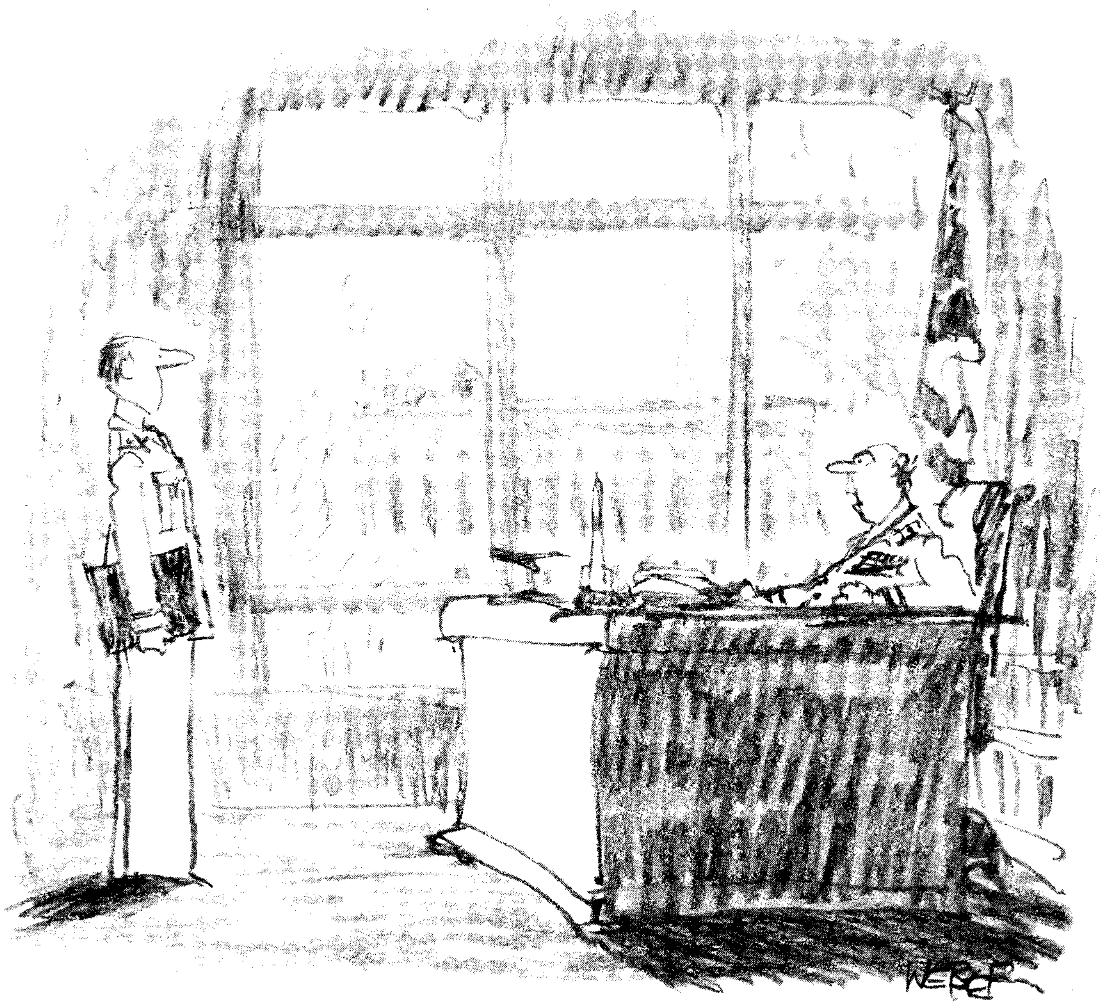


"Major, you tell that idiot in Procurement this means war! Figuratively speaking."

• •

see behind the counters in Selfridges—we were not entirely pleased"); and even Lionel S. Penrose, the leading British authority on mental deficiency and an outspoken opponent of eugenics, who accepted a lecture invitation with the warning "You know the risks you are taking." To Blacker, such risks were worth taking, since, along with Osborn, he was eager for respectable academic support. By the forties, both had rebuilt their cadres of officers and members to include a number of distinguished geneticists, physicians, psychologists, and demographers.

Many of the new visionaries of the thirties and forties were happy to call themselves eugenicists but stayed out of the eugenic societies. Haldane, who held Blacker in contempt, generally refused to have much to do with the British Eugenics Society; so did Hogben. However, Julian Huxley was a mainstay of the group, and like-minded biologists befriended its American counterpart. Whether in or out of organized eugenics, the Blackers and the Haldanes, the Osborns and the Mullers formed a loose coalition of what one might call reform eugenicists, who rejected in varying degrees the mainline biases yet remained convinced that human improvement would better proceed with—for some, would likely not proceed without—the deployment of genetic knowledge.

What differentiated reform eugenicists from the standard reformers of the day was their conviction that biology counted—that not only did nurture figure in the shaping of man but so, significantly, did nature. Reform eugenicists tended to insist that the science of biology revealed, in Julian Huxley's phrase, "the inherent diversity and inequality of man." To eugenicists, biologically based inequality in mental capacity seemed manifest in the fact that people in the same socioeconomic class scored across a broad range in I.Q. tests. If test performance varied under presumably constant environmental conditions, this could be accounted for—or so it seemed to many eugenicists—only by variation in native ability. Huxley predicted that even if environmental disparities were eliminated the genetically flawed core of what the British Joint Committee on Mental Deficiency called "the social problem group" would remain, and that the professional classes would be revealed as "a reservoir of superior germ plasm, of high average level notably in regard to intelligence." Reform eugenicists were inclined to believe that, as Herbert Jennings put it, "on the average, a greater proportion of poor genes will be found in the delinquent group, a greater proportion of better genes in the self-controlled or self-supporting group."

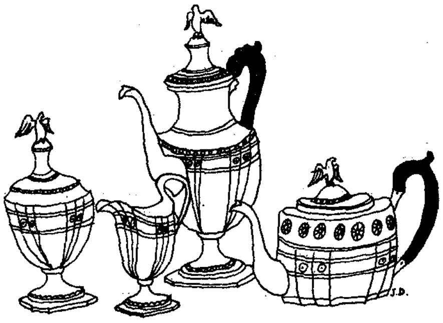
The reformers recognized, however, that hardly anything was known about precisely what role heredity played in achievement, or lack of it, in the bulk of the population. Inadequate housing, medical care, education, and opportunity could just as easily as heredity account for the dissolution and physical or mental disease among lower-income groups. Until basic environmental conditions were equalized among all socioeconomic strata, reform eugenicists held, no one had any right to say that one stratum differed from another solely by the force of heredity. Quite the contrary, given the growing body of scientific evidence. Frederick Osborn stressed that I.Q. tests revealed no marked hierarchy of occupational groups. To be sure, on the average, tradesmen, clerks, and professional workers did better on such tests than skilled and semi-skilled workers, who in turn outscored unskilled, irregular workers. But the range among individuals within given occupational groups was large enough to make for a good deal of overlap between groups; a sizable number of people in the lowest group were at least as intelligent as a sizable number in the highest. Reform eugenicists felt compelled by such evidence to break away from what one of them characterized as "the idea of encouraging or discouraging either Park Avenue or Hester Street," and to concern themselves instead with the biological qualities of individuals. They also argued the importance, to both eugenics and the social welfare, of adequate diet, health care, housing, and education. They called for the abolition of slums; the creation of decent housing and of recreational and day-care centers; the right to a job and a fair wage. Yet for reform eugenicists of the left, measures of social melioration were by no means sufficient. ("Don't let's go on pretending it's all the dear old Edwardian Age!" Julian Huxley told C. P. Blacker.) In a celebrated 1936 lecture to the British Eugenics Society, Huxley said flatly that a system based on private capitalism and public nationalism was ipso facto dysgenic: it failed to utilize existing reservoirs of valuable genes and it led to the ultimate dysgenics—war. The left mixed its eugenics with the socialist reconstruction of society. "We can't do much practical eugenics," Huxley declared, "until we have more or less equalized the environmental opportunities of all classes and types—and this must be by levelling *up*."

The reformist outlook defused the long-standing eugenic anxiety concerning the differential birthrate; that is, the tendency of lower-income groups to outreproduce the middle and upper classes. Mainline eugenicists had taken this tendency to mean that people of lesser intelligence were outbreeding those of superior intelligence. That the differential birthrate did not stand high on the reformers' scale of social problems bespoke their recognition that quality was to be found in all groups, including those near the bottom of the socioeconomic scale. In part, too, the relative lack of concern derived from the conclusion of demographers during the Depression that the birthrate in the United States and England had fallen below the rate necessary to replace the existing population, and was declining even among lower-income groups. The demographer Enid Charles, Lancelot Hogben's wife, summarized the situation in "The Twilight of Parenthood," published in 1934. Differential class fertility, she wrote, had been "a temporary and exceptional phenomenon" of a peculiar time in history—a time that, according to all indicators, was gone. The reproduction rate was likely "to continue to fall steeply," and within a hundred years the population of England and Wales combined could shrink to less than that of contemporary Greater London.

In the reform-eugenic view, society needed the reproductive contribution of *all competent people.* Mainline concern with "the race" was beginning to be replaced by attentiveness to "the population." The new language was more than just a change in terminology; it reflected the reform eugenicists' belief that valuable characteristics were to be found in most social groups and that the best in human variation was to be encouraged. Frederick Osborn, who was as eager as C. P. Blacker to save eugenics from the discredit brought upon it by the Nazis, put the most attractive face possible on the reformist version in his "Preface to Eugenics," of 1940:

> We cannot tell the heights to which any man may rise, until he meets the particular opportunity appropriate to his unique possibilities. . . . When personal freedom is denied, and the attempt is made, by enforcing a rigid environment, to form men in a common mold, individual variations are repressed and men lose their power of choice, tending to be pawns in the hands of circumstance. Eugenics, in asserting the uniqueness of the individual, supplements the American ideal of respect for the individual. Eugenics in a democracy seeks not to breed men to a single type, but to raise the average level of human variations, reducing variations tending toward poor health, low intelligence, and anti-social character, and increasing variations at the highest levels of activity.

REFORM eugenics was in part self-deluding; notions like "anti-social character" and "highest levels of activity" were freighted with class-dependent biases. But for the most part it was free of its predecessor's patent social prejudice, and in the thirties and forties it provided an umbrella broad enough to shelter eugenic impulses ranging from the meliorative to the utopian. Lancelot Hogben, idiosyncratic radical though he was, found common cause with Lord Horder, physician to the royal family and loyal member of the British Eugenics Society, in issues centered on health. For Frederick Osborn and C. P. Blacker, the focus of reform eugenics was the social and biological quality of the population. For Hermann Muller, J. B. S. Haldane, and Julian Huxley, reform eugenics pointed—as the original version had for its inventor, Francis Galton—to a more distant goal: in Muller's words, to "the conscious social direction of human biological evolution."



The medically minded reformers found allies outside the eugenic movement among genetically oriented physicians like Lionel Penrose. Penrose, who ranked the welfare of "the race" far below that of individual patients and their families, thought that genetics might be advantageously deployed in preventive or therapeutic medicine. At the time, only a handful of medical schools taught any genetics at all, let alone the human variety. Haldane sniped that "a medical student who has attended three lectures on the entire subject of genetics is unusually well informed." Many doctors seemed to scorn the genetics of disease. Dr. Madge Thurlow Macklin, of the University of Western Ontario, one of the pioneers of medical genetics, reported in a 1931 issue of *Science* that during a discussion of the inheritance of clubfoot a physician "indignantly demanded to be shown 'a clubfooted ovum.' " Clinical physicians perceived no value in genetic knowledge for the treatment of disease; if a malady was hereditary, the prevailing medical attitude had it, it must be neither treatable nor preventable.

Penrose, however, likened the usefulness of human genetics to that of giving people spectacles. His views were strongly shaped by his work with the particular type of mental deficiency identified in the thirties as phenylketonuria. PKU, to use the current shorthand for the disease, is caused by a metabolic disorder transmitted by a recessive gene. The disorder occurs in the liver, where the lack of an enzyme prevents the normal metabolic processing of phenylalanine—a common constituent of ordinary foods—into tyrosine. Some of the phenylalanine is turned into phenylpyruvic acid, which is excreted and reveals itself under chemical test by coloring the victim's urine green. But most

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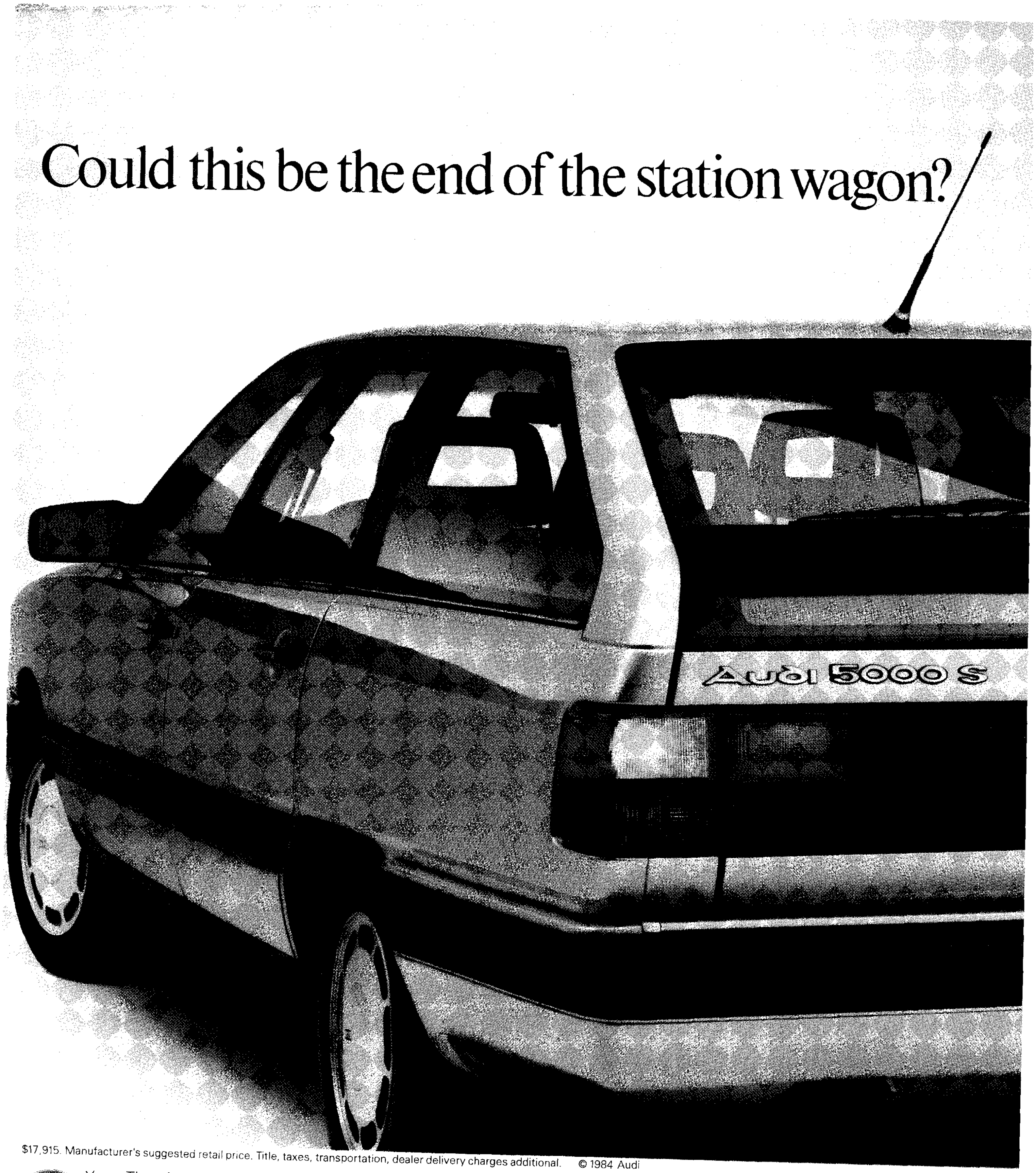

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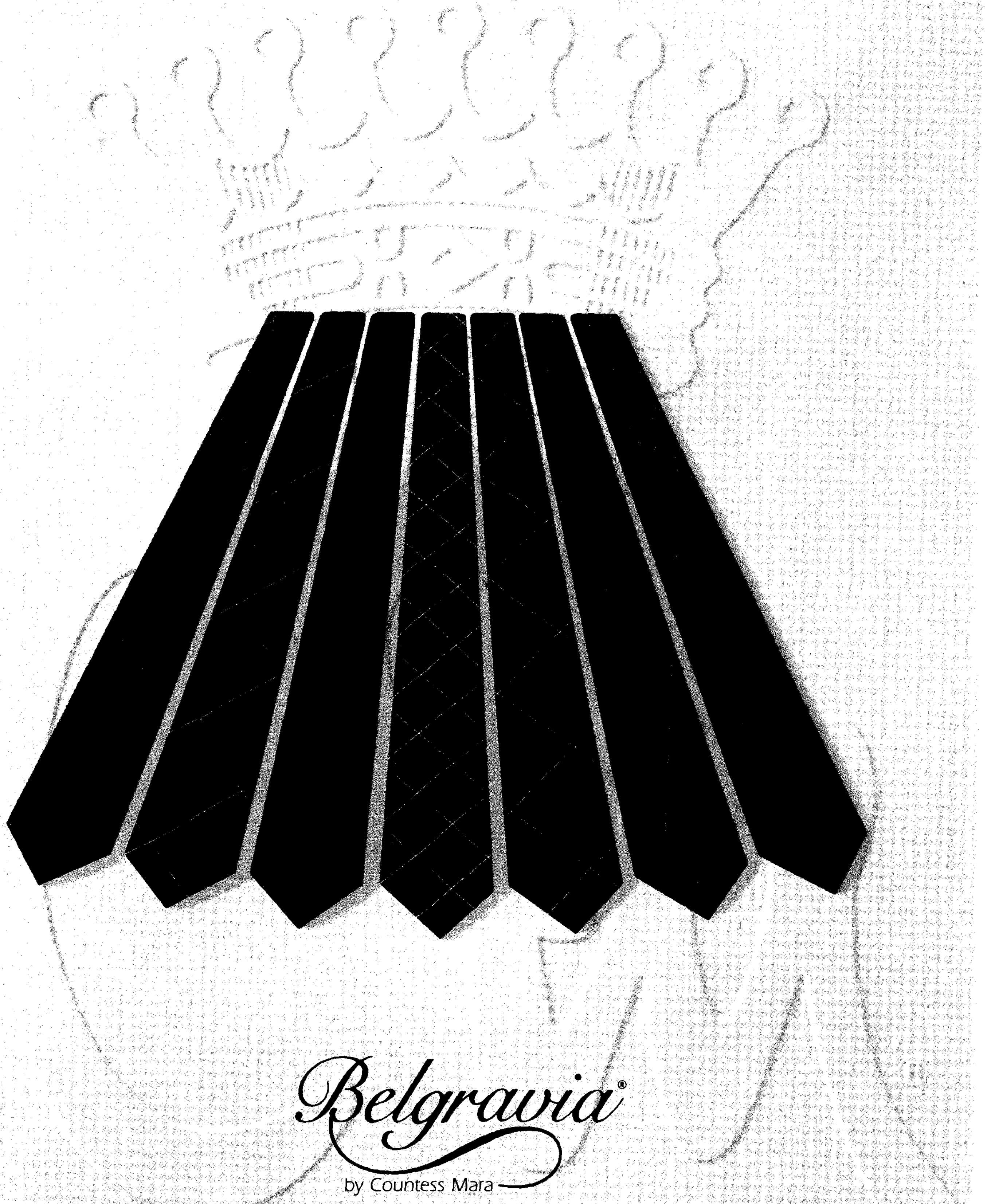

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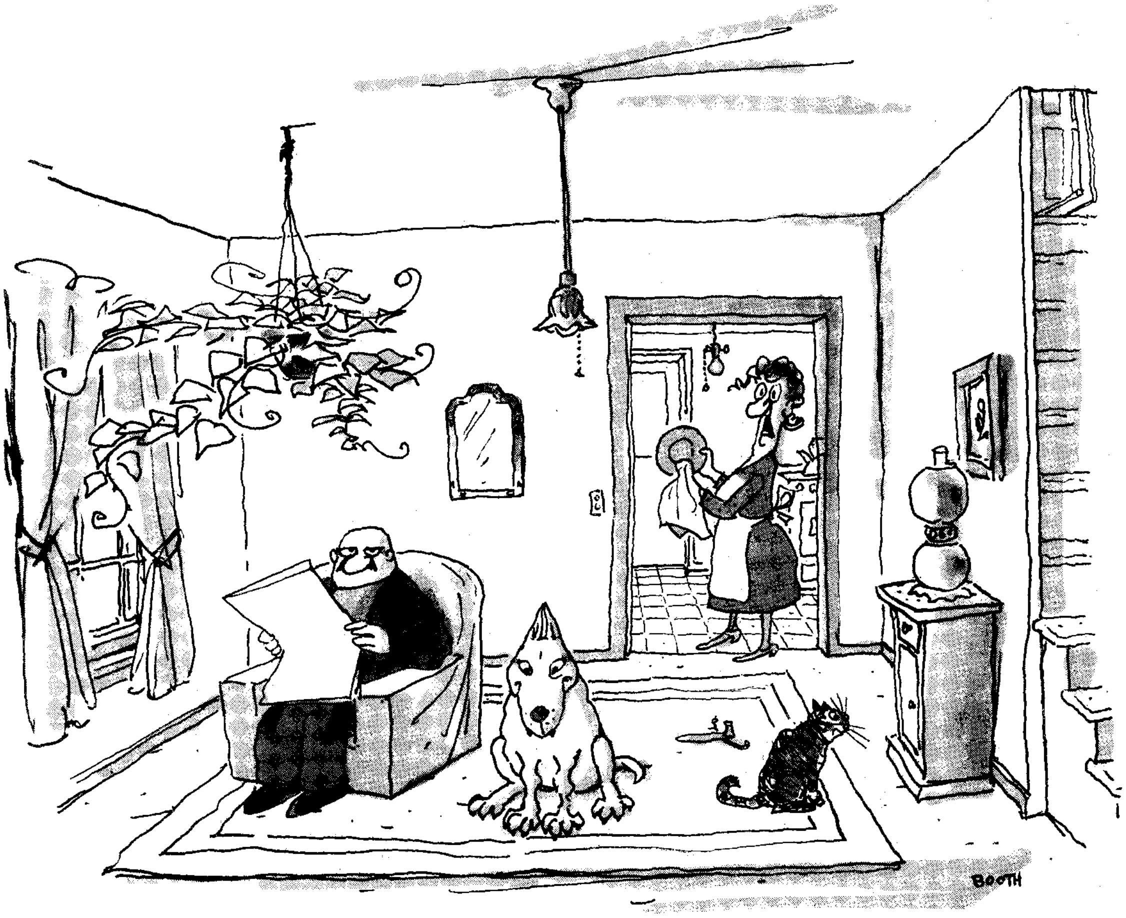
of the phenylalanine remains unmetabolized in the body, and, for reasons not yet understood, its abnormally high presence retards brain development beginning in the first days of life. In the mid-thirties, Penrose experimented with therapeutic diets that were nearly free of phenylalanine. He recalled in an unpublished memoir the result of having administered such a diet to one of his patients at the Royal Eastern Counties' Institution, in Colchester:

> At first, phenylpyruvic acid disappeared completely from his urine and I fancied that his mental condition improved slightly. Trouble started after about two weeks, when the patient began to lose weight and, in consequence of his partial starvation [causing the body to begin metabolizing some of its own protein, which contained phenylalanine], excretion of phenylpyruvic acid began again. I consulted Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins [the Nobel-laureate biochemist] at Cambridge. He expressed great interest in the problem and estimated that, for about £1000, it might be possible to produce enough synthetic diet, free from phenylalanine, to feed one patient adequately for a week. So the matter rested. The experiment had to be discontinued.



"Basil, do you think the center is going to hold?"

• •

Still, in Penrose's opinion recognition of the genetic origins of disease could permit early and accurate diagnosis and thus more efficient treatment. He shared his ideas on genetic diagnosis at a 1938 meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science: "This aspect of prevention is less frequently emphasized, but it may become very important in the future. In some illnesses, the contribution of heredity is to increase the susceptibility or sensitivity of the individual. In such a case, the onset of illness might be prevented by warning the susceptible person to avoid types of environment . . . dangerous to him." (Penrose, who died in 1972, lived to see his therapeutic ideas made practical. By the early nineteen-sixties, a half-dozen commercially prepared phenylalanine-free diets were available which would prevent PKU retardation if administered throughout childhood to those identified at birth as victims of the disorder.)

In the heyday of the mainline movement, so-called positive eugenics—the encouragement of the breeding of the "better stocks"—had inspired little more than secular sermons against the use of birth control in the upper classes and trumpet calls to reproductive duty. But by the thirties, with their authoritative predictions of dire population decline, positive eugenics commanded significant attention in and out of reform circles on both sides of the Atlantic. Some reform eugenicists attributed the decline in the upper-class birthrate to the reluctance of intelligent people to bring children into the world who might become fodder in future wars. Lancelot Hogben suspected that it might have resulted from changes in upper-class sex habits, including the prevalence of separate sleeping arrangements. "The use of electric light by the bedside, the possibility of having a hot bath at any hour of the day and night, scrupulous washing of the genitalia, enjoined by so many medical men, the bodily fastidiousness which asserts the demand for single beds—all these factors taken together may . . . affect the probability of conception materially," he wrote. Perhaps a more pertinent factor was the concern that responsible parents were said to feel regarding the economic instability, social insecurity, and uncertain educational prospects that would confront their children. The eagerness to foster higher fertility among the eugenically valuable fortified reform eugenicists in their embrace of meliorative economic measures or socialist reconstruction. Yet to some on the eugenic left, particularly biologists, such measures would not by themselves make the eugenicists' utopian dream of man's genetic improvement a reality. To Hermann Muller, and to twenty-two British and American scientists who signed his "Geneticists' Manifesto," in 1939, the course was obvious: for the sake of eugenics, replace "the superstitious attitude toward sex and reproduction now prevalent" with "a scientific and social attitude." Render it "an honor and a privilege, if not a duty, for a mother, married or unmarried, or for a couple, to have the best children possible, both in respect of their upbringing and of their genetic endowment." This was, of course, no new idea in the eugenics of the left. It recalled the Shavian demand that society allow able women to conceive children by able men whom they might never see again. But the early eugenic radicals had, like Shaw, advanced more of a sexual than a scientific revolution. Muller and his allies proclaimed that sexual revolution could now proceed in tandem with what was already—or was likely soon to be—known about genetics and reproduction. In their view, something akin to a utopian eugenics was, in short, becoming a scientifically practical prospect.

J. B. S. Haldane had given the utopian vision of eugenics explicit scientific statement in "Daedalus," a slim, remarkable book he published in 1924. The technological inventor, Haldane observed, was a Prometheus whose every innovation, from fire onward, had been "hailed as an insult to some god." In contrast was the first biological inventor, Daedalus—the first genetic engineer, a later generation might say—who oversaw the procreation of the Minotaur by arranging the coupling of Pasiphaë and the Cretan bull. This "most monstrous and unnatural action in all human legend was unpunished in this world or the next," Haldane averred. But if Daedalus escaped the vengeance of the gods he suffered "the agelong reprobation of a humanity to whom biological inventions are abhorrent." Physical and chemical invention might be blasphemy; biological invention was "perversion" and to most observers appeared "indecent and unnatural," offensive not to some god but to man himself. Haldane thus expected laymen to perceive as perverse what, with evident relish, he proposed the new Daedalus might accomplish.

The proposition took the form of an essay about the influence of biology on history that a Cambridge undergraduate might read to his tutor a hundred and fifty years in the future. Reviewing the early eugenic movement, Haldane's undergraduate noted that it had provoked class hatred but had served a useful purpose in preparing the public for what was to come—the first "ectogenetic child," produced in 1951 by the fictional scientists Dupont and Schwarz. The undergraduate of the twenty-first century explained:

> Dupont and Schwarz obtained a fresh ovary from a woman killed in an aeroplane accident, and kept it living in their medium for five years. They obtained several eggs from it and fertilized them successfully, but the problem of the nutrition and support of the embryo was more difficult, and was only solved in the fourth year. Now that the technique is fully developed, we can take an ovary from a woman and keep it growing in a suitable fluid for as long as twenty years, producing a fresh ovum each month, of which 90 per cent can be fertilized, and the embryos grown successfully for nine months, and then brought out into the air.... As we know, ectogenesis is now universal, and in this country less than 30 per cent of children are now born of woman. The effect on human psychology and social life of the separation of sexual love and reproduction . . . is by no means wholly satisfactory. The old family life had certainly a good deal to commend it, and although nowadays we bring on lactation in women by injection of placentin as a routine, and thus conserve much of what was best in the former instinctive cycle, we must admit that in certain respects our great grandparents had the advantage of us. On the other hand, it is generally admitted that the effects of selection have more than counterbalanced these evils. The small proportion of men and women who are selected as ancestors for the next generation are so undoubtedly superior to the average that the advance in each generation in any single respect, from the increased output of first-class music to the decreased convictions for theft, is very startling.

Haldane predicted that if reproduction were completely separated from sexual love mankind would be "free in an altogether new sense." No matter that the ultimate result would involve taking the wombs from women, mechanically fostering conception, engineering fetal development and parturition, then chemically making breast-feeding possible: if biological innovation began with a perversion, it usually ended as "a ritual supported by unquestioned beliefs and prejudices." Was there not something slightly disgusting about milking cows with machines or drinking beer out of teacups? Man had grown accustomed to these innovations. Why not to innovations concerning the sexual act? He had nothing to fear from the gods—only from himself. Haldane celebrated the scientist of the future as the lonely figure of Daedalus, garbed in black robes, proud of his "ghastly mission" and singing a "song of deicides."

Within a year of publication, "Daedalus" sold some fifteen thousand copies—a substantial number—and it provoked a good deal of attention among literary and leftist intellectuals who concerned themselves with science in relation to society. Ectogenesis earned none too flattering treatment in the principal book it inspired, Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World." (Nor did Haldane come off very well in "Antic Hay," in which he is the prototype of Shearwater, the biologist too absorbed in experiments to notice his friends bedding his wife.) Yet to geneticists on the left Haldane's utopian speculation exemplified possibilities increasingly "less fanciful," as Enid Charles remarked, than at the time of the book's publication. In fact, in the following decade Hermann Muller and the British eugenicist Herbert Brewer independently came to insist that modest first steps toward Haldane's goal might be feasible.

HERMANN MULLER was the product of an intellectual family, originally refugees from the German upheavals of 1848 and, during his childhood, proprietors of an artistic-metalware business in New York City. Muller did his doctoral work at Columbia University, in the laboratory of Thomas Hunt Morgan, joining Morgan's group in the splendid research on the genetics of *Drosophila*. Muller's contributions were brilliant, and he was one of the four co-authors of "The Mechanism of Mendelian Heredity," which the group published in 1915. In the mid-twenties, at the University of Texas, Muller inaugurated a research program that succeeded in demonstrating that genetic mutations could be induced in fruit flies by X-rays; the achievement brought him, in 1946, the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine. When he first fully reported his results, at the Fifth International Congress of Genetics, in Berlin, in 1927, his listeners realized, in the recollection of one of them, that they had been "privileged to be present at the moment of a decisive advance in man's probing of nature—the first time that he had willfully changed the hereditary material." Muller, who seems to have craved recognition, soon came to be-

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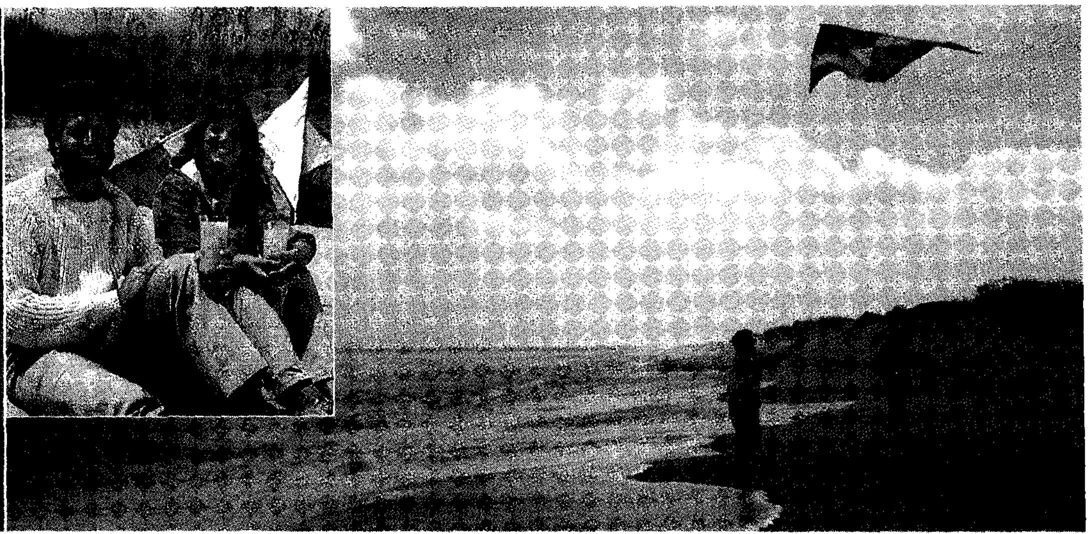

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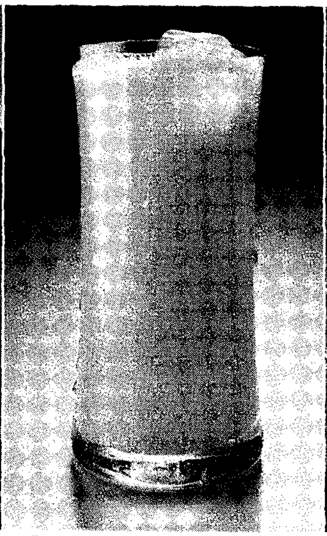

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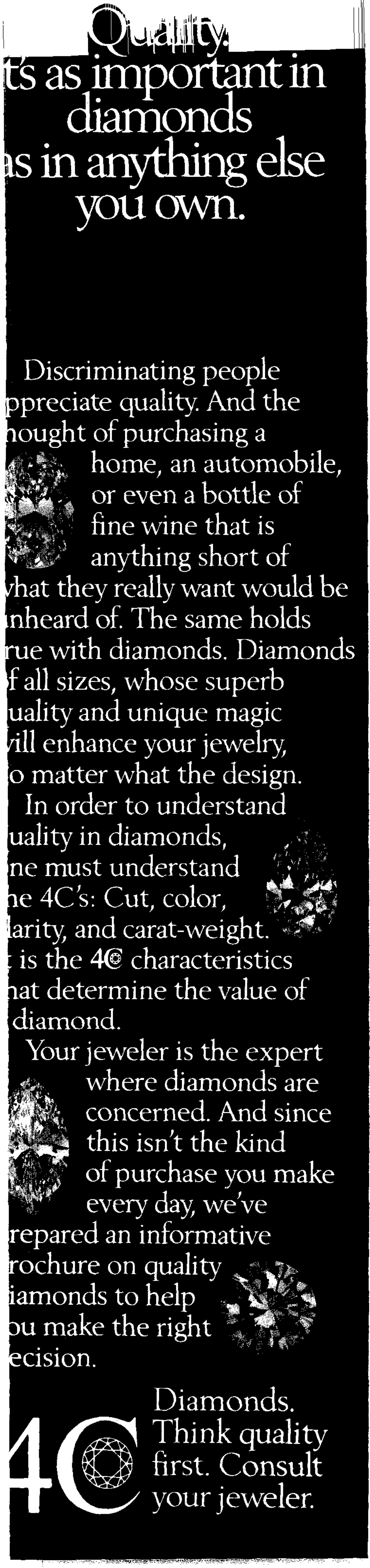

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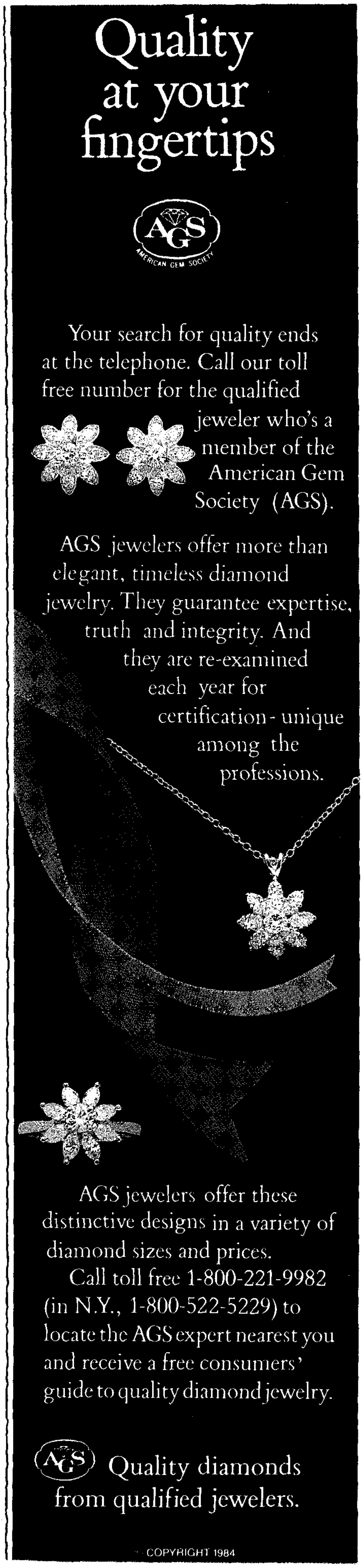
lieve that the Morgan group had stolen his ideas, had failed to give him proper credit for his contributions to the early *Drosophila* work, and had blocked his professional advancement. He felt isolated at Texas. In 1932, when he had recently been passed over for election to the National Academy of Sciences and his first marriage was on the rocks, he walked into the woods and swallowed a roll of sleeping pills. Searchers found him the next day sitting dazed under a tree. He had a suicide note in his pocket addressed to Edgar Altenburg, a close friend from his Columbia days, which included a bitter attack on "the predatory operations of T. H. Morgan."

Some years later, Altenburg recalled that at Columbia Muller had "traded in the three R's for the three S's—science, sex, and socialism." Muller's was an armchair socialism, drawn little from reading in its doctrines, imbibed mainly from his father and his own circle of friends in New York. Nevertheless, he advanced the socialist cause with a bantam outspokenness. His radicalism got him into trouble at the University of Texas. In 1933, he went to Leningrad to become the director of the genetics laboratory of the Institute of Applied Botany, which was then headed by N. I. Vavilov, perhaps the best plant geneticist in the Soviet Union. However, he never became a Communist, probably because of what he witnessed in Russia: the hegemony of the plant physiologist Trofim Lysenko and the persecution of Lysenko's scientific opponents, the advocates of the genetics of Gregor Mendel and Thomas Hunt Morgan (among them Vavilov, who in 1941 was sent to prison, where he died two years later). At a meeting of the Lenin All-Union Academy of Agricultural Sciences in 1936, Muller courageously declared that to be forced to choose between what the Soviets called Mendelism-Morganism and the Lamarckian doctrines of Lysenko was to be "confronted with a choice quite analogous to that between medicine and shamanism, between astronomy and astrology, between chemistry and alchemy." Despite his growing disillusionment with the U.S.S.R., however, Muller maintained that "only the eugenics of the new society, freed of the traditions of caste, of slavery, and of colonialism, can be a thoroughgoing and a true eugenics." He was sure that eugenics as practiced by the American capitalist order would lead to a population composed of "a maximum num-



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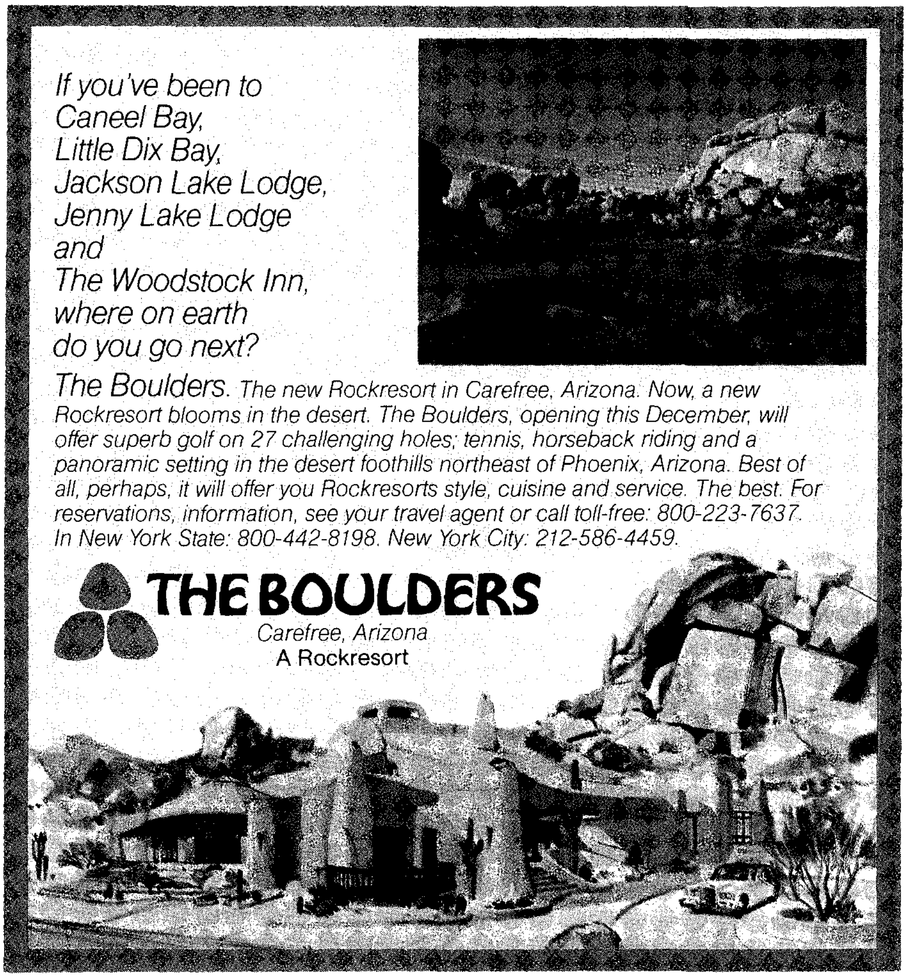
ber of Billy Sundays, Valentinos, Jack Dempseys, Babe Ruths, even Al Capones."

Herbert Brewer was a socialist, too, but more in the practical, incremental vein of the white-collar clerk eager to welcome whatever socioeconomic improvements might occur. He was a postal clerk in Maldon, England—"eugenicist by profession and a post-office clerk by accident," he said in a letter to C. P. Blacker—and one of those brilliantly inventive autodidacts whose exceptional talents the British class system so often wastes. In 1911, at the age of fourteen, he had been forced by his family's desperate poverty to leave school; he seems to have discovered eugenics through voracious reading, particularly in Wells and Shaw. He developed his own ideas on the subject in the thirties while working—sometimes eleven hours a day, seven days a week—in the Maldon post office. The strain told on him, and so did the cruel lack of scientific opportunity; he suffered a nervous breakdown and bouts of severe depression. Although, like Muller, Brewer believed that eugenics stood the best chance in a classless society, he judged that in the meantime everyone ought to enjoy a better genetic endowment. If the salvation of the human species required socialism "to make a better world to live in," it also required eugenics "to make better men to live in the world." Early in their eugenic careers, both Muller and Brewer had flirted with negative eugenics—the mainline idea of ridding the world of the biologically unfit. In the thirties, they came to focus on positive eugenics, which to them meant the biological fostering of aptitudes and faculties that might aid in the creation of the socialist order, and forms of talent and intelligence essential to literary, artistic, and scientific achievement.

For Brewer, the strategy to be followed consisted first in "raising up the great mass of mediocrity and inferiority to the level of the best existing," second in advancing "from the present best to superman." Creating a superman would be a long and difficult task, Brewer told the British Eugenics Society in 1935, but bringing the mediocre up to the level of the best might require just "a few generations," through the process of "eutelegenesis." Brewer coined the word to refer to the eugenic breeding of human beings via pregnancies produced "from afar"—that is, by artificial insemination. First successfully achieved with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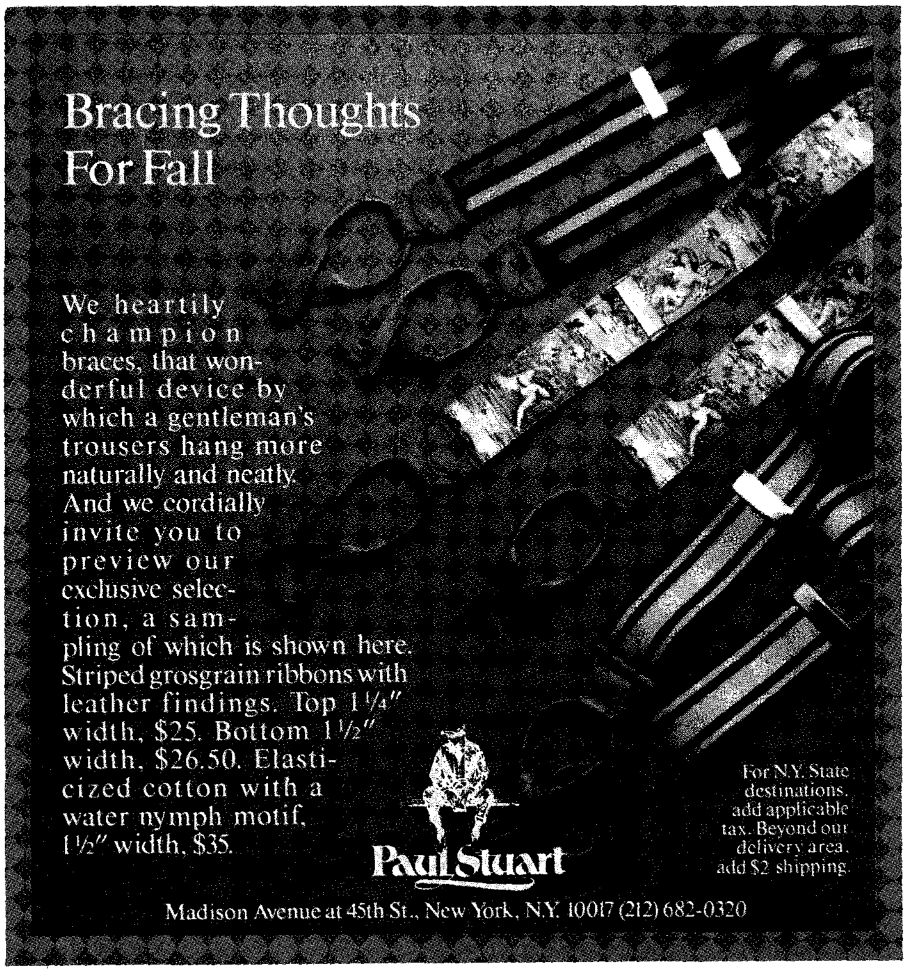
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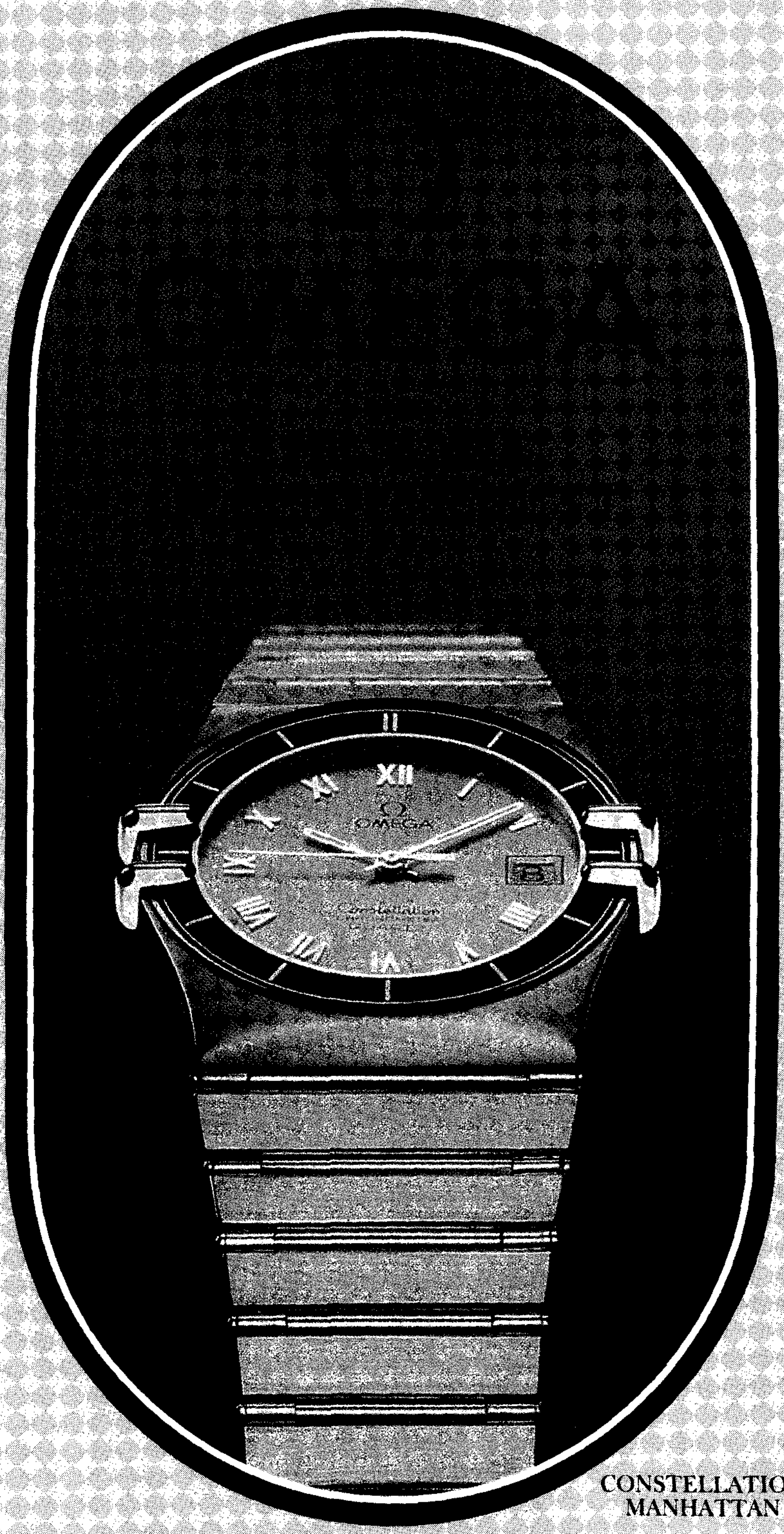
animals at the end of the eighteenth century, artificial insemination was by the thirties an object of practical interest to stockbreeders. Since the mid-nineteenth century, it had also been carried out, sporadically, on women whose husbands were sterile and who wanted children. According to a report in the March, 1934, issue of *Scientific American*, requests for sperm donors in the United States were currently estimated to come from between one thousand and three thousand women a year. The report noted that the women usually wanted assistance from the biologically best sources, and that artificial insemination for eugenic purposes made "possible to humans a privilege, in posterity, heretofore enjoyed only by thoroughbred plants and animals," and it continued, "Some 10,000 to 20,000 babies [could] be born every year from selected sources, while less than 500 babies per year are now being born to the men of real talent in our country. What will be the eugenic effect on the race, if this same tendency grows?" However, artificial insemination was not yet a very reliable technique. In one scientist's estimate, only about a third of the attempts in human beings resulted in pregnancies. The reasons for the low success rate lay in areas of human physiology about which little was known—among them the vitality and longevity of spermatozoa kept outside the male body, and the hormonal and chemical requirements necessary for conception in the female's. But to Brewer, who scoured the scientific literature on the subject, the success with animals implied that artificial insemination could be made to work reliably among human beings.

Brewer and Muller began a correspondence in 1935, while Muller was still in Leningrad. They were both tantalized by recent research in the physiology of reproduction. In 1934, at Harvard University, the endocrinologist Gregory Pincus (who later became one of the principals in the development of the contraceptive pill) had managed to wash eggs out of monkey ovaries and fertilize them in vitro. In due course, he did the same with rabbits, injecting the fertilized eggs back into the female, who proceeded to bring her artificially engineered pregnancy successfully to term. Both Muller and Brewer perceived eugenic implications in the work: the fertilization of a genetically "superior" human egg by a similar sperm in a test tube and the implantation of the



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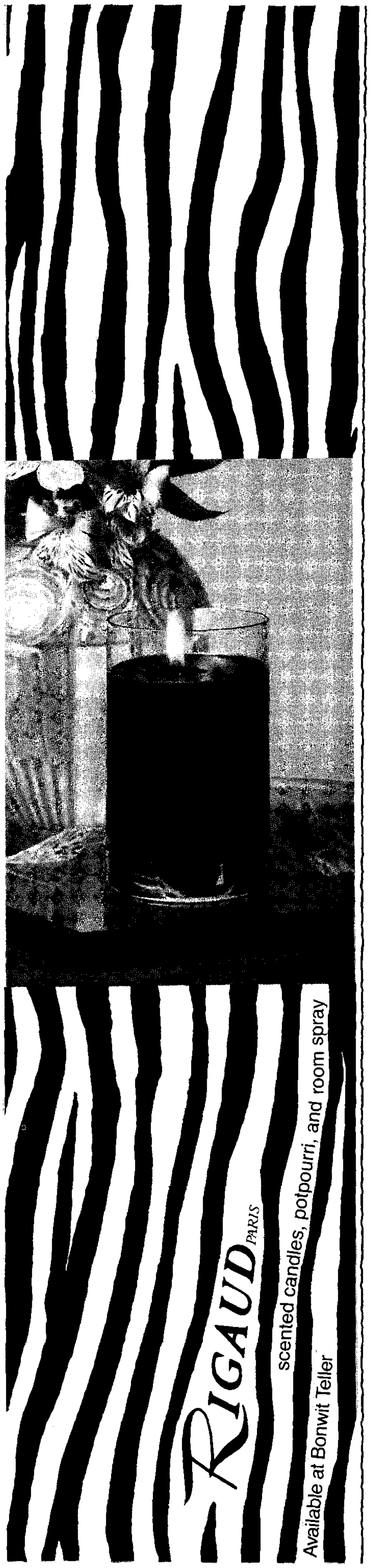
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zygote in a third-party female—no doubt genetically inferior but an able nurturer of the fetus. Obtaining the eggs would require certain advances in technique. Muller was encouraged by a report in 1935 from the Rockefeller Institute, in New York, that the Nobel-laureate surgeon Alexis Carrel, with the aid of Charles Lindbergh (who had designed an advanced perfusion pump in Carrel's laboratory), had succeeded in keeping mammalian ovaries alive and growing outside the body. Brewer pondered less radical methods, including some similar in principle to the procedure developed in the nineteen-seventies by Patrick C. Steptoe and Robert G. Edwards which resulted in the birth of the famed Louise Brown. Brewer dubbed test-tube fertilization "penectogenesis," because he considered it a major step toward Haldane's ectogenesis.

Yet it was artificial insemination that commanded the attention of Brewer and, especially, Muller. To Muller, artificial insemination meant that the eugenic future need not await the distant advent of penectogenesis, let alone the still more fantastic ectogenesis. Muller had begun developing his own ideas about eugenics via artificial insemination before he went to the Soviet Union. He advanced them in "Out of the Night," a book published in 1935 in the United States, where it sold only about a thousand copies. Muller sent a copy of "Out of the Night" to Stalin, thinking that the leader of the Soviet Union might recognize in its ideas some possible ways of accelerating Soviet socioeconomic advance. Perhaps because of Stalin's puritanism—not to mention his affinity with Lysenko—Muller succeeded only in making himself persona non grata in the Kremlin. Whatever thoughts Muller may have had about how Stalin might carry out a program of Soviet eugenics, he and Brewer both stressed the point that eutelegenesis would entail no compulsion. "Eugenic advance must be the voluntary adventure of free men and women, or nothing," Brewer noted in an article for the British Eugenics Society's journal, the *Eugenics Review.*

Brewer publicly evaluated artificial insemination as "a simple manipulation, less painful than drawing a tooth, and no more unchaste than an ante-natal examination." Privately, he thought that problems could arise in finding an unobjectionable method of obtaining sperm. However innocuous the techniques, he expected that

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eutelegenesis would be "stigmatized as immoral and not respectable." It was necessary to remember, he remarked at a meeting of the Eugenics Society, echoing J. B. S. Haldane and resolutely facing the future, that often "the immorality of yesterday is the social duty of tomorrow." In "Eugenics and Politics," a 1937 pamphlet published by the society, he observed that the aims of eutelegenesis were not merely compatible with socialism: "They *are* socialism, biological socialism. . . . They involve nothing less than a socialization of the germ plasm, the establishment of the right of every individual that is born to the inheritance of the finest hereditary endowment that anywhere exists."

Still, Brewer and Muller were resolved to see eutelegenesis proceed slowly. Eugenicists might study the results of its deployment for infertility, and then it might be tried by a few pioneers deliberately for eugenic ends. Eventually, such trials might inspire respectful acceptance of it. Muller declared in "Out of the Night" that "in the course of a paltry century or two . . . it would be possible for the majority of the population to become of the innate quality of such men as Lenin, Newton, Leonardo, Pasteur, Beethoven, Omar Khayyám, Pushkin, Sun Yat-sen (I purposely mention men of different fields and races), or even to possess their varied faculties combined."

Women were noticeably absent from Muller's pantheon of talent; the role of women in eutelegenesis amounted to little more than that of conceptual vessels for the sperm of admirable men. This sexual asymmetry was dictated by physiology. Between the ages of twenty-five and fifty-five, the normal man was estimated to produce about three hundred and forty billion sperm. By comparison, women produced only a minuscule number of ova. If only one out of a thousand of the male's sperm was utilized, Brewer noted enthusiastically, one man in a year could fertilize five million women. Eutelegenesis thus "immensely magnified" the reproductive power of "a few superior males." Muller and Brewer, for all their socialist principles, seemed ready to welcome what physiology dictated. Brewer mused about the possibility of hiring women for the use of their bodies in an experimental eutelegenetic program. The resultant children would be adopted by worthy couples; the women themselves would get five

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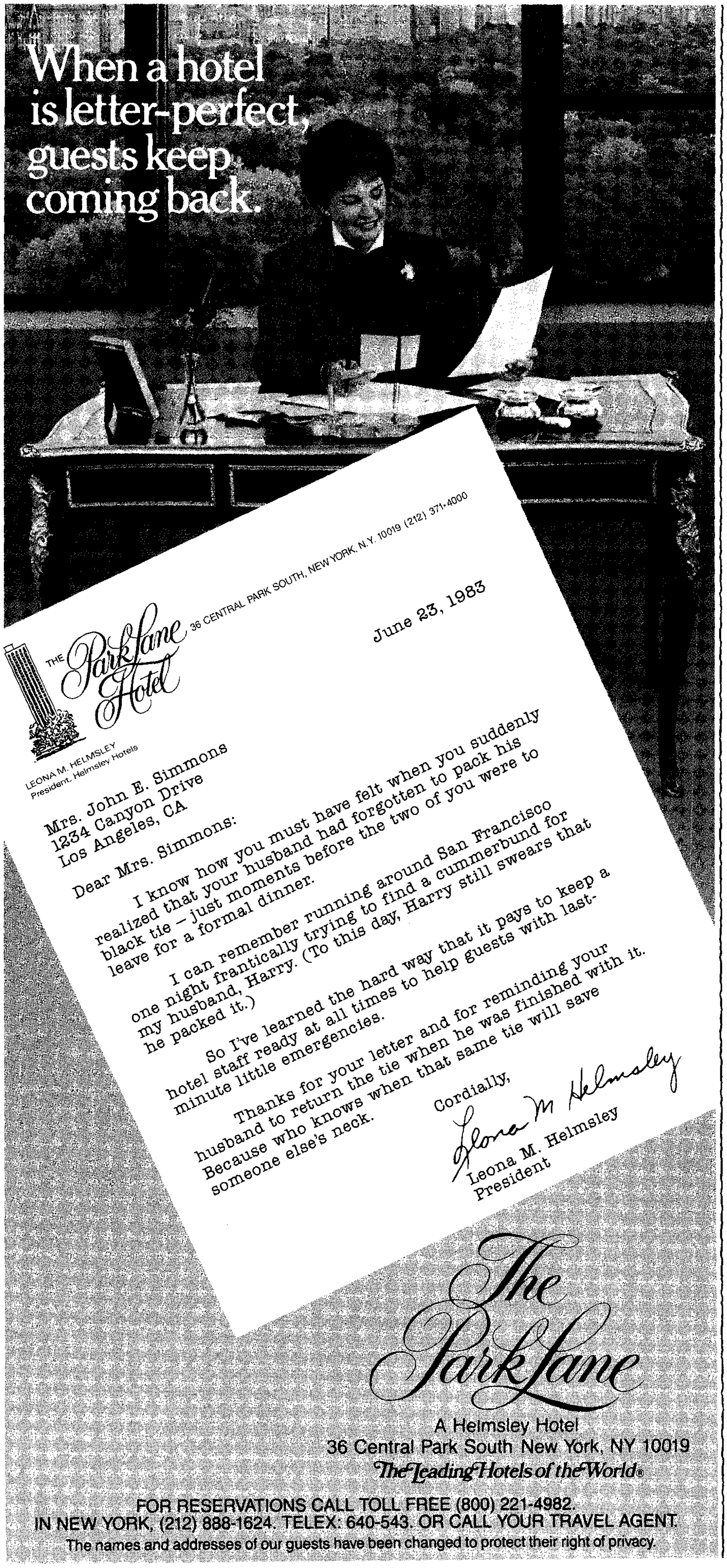

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hundred pounds and a bit of scientific glory. Muller confided to Brewer that there had been talk in the Soviet Union of crossbreeding human beings and apes, and stories of Russian women prepared to volunteer for artificial insemination with ape sperm. Brewer found the idea ghastly, but he thought the attitude of the women significant. He contended at a meeting of the Eugenics Society that "the whole nature of woman is dominated by her reproductive function," and by her sense of "altruism in relation to the child." In "Out of the Night," Muller revealed a similar cast of mind: "How many women, in an enlightened community devoid of superstitious taboos and of sex slavery, would be eager and proud to bear and rear a child of Lenin or of Darwin! Is it not obvious that restraint, rather than compulsion, would be called for?"

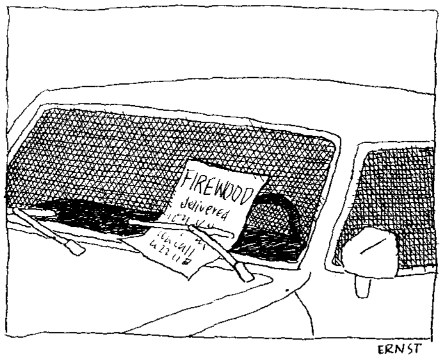
"Out of the Night" appeared in England in 1936—Brewer arranged for its publication—to a glowing reception and a sale, in connection with the Left Wing Book Club, of thirteen thousand copies. British reviewers on the left—from C. P. Snow in *The Spectator* to *The Daily Worker*—were full of admiration for the eutelegenetic idea, calling it not only socially desirable but scientifically sound. Haldane, who told Brewer that he was prepared to supply his name, money, and gametes to the cause, predicted that the results of eutelegenesis "will be as important as those of the industrial revolution." Julian Huxley doubtless spoke for much of the eugenic left when he celebrated eutelegenesis for rendering it "open to man and woman to consummate the sexual function with those they loved, but to fulfill the reproductive function with those whom on perhaps quite other grounds they admired." George Bernard Shaw urged Brewer on: "When I, who have no children, and couldn't have been bothered with them, think of all the ova I might have inseminated!!! And of all the women who could not have tolerated me in the house for a day, but would have liked some of my qualities for their children!!!" The encomium came with a check for a hundred pounds, and the Shavian signature with a phallic flourish at the tail.

IN Muller's view, the brave new biology of the left made man's genetic improvement "far surer and more feasible than any ultimate conquest of the atom, of interplanetary space, or of external nature in general." Yet most reform eugenicists were aware that man as yet knew too little about human heredity to enact sweeping eugenic reforms, let alone usher in a eutelegenetic utopia. They believed that the task of eugenics had to be further research—particularly in the field of human genetics, a science that in the thirties had few practitioners and was intellectually, as Lionel Penrose remarked, "still in its early infancy." Recruits were attracted to the field by either its reform-eugenic or its medically therapeutic promise. The early leaders were predominantly British—notably J. B. S. Haldane, Ronald Fisher, and Penrose—and its institutional center was University College, London, where in 1933 Haldane became professor of genetics and Fisher was appointed to the Galton Eugenics Professorship. In 1945, Fisher, who had moved to Cambridge University, was succeeded at University College by Penrose, under whom the Galton Eugenics Laboratory became a mecca for aspiring human geneticists everywhere, including a rising number from the United States.

In America, entrance into human genetics had been discouraged for some years by the identification of studies in human heredity with the racism, sterilizations, and scientific poppycock of mainline eugenics, and American work in the field languished for want of funds. The problem of support disappeared after the Second World War, when the federal government began systematically providing money to the nation's colleges and universities for research in a wide range of scientific fields; there emerged at the same time a small group of enthusiasts eager to use the money to rescue the science of human heredity from the mainline eugenicists. Among them were James V. Neel, a Ph.D. and an M.D., who joined the University of Michigan faculty in 1946 and forged a leading human-genetics department there, and Victor McKusick, a professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins Medical School, who in the fifties began to build a major center of clinical genetics. By the late fifties, scientists from the United States were becoming equal partners in a rapidly expanding international community of human geneticists.

Human genetics had always posed a special scientific challenge, because man could be neither experimentally bred nor subjected to strictly controlled environmental conditions. In the thirties, part of the pioneering work in the field consisted in developing statistical methods to deal with these difficulties, and part focussed on exploring sharply defined traits that were as free as possible from environmental influence. Salient among such traits were the human blood groups, eight of which—A, B, AB, O, M, N, MN, and P—were known by the thirties, and the genetics of which formed a major part of the research program at the Galton Laboratory during Ronald Fisher's tenure. Still more promising were such biochemical anomalies as PKU, an exemplar of what the British physician Archibald Garrod had termed "inborn errors of metabolism"—the "error" in PKU being the absence of the enzyme necessary to catalyze the metabolic processing of phenylalanine into tyrosine. After the Second World War, Garrod's "inborn errors" were recognized as an expression of the "one gene–one enzyme" hypothesis that derived from the brilliant work of the American biologists George W. Beadle and Edward L. Tatum, who investigated the relationship between the genetics and the metabolism of the mold *Neurospora.* Beadle summarized the hypothesis in 1945, in *Chemical Reviews:* "To every gene it is possible to assign one primary action and . . . conversely, every enzymatically controlled chemical transformation is under the immediate supervision of one gene, and in general only one."

During the fifties, most biochemical genetic research was done with plants and microorganisms, but in England the young physician Harry Harris, a protégé of Penrose's at the Galton, pursued the subject with human beings, using the new technique of paper chromatography to study the aminoacidurias—disorders that involve the excretion of abnormal quantities of amino acids, twenty of which form the building blocks of proteins. Just as the excretion of phenylpyruvic acid in the urine can reveal the condition of PKU, so can the excretion of certain amino acids signal the presence of other types of metabolic error. By the mid-fifties, Harris and his colleagues had demonstrated that cystinuria—a condition that produces stones in the urinary tract and is marked by an excess of the amino acid cystine in the urine—occurred in two main forms. One was accompanied by excessive excretion of cystine and the amino acids lysine, ornithine, and arginine; the other by excessive excretion of cystine and lysine. Harris concluded that the first form was the product of a homozygous condition—that is, it was caused by the presence of two recessive genes, one from each parent. The second form arose from what Harris termed an "incompletely recessive" gene in its single—or heterozygous—state.



The focus of human biochemical genetics in the United States was the hemoglobin disorders that the ethnically and racially diverse American population provided in rich variety. One was Cooley's anemia, also known as thalassemia—anemia of the sea—because it is most commonly found in the Mediterranean region. James Neel, while completing his graduate studies in medicine at Rochester University in the early forties, took time to probe the genetics of the disorder among the numerous people in the Rochester area who were of Southern Italian and Greek extraction. Neel recently recalled that he and a colleague "pretty well nailed down that there were two kinds of thalassemia, the very severe and the very mild"—thalassemia major and minor, he dubbed them. Thalassemia major resulted from the homozygous, and thalassemia minor from the heterozygous, expression of a recessive gene. "At that time," Neel went on, "it didn't take too much imagination to think that there might be other such blood diseases."

A prime candidate was sickle-cell anemia. Ordinarily lethal, and disproportionately common among blacks, Greeks, and inhabitants of the Indian subcontinent, the disease takes its name from the shape that the victim's red blood cells periodically assume. A normal red blood cell resembles a disc that is concave on both sides; a diseased cell tends to curl up to look something like a sickle. Sickling of the red blood cells impedes the flow of the blood and can also lead to their destruction. It had long been known that the red blood cells from certain people

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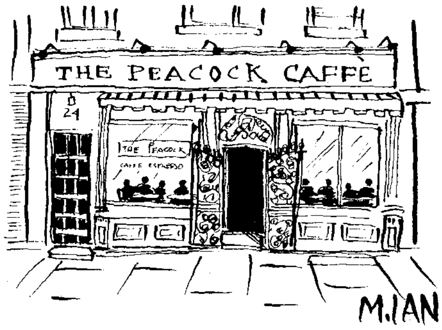
could be made to sickle in the laboratory under reduced oxygen pressure but that not everyone with such cells suffered from the anemia. In the prevailing medical understanding, all susceptibility to sickling was transmitted by a dominant gene—one that expressed itself differently in different individuals, causing a condition that varied in intensity from the harsh to the benign. Neel, however, suspected that, like thalassemia, sickle-cell anemia might be a recessive disorder, and after his arrival at the University of Michigan he determined to settle the matter. He found twenty-nine sickle-cell anemics among the black population in the Detroit area and examined forty-two of their parents. He calculated that if the dominant-gene hypothesis was correct the red blood cells should be susceptible to sickling in only about three-quarters of the parents. In 1949, he reported that they could be made to sickle in every parent tested—a highly improbable outcome given the dominant-gene hypothesis, but one that fitted the recessive hypothesis nicely. A single recessive gene for the disorder made people carriers of an apparently harmless sickle-cell trait, while a homozygous dose of the gene made them victims of the sickle-cell disease. The same year, independently of Neel, a research group headed by Linus Pauling at the California Institute of Technology demonstrated that the hemoglobin molecule in normal red blood cells was physically different from that in the sickling variety. In people with the sickle-cell trait, about forty per cent of the hemoglobin displayed the abnormal molecular properties, whereas in people with sickle-cell anemia all of it showed the abnormality. The Pauling group's results reinforced Neel's conclusion that both the trait and the disease derived from a particular recessive gene. The gene involved the synthesis of the hemoglobin molecule, a chain composed of several hundred amino-acid units. In 1957, Vernon Ingram, a protein chemist at Cambridge University, reported that the structure of sickle-cell hemoglobin differed in only one regard from that of normal hemoglobin: at the point where the normal chain contained a glutamic-acid link, the sickle chain contained a link of valine. "It is remarkable," Harry Harris noted a few years later, "that such a subtle difference in molecular structure should have such profound pathological consequences."

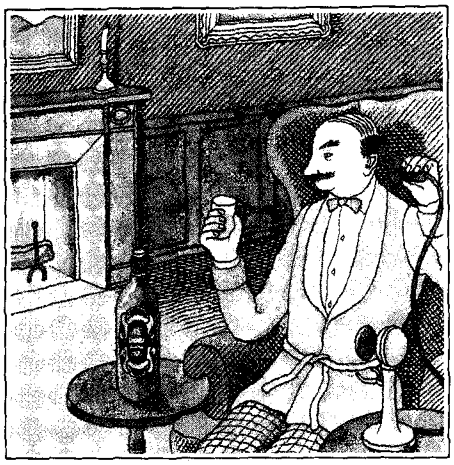
By the late fifties, a large number of clear-cut biochemical variations were known, including dozens of hemoglobin variants and also more than a dozen inborn errors of metabolism arising from probable enzyme deficiencies. The variations made it evident that human beings were infinitely differentiable in their biochemistry. Though human genetic research may have been spurred in part by reform-eugenic goals, the more it revealed about the complexity of heredity in human beings, the less did eugenics—even much of the reform variety—appear defensible in principle, or even scientifically within reach. In 1966, Lionel Penrose told a conference of human geneticists at the University of Chicago, "The social and biological values of hereditary differences are continually altering as the environment changes. . . . At the moment . . . our knowledge of human genes and their action is still so slight that it is presumptuous and foolish to lay down positive principles for human breeding. Rather, each person can marvel at the prodigious diversity of the hereditary characters in man and respect those who differ from him genetically. We all take part in the same gigantic experiment in natural selection."

Moreover, the revelations of the Holocaust had all but buried the eugenic ideal. After the Second World War, "eugenics" became a word to be hedged with caveats in Britain and virtually a dirty word in the United States, where it had long been identified with racism. In an important 1954 textbook, "Human Heredity," James Neel and William J. Schull, a colleague of Neel's at the University of Michigan, censured the eugenics of the past, warned against the extremes to which its biases could lead, and, while endorsing reform eugenics, did so in a gingerly fashion and with an insistence that the first order of business was to continue advancing the science of human genetics. Penrose had proclaimed in his inaugural lecture as Galton Professor that the only "racial" issues with which human genetics ought to be concerned were those relating to the human race as a whole. The staff of the Galton Laboratory bristled with contempt for the country's remaining eugenic activists, lumping reformists like C. P. Blacker with earlier mainliners like Leonard Darwin. The Galton's institutional identification with eugenics made Penrose cringe. He told the University College provost in 1961 that since the war the work of the Galton had been seriously handicapped by "the stigma of eugenics," and that he found it a "continual embarrassment" to have to explain that both his laboratory and the professorial chair were "wrongly named." In 1954, he had changed the name of the laboratory's principal publication, the *Annals of Eugenics*, to the *Annals of Human Genetics*, and now he succeeded in persuading the authorities of University College to rename his chair the Galton Professorship of Human Genetics.

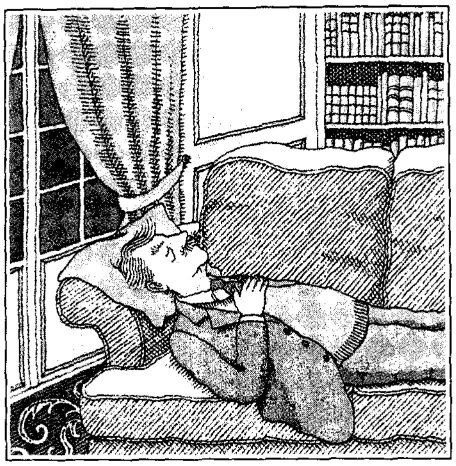


The British and the American Eugenics Societies continued, discreetly, to follow the course they had begun in the thirties. Frederick Osborn noted of one of his conferences, esoteric with computerized models of human evolution, "This is a far cry from the propagandist eugenics of Madison Grant and my dear uncle." Their scientific efforts, however, were steadily overwhelmed by the vast outpouring of work that developed in human genetics, demography, the field of human reproduction, and the like. (The British society, fuelled by its modest endowment, survives to this day as a minor learned society, in musty offices on Eccleston Square. In 1972, its American counterpart became the Society for the Study of Social Biology, a scholarly vestige of the original organization. The year before, Osborn, as if anticipating this transformation, had lamented in a brief, unpublished history that "the American public . . . does not care to envisage the possibility that individuals are born with different genetic potentials, with different possibilities for defect, for happiness, or for service to the community.") Nevertheless, even though the eugenic ideal had gone out of fashion, a variety of scientists pursued one element or another of the reform-eugenic program. Reform eugenics, in its efforts to encourage the use of genetics for medical purposes and to improve the biological quality of human populations, had helped bring about the establishment of facilities devoted

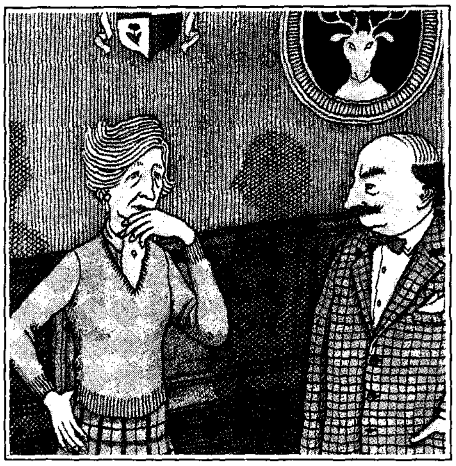
THE CASE OF THE WAYWARD WEAPONS



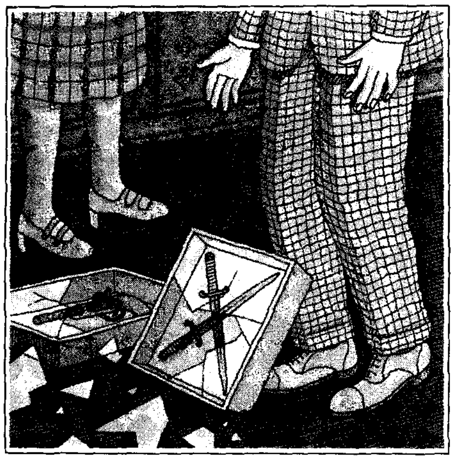
I was nursing a nip of *Glenfiddich* when I received an urgent call from Lady Harriet Hollyhock. "You must help me!" she pleaded. "I can't decide what is more fitting for my husband...the gun or the dagger."



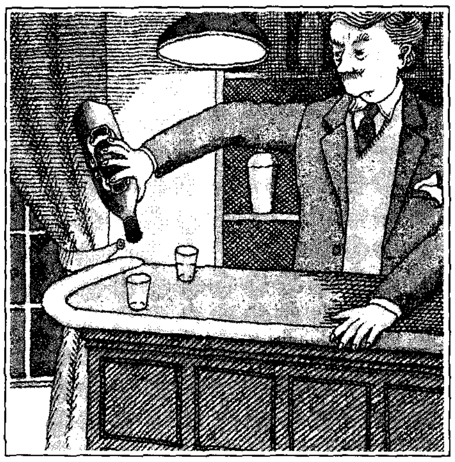
Did Lady Harriet have designs on her husband's life? Setting aside the celebrated single malt, I raced to Hollyhock Manor. But I was too late! For there, on the couch, lay the body of Lord Henry Hollyhock.



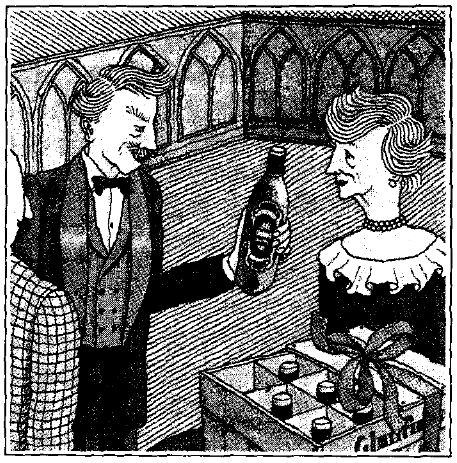
I found Lady Harriet upstairs. "I believe in giving Lord Henry exactly what he deserves!" she cheerfully exclaimed. "He deserved better," I coldly replied, demanding that she hand over the deadly weapons.



What she handed me was a pair of elegantly framed antique armaments. Unfortunately, they slipped from my hands and clattered to the floor. At that, a familiar voice bellowed from below, "I'm trying to take a nap!"



"Now what will I give Henry for his birthday!" Lady Harriet wailed as I dashed to the parlor. An unharmed Lord Hollyhock stood behind the bar. "Hello!" he cried. "I'd offer you a *Glenfiddich*, but we seem to be out."



For his birthday, Lord Hollyhock received *Glenfiddich*. "And I was afraid you'd give me another bloody antique!" he chortled. Whatever the occasion, a gift of *Glenfiddich* is proof of impeccable taste.

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Scotch Whisky

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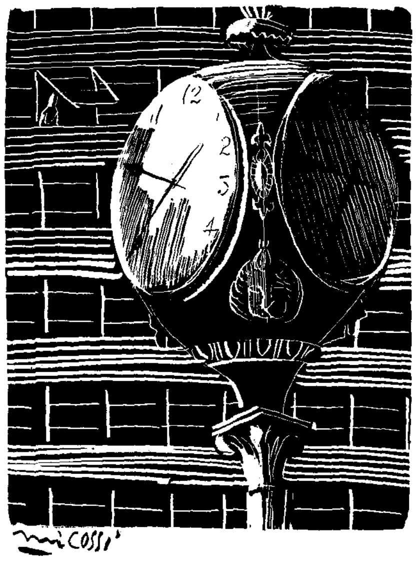
The mood: Liz Claiborne
The mark: Burlington.

explicitly to genetic advisory services. In the United States, perhaps the first was the Heredity Clinic at the University of Michigan, which opened its doors in 1940, and which James Neel headed from 1946 to 1981. The second was probably the Dight Institute, which was set up in 1941 at the University of Minnesota. (Charles F. Dight, an eccentric insurance-company medical examiner who lived in a tree house, left a sizable legacy—accumulated through a combination of shrewd investments, acute frugality, and deliberate failure to file income-tax returns—to the university for the establishment of a clinic "to promote biological race betterment—betterment in human brain structure and mental endowment and therefore in behavior.") The first genetic advisory clinic in Britain was established in 1946 by the medical geneticist John Fraser Roberts at the Hospital for Sick Children, on Great Ormond Street, in London. The clinical offerings went by different names, including "genetic hygiene"—a term that Sheldon Reed, the director of the Dight Institute from 1947 to 1977, disliked, because it connoted toothpastes, deodorants, and the like. Reed invented the term that eventually prevailed—"genetic counselling."

People tended to seek genetic counselling either because they wondered about a seemingly hereditary pattern of disease or deficiency in their families or because a child already born to them was afflicted with what they or their physician suspected was a genetic disorder. By the nineteen-fifties, for a tiny number of disorders genetic counsellors could tell from biochemical tests whether either potential parent carried the deleterious recessive gene. For the most part, they could also provide informed estimates of the risk that another child might be born with the same disorder as its sibling. If, for example, the parents had previously conceived a child with Tay-Sachs disease—a fatal disorder of the nervous system caused by the homozygous occurrence of a recessive gene—the laws of genetics dictated that the odds of their conceiving another were one in four. If they had previously conceived a child with a disease that was not conclusively identified as genetic—as was the case with a wide variety of disorders, ranging from anencephaly to schizophrenia—the calculation of risk was based upon statistical summaries of known family data. According to the empirically determined risk, if a woman had already borne a child with Down's syndrome the chance was four in a hundred that a succeeding child would be similarly afflicted. Genetic counsellors of these early years had to agree with William Schull, who emphasized at a 1958 conference on the subject that genetic counselling was "certainly a very imperfect art even in the hands of the very best of us."

In the forties and fifties, given the fact that counselling could provide prospective parents with little more than odds, there was no great demand for it. In 1951, there were ten genetic-counselling clinics in the United States, and perhaps three or four in Britain, counting the consultation that Lionel Penrose was willing to give at the Galton. By the end of the decade, there were about thirty in the two countries combined, representing a steady but by no means striking increase. In Britain, such clinics were staffed by physicians. But, on the whole, physicians seemed to be indifferent to the kind of advisory services that genetic clinics could offer—particularly in the United States, where a large fraction of the counsellors were Ph.D.s. Although a little over half the medical schools in this country and Canada in 1953 offered some instruction in genetics, full courses in medical genetics were offered only by seven of them—less than a tenth of the total. The others offered a few hours in the subject in such standard courses as anatomy. But attitudes in the Anglo-American medical community toward the utility of human genetics were changing. The shift resulted in part because of the proselytizing activities of the two eugenic societies, still more because some exposure to genetics was included in an increasing number of medical-school curricula. Specialists in blood diseases were beginning to recognize that diagnostic assistance could be provided by human geneticists working with hemoglobin disorders. Particularly important in dramatizing the medical value of human genetics was the announcement, in 1959, by the French physician Jérôme Lejeune of the discovery of the chromosomal anomaly that gives rise to Down's syndrome.

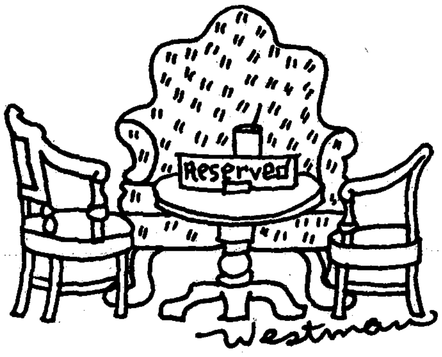


Jérôme Lejeune's career in genetics started in 1952, when, as a recent graduate in medicine, he returned from military service to work with Raymond Turpin at the Hôpital Saint-Louis, in Paris. Turpin, a professor of pediatrics at the University of Paris, was one of the very few people in France at the time interested in human genetics. His hospital practice included a group of Down's-syndrome patients, and he turned over responsibility for them to Lejeune. Neither Turpin nor Lejeune believed John Langdon Haydon Down's original hypothesis that victims of the condition were throwbacks to some atavistic Mongolian "race." In his clinical work, Lejeune saw a Down's child from Indo-China, whose appearance differed sharply from that of normal children of the region; the syndrome stood out among Orientals as well as among Caucasians. Lejeune suspected that Down's syndrome had something to do with hereditary mechanisms. As a number of other physicians have done when confronted with such inklings, he embarked on a postmedical course of study toward a doctorate in science, with emphasis on biochemistry and genetics. Postwar French austerity made the task of research less straightforward: Lejeune had no laboratory, no microscope—only a single room without running water. Pondering what experimental research he might pursue under those conditions, he decided to concentrate on the palm prints of Down's victims.

In 1953, Lejeune scrutinized the configurations of lines on the palms of ninety-three Down's patients, two hundred and forty-six members of their families, and two large control groups drawn at random—except that one group was evenly divided for sex—from the Parisian population. Lejeune assessed the configurations quantitatively and arrived at a numerical index of the degree to which, on a given palm, they occurred in association with each other. He found that the Down's patients had a strikingly higher associative frequency of abnormal palm lines than did the people in either of the control groups. To Lejeune, this signified that Down's syndrome must involve some deep genetic change from the normal. One of the palm lines found in the syndrome was the so-called simian crease. Lejeune knew very little about primatology, but it occurred to him that a clue to the deep change might be found in the palm configurations of apes and monkeys—especially the lower-order monkeys from which the simian crease took its name. At the National Museum of Natural History, in Paris, he measured the configuration of palm lines on the skins of the apes and monkeys preserved there. The palm lines of normal human beings showed no resemblance to those of either the lower-order monkeys or the anthropoid apes—orangutans, gorillas, and chimpanzees. But there were extraordinary similarities between the Down's palms and those of the inferior monkeys—for example, mangabeys and macaques. Lejeune supposed that the distinction between the palm lines of anthropoid apes and those of the lower-order monkeys must have resulted from the accumulation of numerous single-gene changes over evolutionary time. He speculated that the Down's palm lines, too, must arise from a polygenic difference between the Down's victims and normal human beings—occurring, obviously, not over evolutionary time but in one generation, from parent to child. Lejeune reasoned that the necessary change had to involve the only genetic material then known to be large enough to carry a polygenic message—a chromosome.

At this point, Lejeune's mind turned to the haplo-four fruit fly. (Cytogeneticists designate as "haploid" those cells—for example, mammalian gametes—that contain only half the normal number of chromosomes. The haplo-four takes its name from the fact that it possesses only one member of the fourth chromosomal pair found in normal *Drosophila*.) The haplo-four fruit fly has various abnormal characteristics, including thinner bristles, a shortened body, and a prolonged larval stage. No one of these characteristics announces the haplo-four; they declare themselves as an ensemble—a syndrome. Lejeune thought of the haplo-four as a kind of "mongol fly." Just as the "mongol fly" was missing a chromosome, Lejeune came to think, in 1954, that the victims of Down's syndrome must lack a chromosome, too.

At the time, the nucleus of the normal human cell was believed to contain a total of forty-eight chromosomes: two sex-determining chromosomes—XX for females and XY for males—and twenty-three pairs of autosomes, or chromosomes unrelated to sex. The count of forty-eight had first been made in 1921, with seeming reliability, by Theophilus S. Painter, a cytogeneticist at the University of Texas. But though it had been independently confirmed and reconfirmed even into the early nineteen-fifties, Painter's figure—the one in all the textbooks—was wrong. The persistent miscounting arose largely from technical problems—particularly the difficulties of fixing human cells at the moment of division, when the chromosomes were visible, and of distinguishing one chromosome from another in the crowded tangle that could then be seen. There was also the weight of orthodoxy. Human chromosomal counts sometimes suggested a figure other than forty-eight, but most cytologists, expecting to detect Painter's number, virtually always did so. However, in 1955, Joe-Hin Tjio and Albert Levan, two cytologists working at the University of Lund, in Sweden, subjected embryonic lung tissue to a combination of cytological techniques—some of them of recent invention—that produced a full complement of chromosomes, each sharply separate from the others. Tjio and Levan counted an unambiguous total of forty-six—the two sex chromosomes, plus twenty-two pairs of autosomes. In 1956, they published their results, though not without some residual anxiety about challenging Painter's much-confirmed number. Within weeks of publication, the count of forty-six was confirmed by two cytogeneticists in a unit of the Medical Research Council at the Harwell Laboratory of the British Atomic Energy Research Establishment, near Oxford.



Lejeune had by this time moved with Turpin's group to the Hôpital Trousseau. Since his studies at the Natural History Museum, he had wanted to look at the chromosomes of his Down's patients, but he was not familiar with human-cytogenetic techniques and was unable to find anyone in Paris who was. Besides, there was not much money for research and only limited laboratory facilities at the hospital. He had therefore turned to various other subjects—mainly radiation genetics, for which Turpin, like many biologists, was able to raise funds in the mid-fifties. All the while, however, he had his chromosomal hypothesis in mind and kept hoping to test it, especially after the work of Tjio and Levan was published. The opportunity arose in 1957, with the arrival in Turpin's clinic of Marthe Gauthier, a cardiologist who had recently learned the technique of tissue culture; Turpin authorized her to use it in collaboration with Lejeune. Tissue culture, which had come into use in cytology laboratories after the war, provided a constant supply of dividing cells. Sometime around the spring of 1958, Gauthier cultured tissue taken from the fascia lata—the smooth connective tissue that covers the thigh muscle—of three Down's patients at the Hôpital Trousseau. Lejeune, using the newly developed cytogenetic techniques, prepared karyotypes—the word comes from *karyon*, the Greek for "kernel," and means the display of chromosomes in the cell nucleus. He examined them through a microscope discarded by the hospital's bacteriology laboratory; it was so worn that he had to stabilize its adjustment gears by inserting between them a piece of tinfoil from a candy wrapper. He photographed the karyotypes with equipment borrowed from the pathology department, expecting them to show, like those of the "mongol fly," the absence of a chromosome. Instead, they showed that the Down's patients had forty-seven chromosomes rather than forty-six.

Lejeune wondered whether the extra chromosome was typical of the Down's patients or an artifact of the tissue culturing. Aging cultures were known to produce chromosomal anomalies, but the cultures had been no more than a month old before he obtained the karyotypes—too short a time, Lejeune thought, for the aging phenomenon to occur. More trou-

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bling to him was a recent paper by the American cytogeneticist Masuo Kodani, claiming that in some normal human beings the chromosome number might be forty-seven. If Kodani was correct, then the "extra" chromosome he had detected in his patients might not be extra at all and might have nothing to do with Down's syndrome. In a lecture he delivered at McGill University in September of 1958, after having attended the Tenth International Congress of Genetics, in Montreal, Lejeune swallowed his doubts enough to show the photographs of the three Down's karyotypes and advance his belief that the cause of the syndrome was an extra chromosome. His audience seemed for the most part unconvinced.

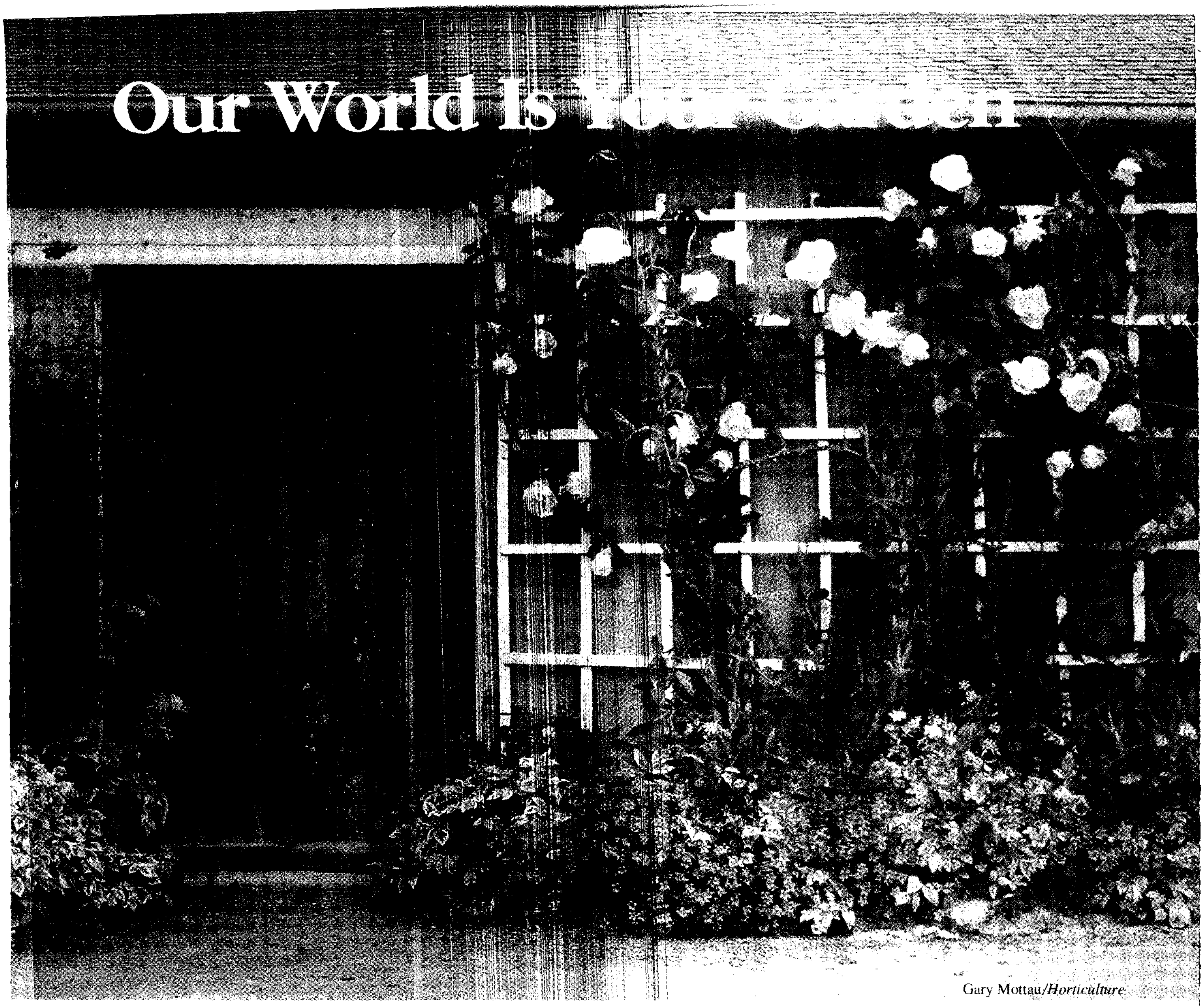
After he returned to Paris, Lejeune prepared karyotypes of cells from eight non-Down's patients at the Hôpital Trousseau. Each of the karyotypes showed forty-six chromosomes. Though still somewhat anxious about putting his Down's results into print, he finally published the work in the *Comptes Rendus* of the French Academy of Sciences in January of 1959. In the same journal, in mid-March, he reported the results of an examination of nine Down's karyotypes and argued with greater confidence that the extra chromosome was the cause of the syndrome. At about the same time, the extra Down's chromosome was detected independently by scientists at the University of Edinburgh and by several groups affiliated with the Galton Laboratory, all of whom had been pursuing their research unaware of Lejeune's work.

News of the Down's results moved the provost at University College, London to send Lionel Penrose a note, in May, 1959: "It must be one of the most important things that have happened in genetical studies for a long time." And it was. Penrose remarked some months later that the events of the past year amounted to "a major breakthrough in the science of human genetics." However, there was still doubt about the nature of the extra Down's chromosome. Penrose thought that it was a member of a trisomy; that is, the occurrence of one of the twenty-two autosomal chromosomes as a triplet rather than as a pair. Lejeune had not been certain—and neither had the other investigators—whether it was that or a supernumerary chromosomal piece of unknown origin. But within a year the abnormality was demonstrated to be indeed a trisomy—of the chromosome designated No. 21 by agreement at a genetics conference in Denver, Colorado, in April, 1960. (The agreement assigned numbers to the chromosomes in order of descending size.) Investigators in Sweden, then others at the Galton, found that a particular form of this trisomy accounted for the small number of cases of familial occurrence of Down's syndrome. It arose from the presence in some people of what is called a translocation—in this case, the attachment of one of the 21-chromosomes to the 14-chromosome. If a gamete containing the 14-21 combination plus the other 21-chromosome was passed on to a fetus, the offspring would possess two regular 21-chromosomes plus the 21 on the No. 14. If a gamete transmitted the 21- and 14-chromosomes only in their hybrid form, the child would be normal. But because these chromosomes were attached to each other the child would be a carrier, and his or her children would be at risk for trisomy-21. The detection of the cause of "mongolism" in such cellular accidents finished off—or should have—its vestigial association with some kind of atavism. Lejeune, Penrose, and others publicly urged that the racially tinged nomenclature of the condition be abandoned in favor of terms such as "Down's syndrome" or "trisomy-21."

Other birth defects were soon shown to result from chromosomal anomalies, and it was demonstrated that lymphocytes in the blood could be cultured for karyotype analysis—a technical advance that put chromosomal studies within reach of any scientist or physician who wanted to undertake them. In the 1963 edition of his "Outline of Human Genetics," Lionel Penrose remarked of the hereditary mechanism that "the instructional errors, when single genes are involved, are too small to be seen," likening them to "mistakes made by an imaginary printer whereas chromosome aberrations are like the mistakes of a binder." By the early nineteen-sixties, human geneticists were equipped with the cytogenetic techniques essential to seeing the binder's mistakes.

THE exploration of the new disciplines of human cytogenetics and human biochemical genetics surged ahead with remarkable force, drawing practitioners in steadily increasing numbers. A significant number were physicians. (Victor McKusick, of Johns Hopkins, wryly observed that cardiologists had long had the heart, neurologists the nervous system, and nephrologists the kidney. The discovery of trisomy-21 gave medical geneticists the chromosome—"our organ.") By 1972, courses in genetics were required in half of all American medical schools and offered in more than three-quarters, and there were at least five chaired departments of human genetics in their British counterparts. Pediatricians, in particular, had come to understand that human genetics was an important tool of postnatal diagnosis, which would permit the early commencement of proper care in cases of disease. The paradigm therapeutic case was, of course, PKU. Contrary to Lionel Penrose's original belief, the detection of phenylpyruvic acid in the urine did not definitely indicate the presence of the disease. But in the early sixties Robert Guthrie, a physician at the School of Medicine of the State University of New York at Buffalo, perfected a far more reliable test, using a strain of *Bacillus subtilis* which would grow in a cultured sample of blood only if the sample was abnormally rich in phenylalanine. Even before the new test was devised, Britain had established a program to screen newborn children for PKU. After the advent of the Guthrie test, a number of American states and municipalities set up such programs. Between 1966 and 1974, a screening program in New York City identified fifty-one PKU infants. The screening cost came to less than a dollar per child, and over the eight years the total spent on the city's program came to no more than a million dollars, as compared to the cost—then estimated to be some thirteen million dollars—that would have been required to keep these children in institutions.

The evident cost-effectiveness of the PKU programs strongly suggested widening the scope of postnatal screening. By 1971, almost nine hundred maladies had been definitely iden-



Gary Mottau/*Horticulture*

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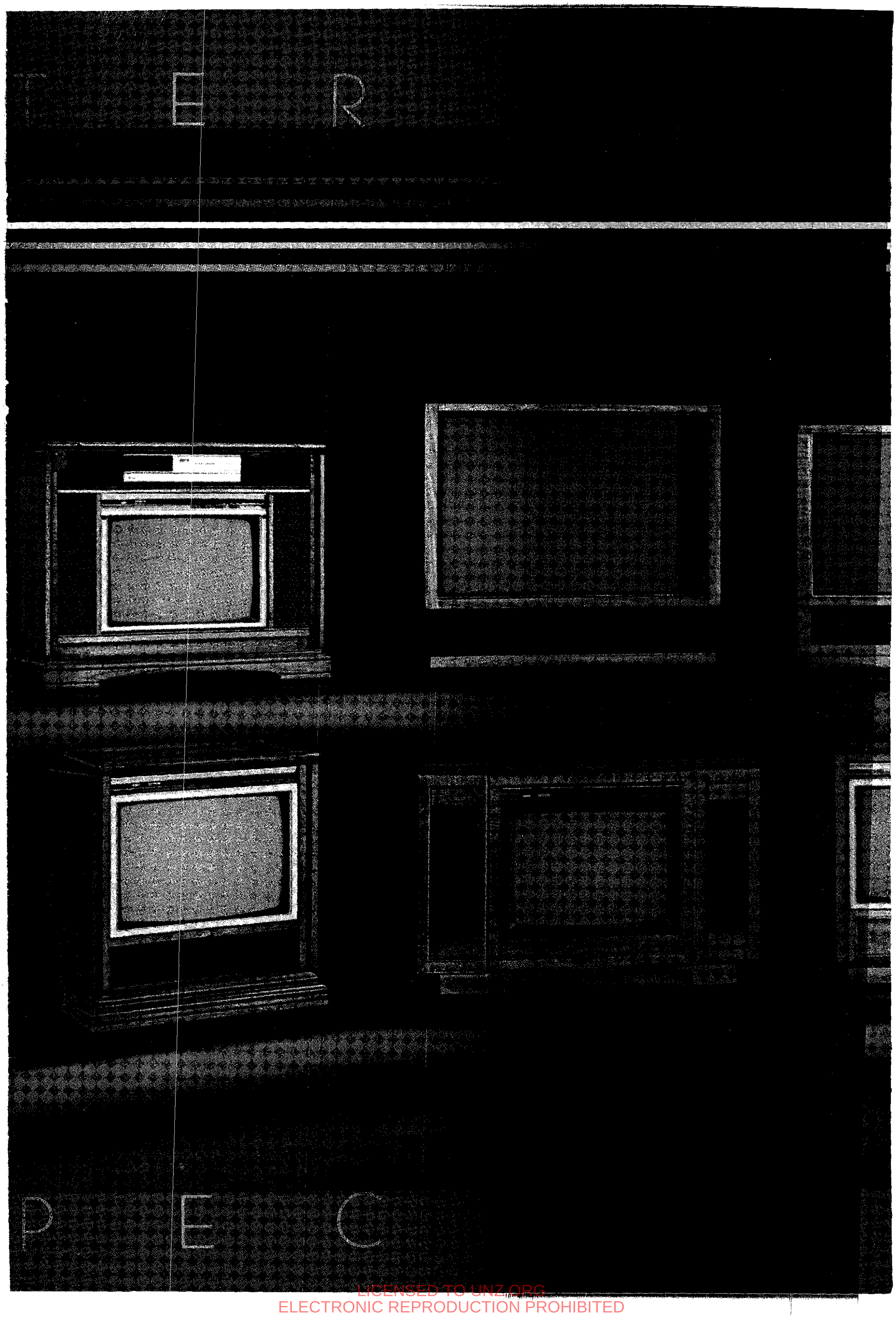
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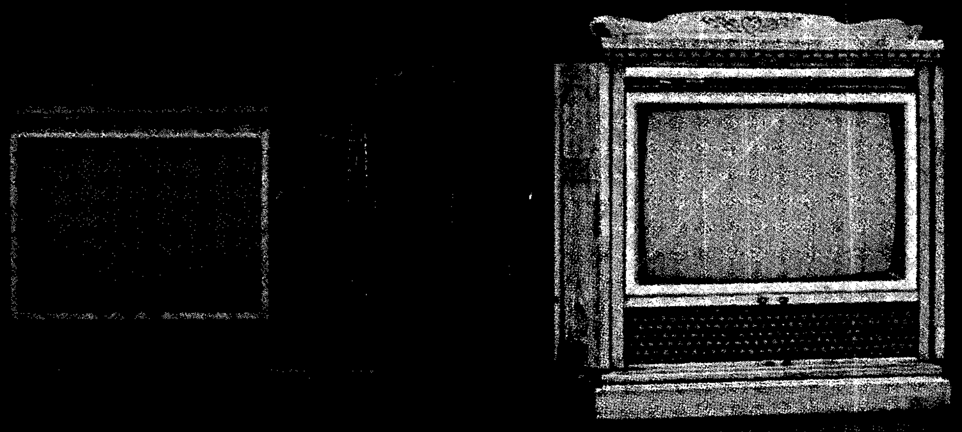

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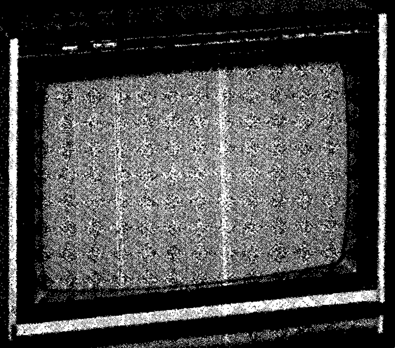

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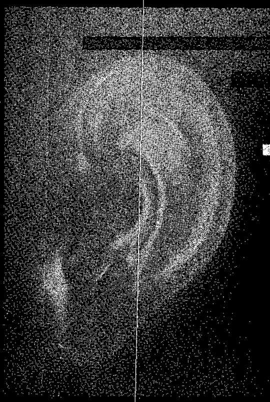

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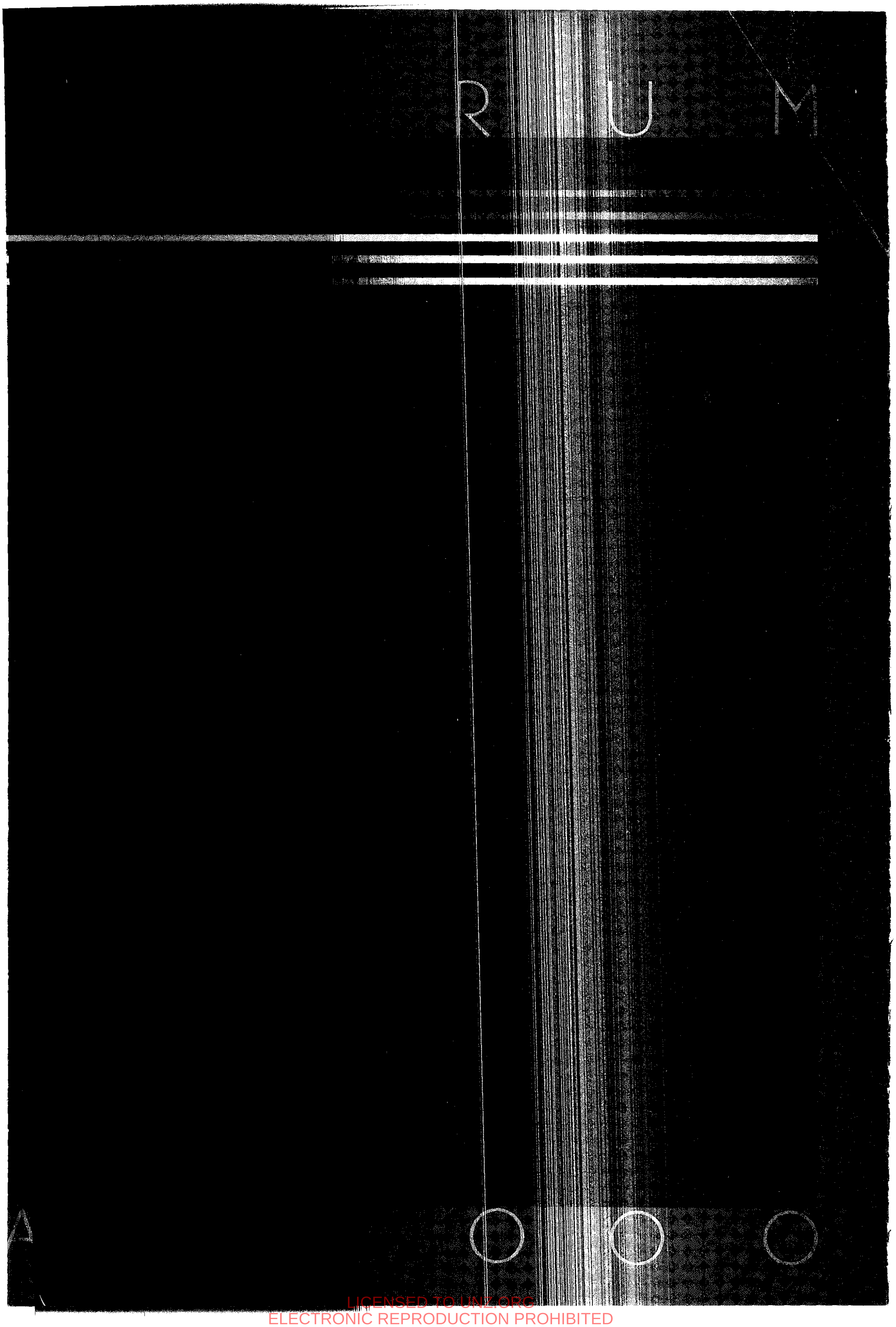
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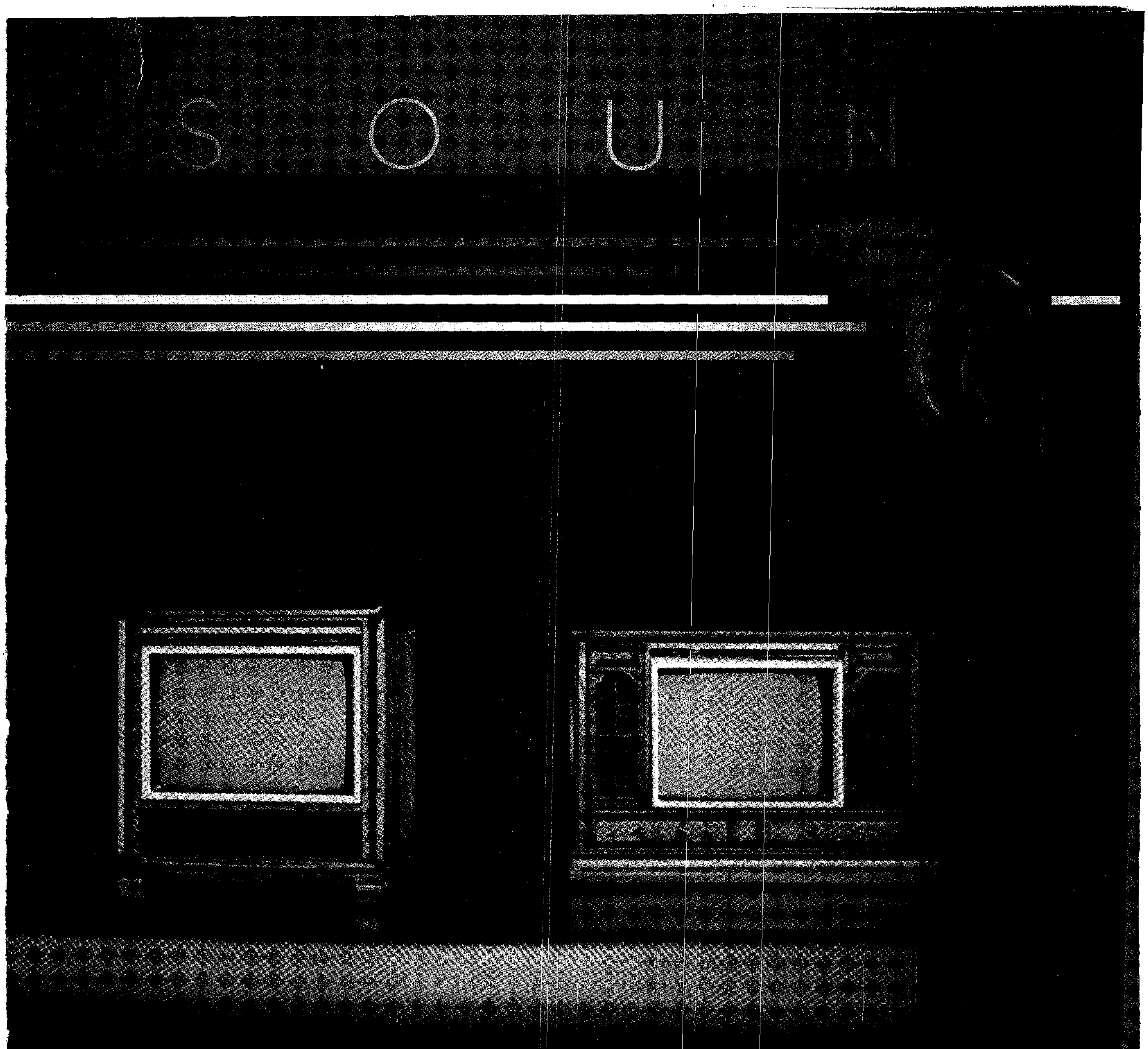

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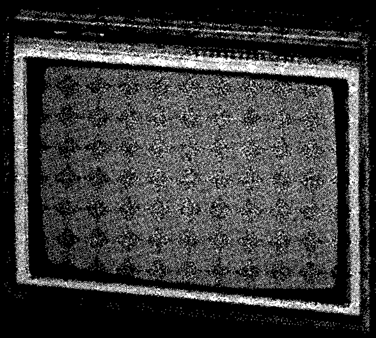

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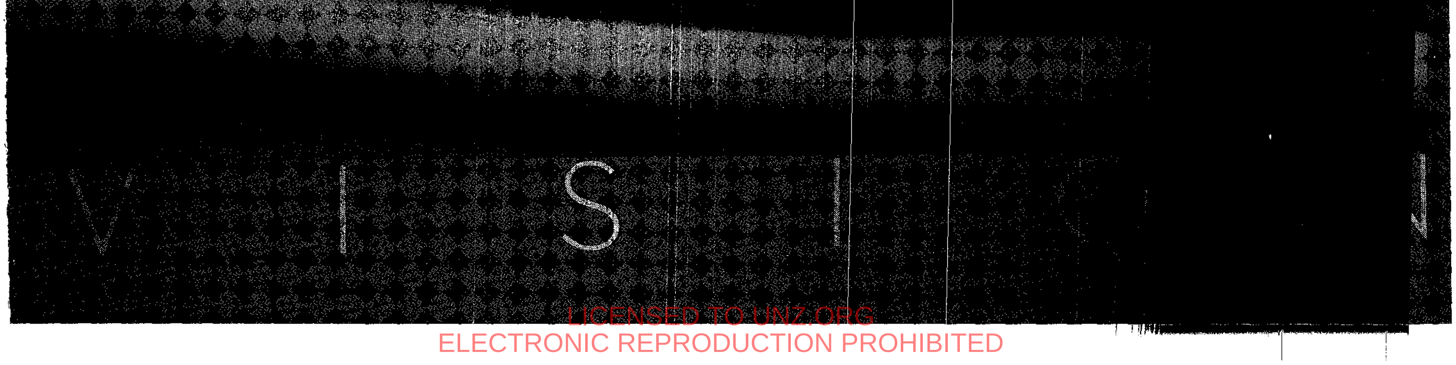

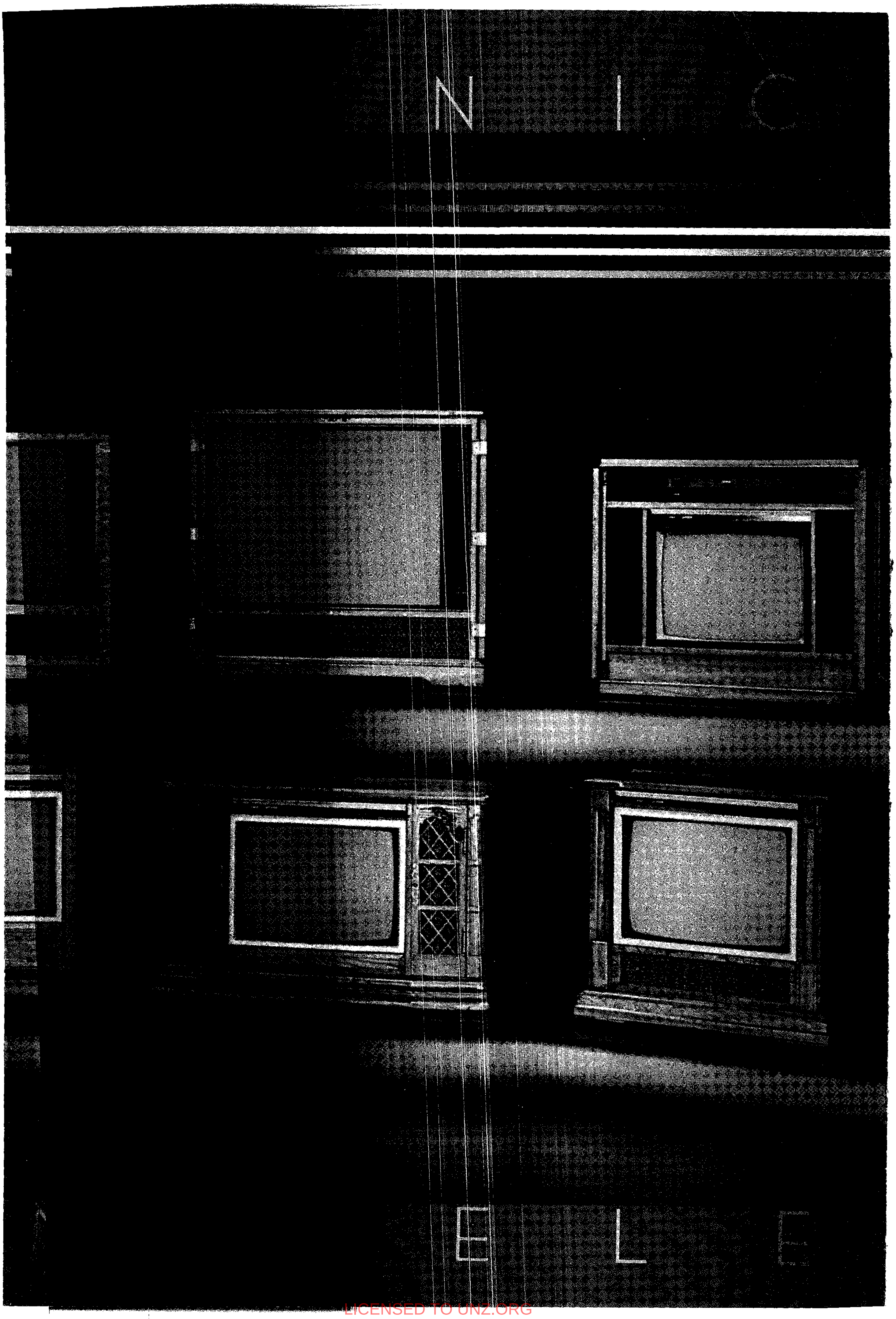
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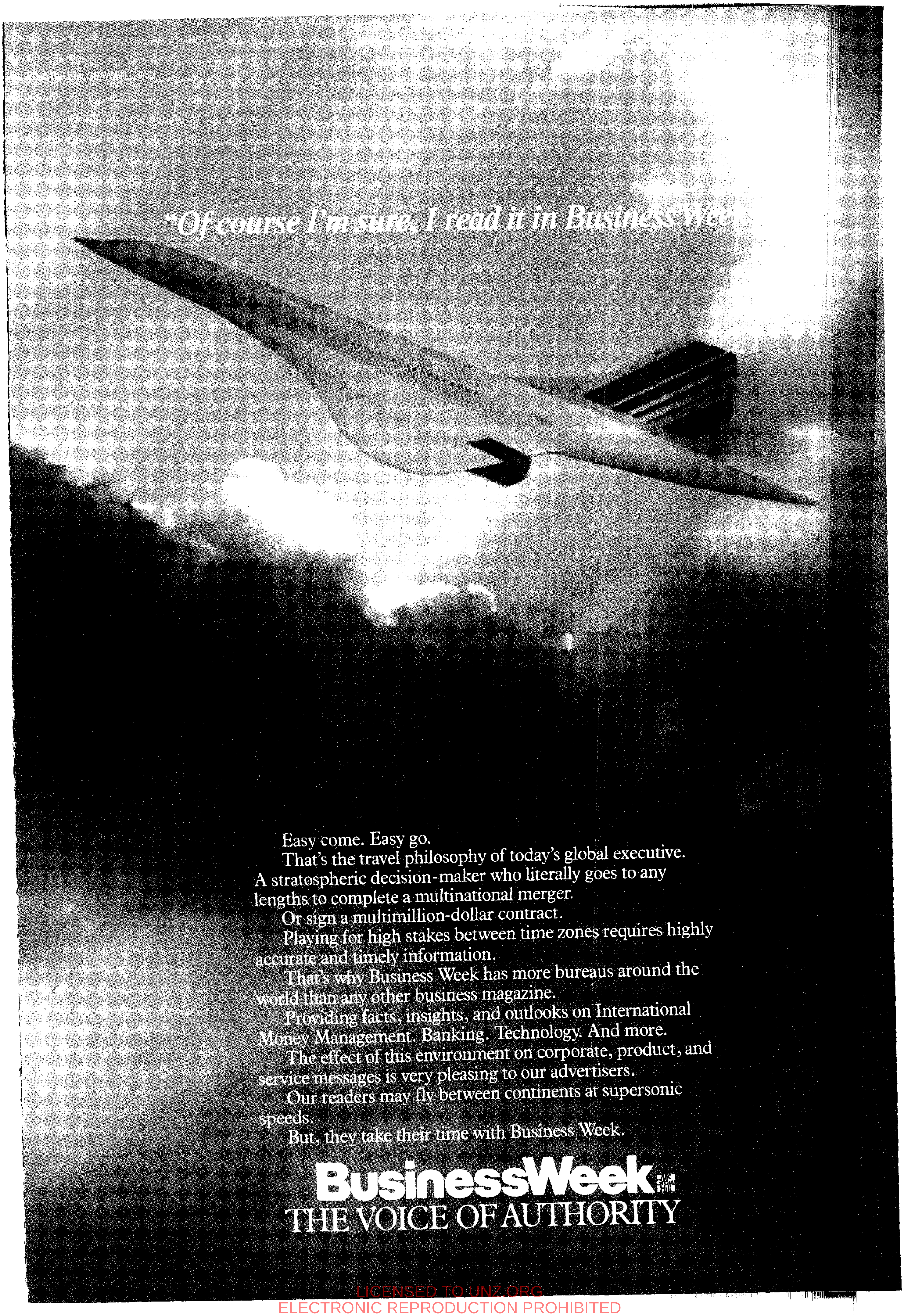

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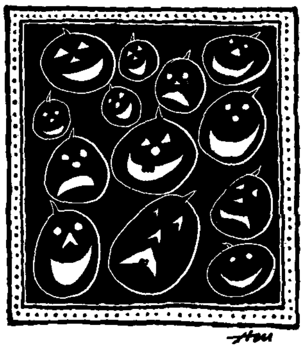
tified as single-gene disorders—the phrase denotes a disorder caused either by a dominant gene, a sex-linked gene, or two recessive ones—and a thousand more were suspected of having single-gene origins. At least a hundred of the former could be treated. Many single-gene disorders did not lend themselves to mass testing, but with no great additional effort or cost the existing PKU programs could be modified to test for some fifteen other inborn errors of metabolism—galactosemia, for example, which arises from the inability of the body to process galactose, a substance derived from milk. The disorder's consequences—liver enlargement, cataracts, mental retardation, and, not uncommonly, infant death—could be avoided with early detection and the administration of a galactose-free diet.

The detection in the newborn of single-gene disorders was increasingly complemented by the ability to recognize the recessive potential for them in prospective parents. By the early seventies, carriers of at least fifty genetic disorders could be identified. No one argued seriously for the screening of every possible parent, but some did urge the screening of people from groups at comparatively high risk for particular genetic diseases, notably blacks—in the United States, one in twelve has a recessive sickle-cell gene. Demand for sickle-cell screening arose around 1970, partly from within the black community. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* endorsed the view of Dr. Robert Scott, a hematologist at the Medical College of the Virginia Commonwealth University, who called for the establishment of a screening program for blacks of marriageable age. If both members of a couple were discovered to carry the sickle-cell trait, they could shape their reproductive plans in the awareness of the one-in-four chance that their baby would suffer from sickle-cell anemia. The sickle-cell-screening idea, supported both in lay and medical quarters, caught on rapidly. Beginning in 1971, sickle-cell-screening laws were enacted in seventeen states, often under the sponsorship of black legislators. In 1972, with the blessing of the Nixon Administration—the President had proposed reversing the nation's "sad and shameful" neglect of the disease—Congress passed the National Sickle Cell Anemia Control Act, which provided for research, screening, counselling, and education.

Blacks, of course, were not the only ethnic group susceptible to a genetic disease. Americans of Mediterranean extraction were at high risk for thalassemia (Cooley's anemia), and Ashkenazic Jews for Tay-Sachs disease. In 1971, Dr. Michael Kaback, of the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, and Dr. Robert Zeiger, of the National Cancer Institute, mounted a pilot program of voluntary screening for Tay-Sachs carriers among a total of eighty thousand Ashkenazic Jews of child-bearing age in the Greater Baltimore area. In two years, ten thousand people volunteered to be tested, and the Tay-Sachs gene was found in about one out of thirty of them.



In 1972, the National Cooley's Anemia Control Act, which contained provisions similar to those in the sickle-cell act, was signed into law. In the wake of the success of the Tay-Sachs program in Baltimore, similar screening efforts began in many other American cities, and Senator Jacob Javits, of New York, introduced a National Tay-Sachs Control bill. Medical, lay, and political commentators promptly called a halt: the Congress seemed headed for regular action on the ethnic genetic disease of the month. Javits agreed that a more general approach was preferable, and so did the spokesmen for other genetic-disease interest groups. In the spring of 1976, Congress passed the National Genetic Diseases Act, which absorbed its two predecessors and provided for research, screening, counselling, and education in Tay-Sachs and various other disorders, including cystic fibrosis, Huntington's disease, and muscular dystrophy.

By this time, genetic prognosis had gone beyond counselling prospective parents on the odds of conceiving a genetically diseased child. The procedure known as amniocentesis had come into widespread use by the late sixties. In amniocentesis, a long needle is inserted in the uterus, and fluid containing fetal cells is withdrawn from the amniotic sac. This procedure had first been used to assess whether an infant would suffer from Rh-factor disease and thus require a transfusion immediately after birth; it was later used to identify fetal sex—primarily to determine whether the fetus might suffer from a sex-linked disease. In the late sixties, fetal cells were cultured to diagnose the rapidly growing list of chromosomal disorders, and of genetic disorders detectable by biochemical means. By the mid-seventies, virtually all of the hundred or so known chromosomal disorders could be detected in utero, and so could twenty-three inborn errors of metabolism, including the error that produced Tay-Sachs disease; almost forty more seemed potentially detectable. If the fetus was found to suffer from a disorder, the prospective parents could elect abortion. The right of abortion had been established in Britain in 1967, by an act of Parliament that permitted the termination of pregnancy for various reasons, including—according to what has sometimes been called "the eugenic clause"—substantial risk that the child would be seriously handicapped as a result of physical or mental abnormalities. In the United States, the right of abortion was rendered constitutional by the Supreme Court's 1973 ruling in the case of Roe v. Wade. Amniocentesis and legalized abortion together stimulated a major boom in prenatal genetic diagnosis. Whereas in 1960 there had been between thirty and forty clinics and counselling centers in the United States, by 1974 the number had jumped to about four hundred. Almost a quarter of these were established and maintained with assistance from the National Foundation–March of Dimes, which, its war against polio having been won, had turned in the sixties to the subject of congenital muscular-skeletal disorders, and in 1970 had decided to mount a major effort in the general area of birth defects.

In the early years of genetic counselling, some geneticists had sought to turn the practice to eugenic advantage—to reduce the incidence of genetic disease in the population, and by extension to reduce the frequency of deleterious genes in what population geneticists were coming to call the human gene pool. To that end, some claimed that it was the counsellor's duty not simply to inform couples about the possible genetic outcome of their union but also to instruct them whether or not to bear children at all. By the nineteen-fifties, however, the standards of

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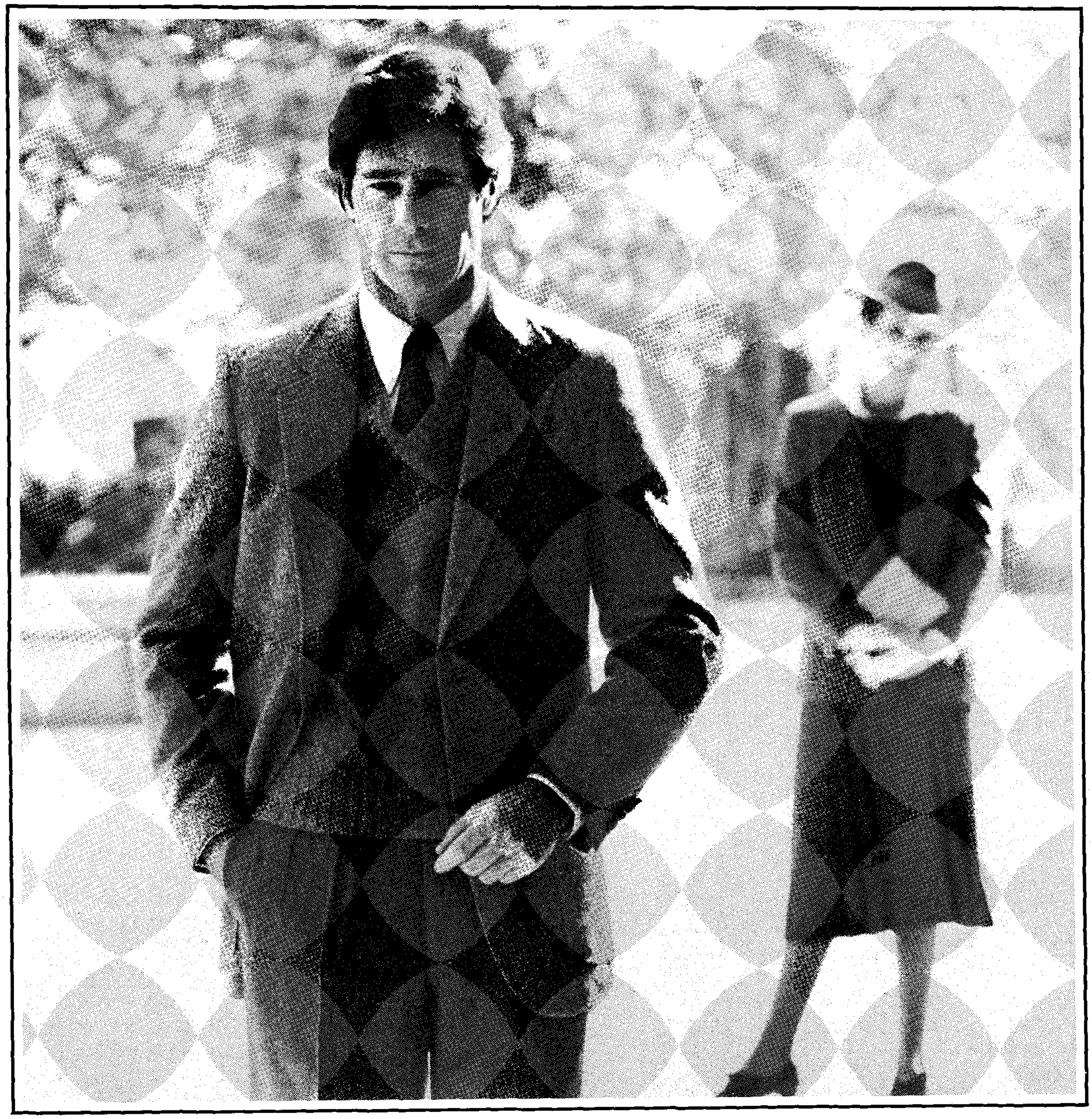
Ralph Waldo Emerson



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genetic counselling had turned strongly against eugenically oriented advice—that is, advice aimed at the welfare of the gene pool rather than that of the family. The standards also had it that no counsellor had the right to tell a couple not to have a child, even for the sake of the couple's own welfare. Whatever the standards, Lionel Penrose noted in 1969 that a large fraction of the patients who sought genetic advice acted in a way that "would be considered generally to be reasonable;" that is, "they avoid risks which are serious and accept those which are only moderate," and he predicted that "the result of skillful counselling, over a long period of years, will undoubtedly be to diminish, very slightly but progressively, the amount of severe hereditary diseases in the population." Perhaps, perhaps not. James Neel observed, in a paper for a 1971 symposium on ethical issues in human genetics, "Any population policy—or for that matter, no population policy—may have implications more far-reaching for the gene pool than all the genetic counselling of the next hundred years."

THE postwar population explosion mocked prewar demographic predictions. "Thirty years ago," J. B. S. Haldane ruefully remarked in 1963, "statisticians were writing about 'the twilight of parenthood,' '*Les berceaux vides*' . . . and I was fool enough to believe them." Frederick Osborn found no cause for anxiety in the American statistics. They revealed that the middle and upper-middle classes were contributing mightily to the baby boom, and that educated groups appeared to be reproducing at a rate sufficient to replace themselves. In fact, according to an influential series of studies published in the mid-sixties by the young population geneticist Carl Jay Bajema, the net reproduction rate in the United States tended to be higher among people with above-average I.Q.s than among those with I.Q.s below the average. In Britain, the 1951 census hinted that the educated classes, like their American counterparts, were coming closer to the mark of their reproductive duty. In the postwar era, Anglo-American eugenic attention extended to the global population explosion—particularly in what was then called the underdeveloped world. No doubt for some reform eugenicists the rapidly multiplying populations of Asia, the Middle East, Africa, and Latin America represented some sort of immense "social problem group." Yet it required no race prejudice to find a good deal that was dysgenic in the proliferation of people in environments that offered inadequate food, housing, education, and medical care. After the war, eugenicists renewed their advocacy of contraception, finding in it the principal instrument for dealing with the population "crisis." A number of them—a leading example was Osborn, who organized the Population Council in 1952—became prominent population-control activists. But although a diversion for eugenic energies, population control, focussed as it was on the issue of quantity, addressed only grossly the eugenic interest in improving the human gene pool. That interest remained vital to the reformist outlook. The matter of the quality of the gene pool was explicitly dealt with by Hermann Muller in his 1949 presidential address to the American Society of Human Genetics: "Our Load of Mutations."

Muller's analysis proceeded from the fact that the individual human genetic complement—the "genome"—was, like those of all other species, constantly subject to change by mutation. The mutation could be spontaneous or, as Muller had demonstrated in his own work, could be induced by radiation. Some mutations might lead to genetic improvement; most, it was believed, were deleterious, even deadly. In the main, mutations were recessive. But Muller drew upon recent research with fruit flies—and that of Neel, among others, with human beings—to point out that many mutant genes, although recessive, behaved as partially dominant genes (like, for example, those for thalassemia minor) that were partly expressed in the organism. In human beings, these mutant genes might make for greater susceptibility to cancer, diabetes, hypertension, or any number of infectious or mental disorders. Though a given single mutation might not be lethal, others might eventually crop up in the same genome. The gradual accumulation of these mutations, which would be spread through breeding, constituted the "genetic load" of the human race—the total number of potentially lethal genes in the human gene pool.

According to Muller, genetic load reduced evolutionary fitness. An individual's load would be eliminated from the gene pool by his or her death before reproduction. But while the genetic load might diminish with prereproductive death, the loss was con-

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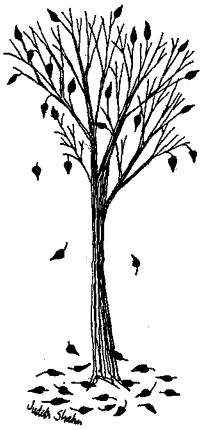
stantly offset by fresh mutations. In a stable species like man, the degree of load was assumed to be the amount that the species could tolerate at equilibrium—that is, the point where the rate at which disadvantageous mutations were created equalled the rate at which they were eliminated. Muller put the accumulated load at an average of eight genes per person, out of the tens of thousands each individual was estimated to carry. He further speculated that in primitive man this genetic load was sufficient to bring about the death from genetic causes of twenty per cent of the human race in each generation.

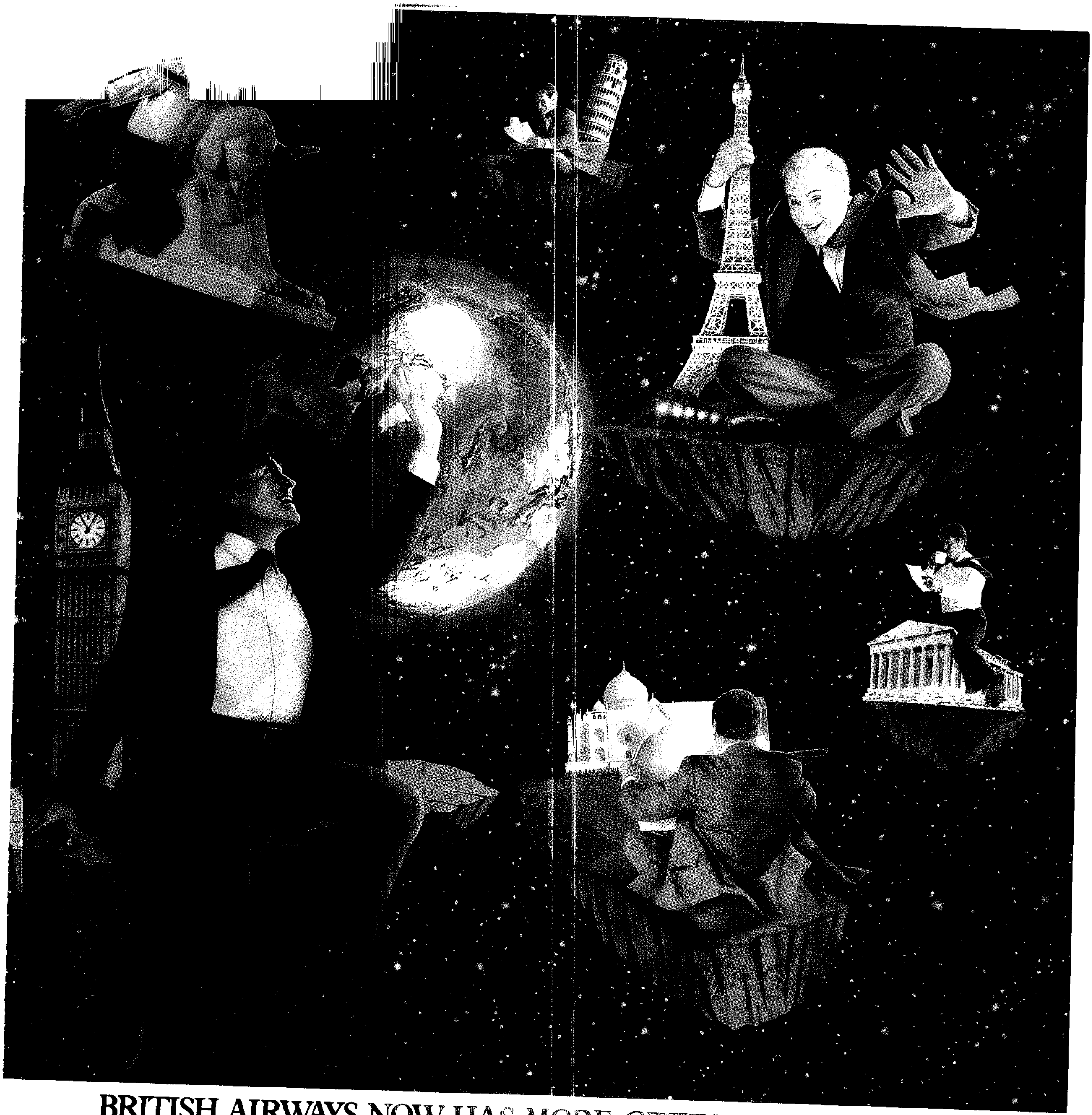
In this regard, modern man was no different from his prehistoric forebears. "Most of us have a nearly twenty-per-cent chance of death or of reproductive inefficacy from genetic causes," Muller declared, but he pointed out that mankind had recently ceased to live "under those comparatively primitive conditions . . . to which a rough genetic equilibrium must have become established." Modern man, of course, benefitted from improved sanitation, nutrition, housing, and medical care; and post-Hiroshima man might well find himself living in a higher radiation environment. Thus, deleterious genes were no longer being eliminated at the prehistoric rate, and an increase in radiation would speed up the rate at which mutations were induced. The human genetic load was getting bigger and would continue to grow. The greater the effectiveness of medicine, the greater the load that might be tolerated. Muller estimated the degree of load that might be reached in eight generations (about two hundred and forty years), assuming a continued advance in medical technology: it would be the same as that expected from the absorption by all the parents in one generation of 200 roentgens of gamma radiation—a dose comparable to the average at the surface within two kilometres of ground zero at Hiroshima. The greater the genetic load, Muller warned, the more pitiful and less recognizable as human would our descendants be. Instead of struggling with "external enemies of a primitive kind such as famine, climatic difficulties, and wild beasts," the human beings of the future "would be devoted chiefly to the effort to live carefully, to spare and to prop up their own feeblenesses, to soothe their inner disharmonies, and, in general, to doctor themselves as effectively as possible." He concluded that "everyone would be an invalid, with his own special familial twists."



Muller's belief that the therapeutic powers of modern civilization were working dysgenic effects echoed early-twentieth-century eugenics. Time and the Cold War had tempered his socialism. Still, his theory differed from the mainline creed in that it did not identify dysgenic trends with race or class—mutations occurred in all sectors of society—and was couched in socially antiseptic, genetic language. Advanced with a Nobelist's authority, the spectre of genetic load pervaded the debates over the genetic effects of atomic radiation. It also formed a central tenet in the reform-eugenic response to the population explosion. Julian Huxley fretfully declared in the course of a 1963 London symposium on the future of the human species, "The population explosion is making us ask . . . What are people for? Whatever the answer . . . it is clear that the general quality of the world's population is not very high, is beginning to deteriorate, and should and could be improved. It is deteriorating thanks to genetic defectives who would otherwise have died being kept alive, and thanks to the crop of new mutations due to fallout. In modern man, the direction of genetic evolution has started to change its sign, from positive to negative, from advance to retreat: we must manage to put it back on its age-old course of positive improvement."

To Muller, meeting the mutation problem required the exercise of eugenic reproductive control. He explained to a physician in 1954 that "the fact that the so-called eugenics of the past was so mistaken . . . is no more argument against eugenics as a general proposition than, say, the failure of democracy in ancient Greece is a valid argument against democracy in general." In the standard eugenic vein, Muller argued for both diminishing reproduction among high-load people—presumably identifiable by their genetic diseases or disorders—and increasing it among those blessed with especially valuable genes. He recognized that in the wake of the Nazis people would not tolerate compulsory interference with human reproduction. "I think much of 'negative eugenics,' such as compulsory sterilization of alcoholics or criminals, is definitely out," he wrote to a correspondent in California. Muller expected people with high genetic loads to refrain voluntarily from procreation out of a sense of social duty. Similarly, it would be considered "a social service for those more fortunately endowed to reproduce to more than the average extent."

At a 1959 conference at the University of Chicago celebrating the centenary of Darwin's "Origin of Species," Muller presented a paper reviving the old idea of eutelegenesis as his positive-eugenic method for offsetting the effects of increased genetic load. (He had no ally in Herbert Brewer this time. After the war, Brewer had abandoned eugenics in revulsion at what the Nazis had made of it.) He soon came to call the latter-day version of the plan "germinal choice." In Muller's view, recent developments in the field of artificial insemination—particularly the demonstrated success of freezing and storing sperm, then thawing them for vaginal injection—enhanced the plan's prospects for success. The preservation techniques—dry ice had been used first, then the much colder liquid nitrogen—allowed for the accumulation of sperm from a given donor, and as the number of sperm increased so did the chance of producing a pregnancy. More important to Muller's positive-eugenic purpose, the frozen sperm might well be stored until, say, twenty years after the death of the donor. By that time, it could be better judged whether the donor, outstanding in life, seemed truly outstanding in calm retrospection. Thus the effort to guide man's evolution could be kept to the highest standard. But Muller recognized that germinal choice, neat as it seemed, raised a number of vexing difficulties. People might well confuse choice with coercion. While the divorce of sex from procreation had taken strong social hold, the emancipation of procreation from sex was as yet hardly consonant with prevailing values. Artificial insemination was practiced mainly to overcome marital infertility. The donor's identity was normally kept secret from the prospective parents, and this worked squarely against the idea of knowingly choosing a superior father. Besides, exemplary donors might well carry their share of genetic load. And since the genetic basis for superior



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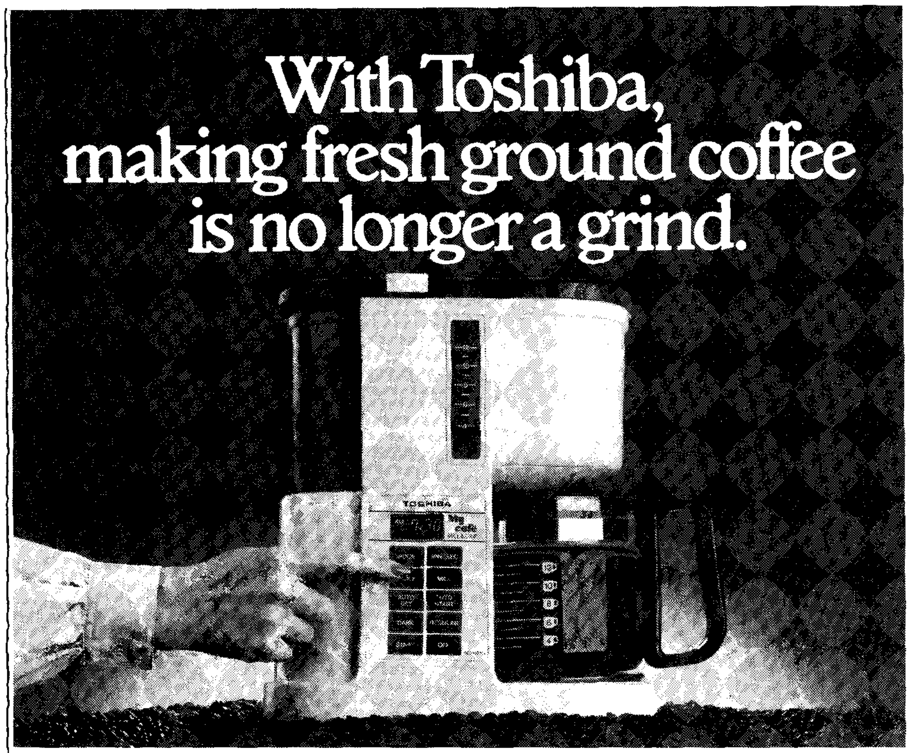
traits was hardly known, there was no way to predict the outcome of any particular conception. Germinal choice would merely weight the results in favor of the preferred procreative consequence, not guarantee it. Yet Muller felt that high-minded couples would be willing to forgo the guarantee to themselves as parents for the sake of what the collective process would yield—an increase in mankind's genetic quality. Eventually, the wise use of selection could breed out the load of disadvantageous genes from the limited fund of advantageous ones. Muller recognized that fears of coercion might arise, but he insisted that germinal choice was to be strictly voluntary. And surely in the beginning a few couples would be willing to break with social convention and pioneer the procreational revolution.

In the early nineteen-sixties, with the aim of getting that revolution started at least on a modest scale, Muller looked into the establishment of a Foundation for Germinal Choice. Some of his old allies responded with advice or encouragement, among them C. P. Blacker, Frederick Osborn, and J. B. S. Haldane. So did some new ones, including a claque of a different cut. One of these was Robert K. Graham, a millionaire who had developed an improved plastic eyeglass lens and was the president and chairman of the board of Armorlite, Inc., in Pasadena, California. At a meeting with Muller in June of 1963, Graham agreed to provide a thousand dollars to establish and about three hundred dollars a year to maintain a liquid-nitrogen repository for the sperm of outstanding men. High intelligence and altruism were to be among the primary criteria for donors. Muller thought that Julian Huxley would be an ideal donor. Graham suggested Muller himself, who, however, stipulated that his sperm not be used until twenty-five years after his death.

But Graham, a political conservative, put too much emphasis for Muller's old socialist taste on the genetic increase of intelligence and too little on the genetic increase of altruism. Graham's views, Muller thought, smacked enough of the old eugenics to jeopardize the germinal-choice project. Muller dissociated himself from Graham and abandoned plans for the foundation. Nevertheless, in 1971, four years after Muller's death and despite objections from his widow, Graham created the Hermann J. Muller Repository for Germinal



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Choice. A few years later, he began to collect donations of sperm, exclusively from Nobel laureates—the physicist William Shockley was a donor (the only one to reveal his name)—and to look for healthy and intelligent female recipients. Now housed in an office building in Escondido, California, and formally titled the Repository for Germinal Choice—but with Muller's name listed in its brochure as a co-founder—the Sperm Bank, as it is commonly known, has relaxed the Nobel requirement for donors. Its frozen deposits include, however, only the gametes of scientists. The Repository claims that fifteen offspring owe their paternity to it.

Germinal choice stimulated a good deal of ridicule at an anticipatory distance. Members of the Anglo-American genetics community tended to judge it either socially impractical or scientifically unworkable, or both. (There was word of a telling endorsement for germinal choice from a special, non-scientific quarter. Aldous Huxley was all for the scheme, according to the report of one of Muller's acolytes, who had chatted with the author of "Brave New World." Huxley considered it far superior to the approach of the activists in the early eugenic societies who had wanted to sterilize their genetic inferiors.) Yet well into the nineteen-sixties Muller and his ideas occupied center stage at scientific symposia, and he saw several versions of his 1959 paper into learned print. Support for the principle of germinal choice came, in varying degrees, from points across the spectrum of evolutionists—from the Harvard University systematist Ernst Mayr to the University of Wisconsin population geneticist James F. Crow. Natural selection, Crow observed, was "cruel, blundering, inefficient," while deliberate human selection could aim for "health, intelligence, or happiness." Francis Crick, the co-discoverer of the structure of the genetic material itself—deoxyribonucleic acid, or DNA—pronounced himself in agreement with "practically everything" that Muller had to say, and went on to wonder "why people should have the right to have children." Perhaps, Crick mused, one might have a "licensing scheme," so that "if the parents were genetically unfavorable, they might be allowed to have only one child, or possibly two under certain special circumstances." In 1969, in a *Life* feature entitled "The Second Genesis," the respected science reporter Albert Rosenfeld declared, "We are now entering an era when, as a result of new scientific discoveries, some mind-boggling things are likely to happen. Children may routinely be born of geographically separated or even long-dead parents, virgin births may become relatively common, women may give birth to other women's children, romance and genetics may finally be separated, and a few favored men may be called upon to father thousands of babies."

NO doubt the attention given germinal choice reflected the concern within the biological community and its thoughtful public over the impact of the population explosion. No doubt for a time it reflected the apprehension over the genetic effects of increased radioactivity. Yet germinal choice drew more widespread and serious consideration than had the eutelegenesis of the thirties probably because Muller's advocacy of it coincided with the arrival—or, at least, proclamations of the arrival—of the new biological revolution: genetic engineering.

The term "genetic engineering" was coined in 1965 and rapidly came to denote a cluster of micromanipulations of the reproductive or hereditary process, some of which—cloning, for example—had little to do with genetics. Cloning was originally a botanical technique of asexual reproduction by means of a "cutting." In the genetic-engineering sense, the idea was to select an individual with desirable traits, remove from one of his or her cells the nucleus, with its full set of chromosomes, and substitute it for the nucleus in a recently fertilized egg. The remodelled egg, implanted in a uterus, would then develop into a fully formed fetus with precisely the same genetic complement as the original individual. To some, cloning seemed eugenically preferable to germinal choice, which, joining in the traditional fashion the paternal seed with the maternal egg, allowed for the reproduction in the offspring of only half the genes of the treasured donor. Cloning produced the donor's exact genetic duplicate.

By the end of the sixties, only an amphibian—a frog—had been successfully cloned. The cloning of embryonic mammals appeared in principle within reach, but the cloning of, say, a grown human being, whose genome would have lost its developmental potency, seemed to lie somewhere in the science-fiction future. Not so

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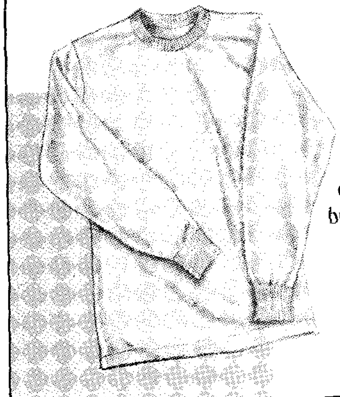

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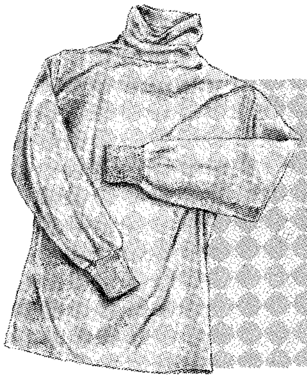

	XS	S	M	L	XL
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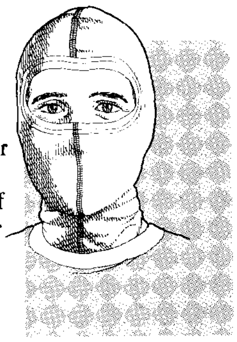

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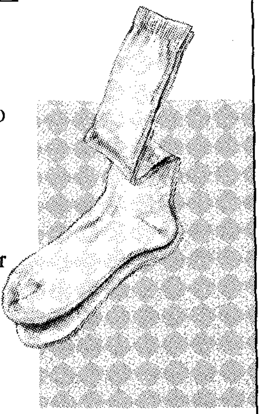

Sock Sizes	XS	S	M	L	XL
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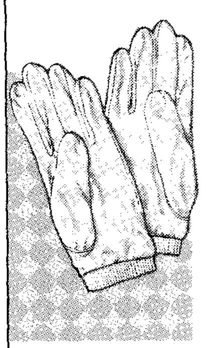
Ladies' Shoe	5½-6	6½-7	7½-8½	9-10	11-11½



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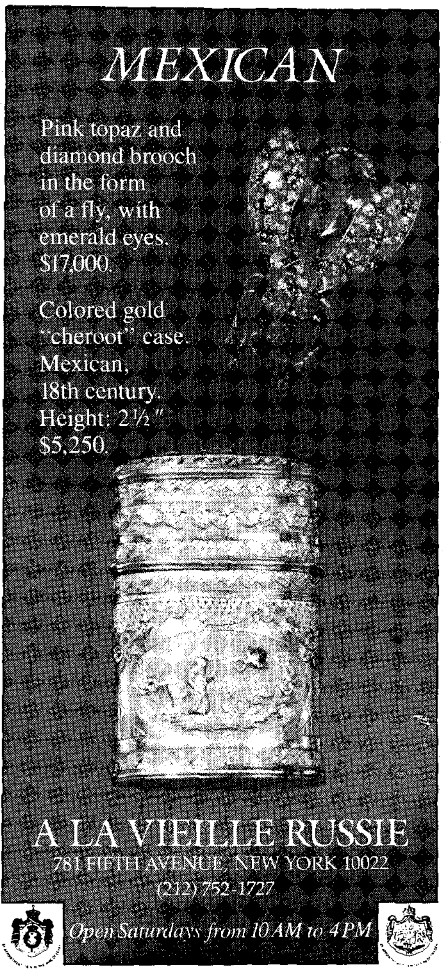
the test-tube fertilization of human embryos. In 1970, Robert G. Edwards, a physiologist at Cambridge University, reported in London to a symposium on the social impact of modern biology, "We can now recover eggs from women some two or three hours before ovulation, fertilize them in culture using ejaculated spermatozoa from the husband, and grow some of them into blastocysts"—that is, the embryonic bundle of cells ready to implant itself on the uterine wall. Edwards and his collaborator, the gynecologist Patrick Steptoe, had so far failed to accomplish implantation and thus create a pregnancy; they intended to keep trying. Their aim was to enable women who were infertile by reason of blocked oviducts to have natural children, but there was speculation that the technique could be extended to genetic engineering. Echoes of ectogenesis were heard in predictions that science might soon learn how to manage gestation from conception to term outside the wombs of women, in the laboratory. Edwards himself suggested that embryos could be typed, and that those found with the genes or chromosomes for disease could be rejected prior to implantation—a procedure that most couples would surely consider preferable to abortion. Or, he added, embryos might even be modified, to rid them of defect.

The prospect of genetic modification stemmed mainly from the triumphs of molecular biology—especially the working out of the genetic code. James Watson and Francis Crick had published the structure of DNA in *Nature* in 1953. By the mid-sixties, a satisfactory theory had been formulated of how the genetic information it contained was translated into the elementary constituents of organisms. The rapid forward march of genetics opened stunning new vistas of human biological engineering. Genes could in principle be repaired simply by modifying a few nucleotides—the sub-units that made up the long DNA molecule—or fashioned de novo by stringing together the right nucleotide sequence. Genetic manipulation, Albert Rosenfeld told readers of his 1969 article, might well "bring into being new species of creatures never before seen or imagined in the universe." Of course, what might be accomplished in principle was, certainly circa 1969, distant from practical achievement. It might be known that the human genetic code was carried in the coils of DNA compacted in the chromosomes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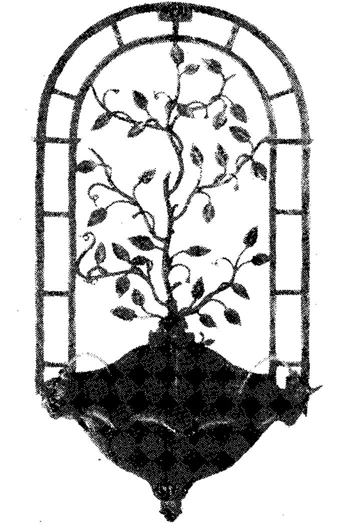
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of the cell nucleus; it was not known where each gene was situated in the tangle, and what function each fulfilled. Human geneticists, and even most molecular biologists, recognized these difficulties, but in the opinion of the latter group especially they were difficulties that molecular genetics would eventually overcome.

In the early sixties, various biologists had begun to develop the techniques of "somatic-cell genetics"—the genetics to be learned from the culturing of ordinary body cells. The techniques included the culturing of hybridized cells made by fusing the cells of two closely related species. The mouse had long been used as a reliable biological proxy for human beings. Mice were genetically close enough to man—they have forty chromosomes, compared with man's forty-six—to make the hybrid viable. In 1967, at New York University, Howard Green and Mary Weiss managed to culture mouse/human hybrid cells through a number of generations. They found that as the cell generations accumulated the number of human chromosomes gradually diminished—a fact with considerable implications for human-genetic research. Consider, for example, that the production of enzymes is controlled by genes. Researchers could monitor the enzymatic activity in each generation of hybridized cells. The activity coming from genes on the mouse chromosomes could be differentiated from that coming from genes on the human ones. If the activity governed by one of the human enzymes disappeared in the same generation as one of the human chromosomes, then researchers would know that the vanished chromosome had contained the gene for that enzyme. In 1968, Green and Weiss, among others, demonstrated that the gene for the enzyme thymidine kinase was situated on the 17-chromosome. This was the first assignment of a single gene to one of the autosomal chromosomes. Other assignments followed rapidly. Identifying the chromosomal seat of a specific human gene did not reveal exactly where on the chromosome that gene—one of a thousand or so—was situated; nevertheless, the cartography of the human genome had begun.

The methods of recombinant DNA, more far-reaching in their implications, developed from the deployment in the early seventies of "restriction enzymes." These remarkable proteins will cut a given strand of DNA at

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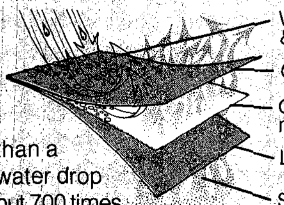

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particular points in its sequence of nucleotides. By appropriate manipulation of the enzymes, a fragment can be snipped from the DNA of one organism—say, a human being—and spliced into that of another, like a bacterium. Inserted in *Escherichia coli*, the recombined DNA will reproduce as rapidly as its bacterial host. The process can thus provide numerous copies of the original fragment—and of whatever biochemical products the code on the fragment would produce. Recombinant DNA promised startling new means of biochemical synthesis and the design of new microorganisms for the performance of specific biochemical tasks. These promises figured in the so-called biotech boom. Others added fresh vigor to the speculations concerning the possibility of manipulating the human genome, for recombinant-DNA techniques promised a quantum leap over one of the major obstacles in the way of human genetic engineering—the difficulty of isolating particular human genes. Once isolated, a given gene or set of genes could be identified, produced in quantity, and, in principle, inserted in the malfunctioning cells of a person suffering from a genetic disease. An adult diabetic, for example, could then obtain his own insulin internally rather than from daily injections. Genetic surgery could be performed on infants, or even on blastocysts. Indeed, an entire human genome could perhaps someday be tailored to whatever specifications might be desired.

Even before the advent of recombinant DNA, Robert L. Sinsheimer, the distinguished molecular biologist at the California Institute of Technology, reached back to Francis Galton to wrest the deeper social meaning from the trends in molecular biology. In 1969, in an article in *Engineering and Science*, he declared, "A new eugenics has arisen, based upon the dramatic increase in our understanding of the biochemistry of heredity and our comprehension of the craft and means of evolution." This new eugenics was not to be confused with the old version of Galton's, Sinsheimer continued. It would require no large-scale social program over many generations, and no pervasive program of social control. The new eugenics could be accomplished on an individual basis: "The old eugenics would have required a continual selection for breeding of the fit, and a culling of the unfit. The new eugenics would permit in principle the conversion of all of the unfit to the

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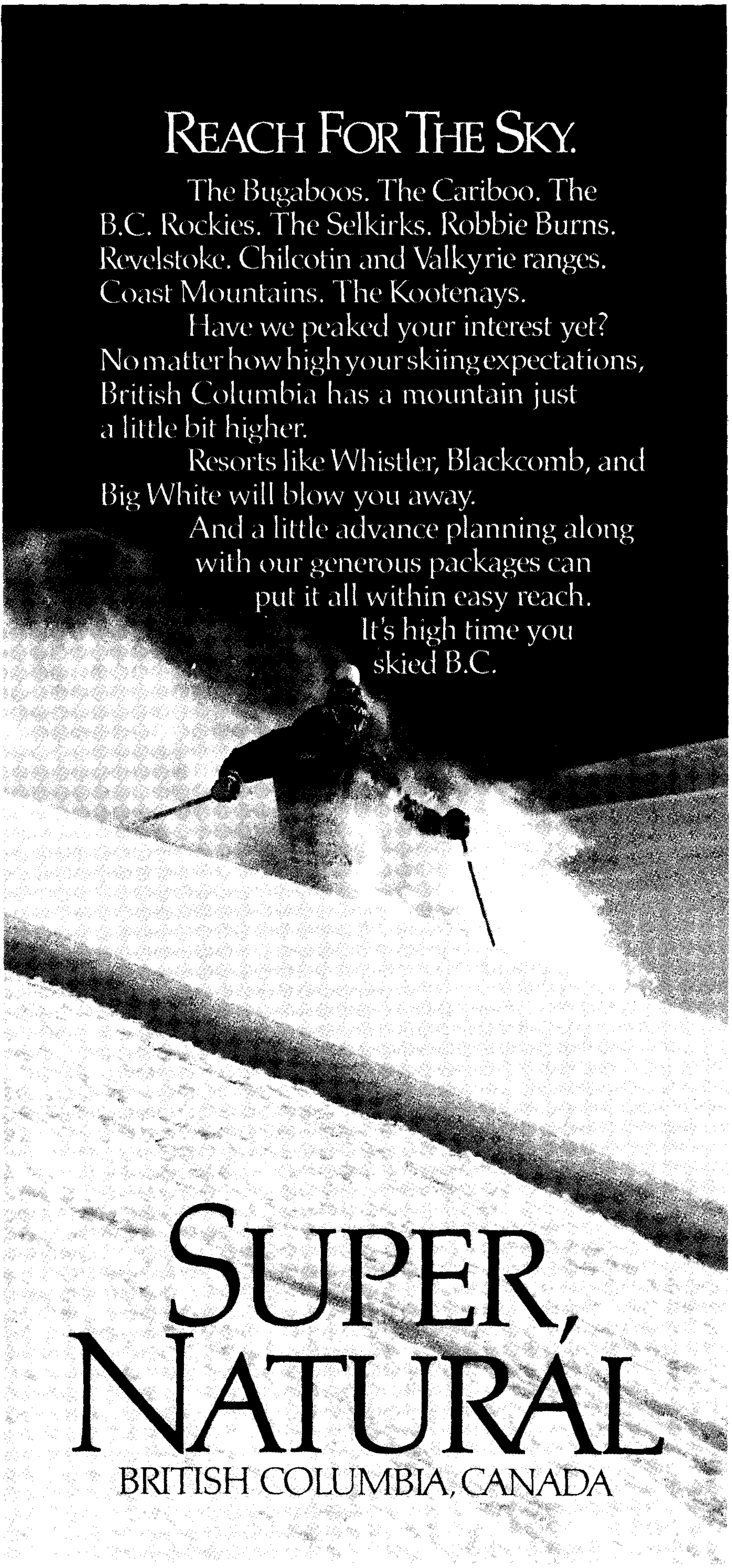
highest genetic level. The old eugenics was limited to a numerical enhancement of the best of our existing gene pool. The horizons of the new eugenics are in principle boundless—for we should have the potential to create new genes and new qualities yet undreamed." Sinsheimer thought the possibility "potentially one of the most important concepts to arise in the history of mankind," and he concluded, "Indeed, this concept marks a turning point in the whole evolution of life. For the first time in all time, a living creature understands its origin and can undertake to design its future. Even in the ancient myths, man was constrained by his essence. He could not rise above his nature to chart his destiny. Today we can envision that chance—and its dark companion of awesome choice and responsibility."

THE arrival of the new eugenics coincided with a sea change in the Anglo-American sociopolitical environment. What had long been assumed—namely, that the principal cause of social pathology was nurture rather than nature—was once again under challenge in the United States and Britain. The challenge was implicit in the so-called white backlash in America; in the declaration of Sir Keith Joseph, who eventually became Margaret Thatcher's Secretary of State for Education and Science, that the poor, proliferating to excess, were leading Britain to "degeneration;" in the budgetary neglect of education in both countries; in the political trend that eventually put Ronald Reagan and Thatcher in office. In the academic world, the challenge was made explicit by the revival of attention given to the issue of race and intelligence.

No single publication did more to precipitate the revival than Arthur B. Jensen's 1969 article in the *Harvard Educational Review*, "How Much Can We Boost I.Q. and Scholastic Achievement?" Jensen, a professor of educational psychology at the University of California at Berkeley, declared himself staunchly for complete equality of social, economic, and educational opportunity for individuals. His quarrel with what he would later term the "zeitgeist of environmentalist egalitarianism" was that it stifled attention to his title question and that it inclined analysts and policymakers to treat people not as individuals but as groups. Currently, for example, the zeitgeist was encouraging a nurture-



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oriented response—compensatory education and the like—to the problem that blacks as a group did *not* do as well in standard academic competition as whites as a group. This response presumed that in the sort of abstract abilities that figured in academic work blacks as a group were by nature as capable as whites. Yet the data of black performance on I.Q. tests were well known: on the average, blacks scored about fifteen points lower than whites. Environmental deprivation was the prevailing explanation of the difference, but the prevailing explanation, Jensen declared, could be wrong.

"The possible importance of genetic factors in racial and behavioral differences has been greatly ignored," Jensen asserted, "almost to the point of being a tabooed subject, just as were the topics of venereal disease and birth control a generation or so ago." They ought not to be ignored, he went on. He noted that races differed physiologically, anatomically, and biochemically, and declared, "There is no reason to suppose that the brain should be exempt from this generalization." It was reasonable "to hypothesize that genetic factors may play a part" in racial differences in I.Q.-test performance. Jensen had steeped himself in the principles, methods, and results of human population genetics. His article, a hundred and twenty-three pages long, reviewed the extensive literature on the subject which explored the relationship of heredity to intelligence—principally twin and foster-child studies extending back forty years or more. Jensen advanced his assessments with the standard hedges ("there might be") and the double negatives ("it seems not unreasonable") of scholarly discourse. Yet Jensen was an intellectual disciple of the British hereditarian psychologist Cyril Burt—it was through Burt's works that he had first approached the issue of heredity and intelligence. For all the hedges, there was no mistaking his belief: it was highly probable that the average difference in I.Q. scores between blacks and whites indicated an average difference in native scholastic intelligence.

Jensen coupled black-white genetic differences with the high inner-city birthrate to raise the hoariest of main-line-eugenic issues—the possibility of dysgenic trends in urban slums. For several years, William Shockley had been arguing that the failure to explore fully the subject of race and intelligence was keeping society ignorant of the knowledge to combat such trends. In October of 1969, apparently reënergized by Jensen, Shockley urged the National Academy of Sciences to encourage research into the possibility that the quality of the United States population was deteriorating genetically—a proposal that the Academy considered but that it eventually went no further toward endorsing than to recommend greater interdisciplinary coöperation between behavioral genetics and such fields as psychology and education. In the spring of 1971, during the Academy's annual meeting, Shockley explained to reporters, "Diagnosis will, I believe, confirm that our nobly intended welfare programs are promoting dysgenics—retrogressive evolution through the disproportionate reproduction of the genetically disadvantaged." Shockley thought that such reproduction was "so much more severe" among blacks than among whites that the disparity threatened the next generation of blacks with "genetic enslavement"—a predestined subordination akin to that of one of the lower-ranking breeds in "Brave New World."

Meanwhile, people who had no concern with the gene pool or with alleged black-white genetic differences complained bitterly about rising welfare costs, juvenile delinquency, and the high birthrate among lower-income groups. Whatever their concern, many were rediscovering a simple countermeasure in sterilization. In 1971, Shockley suggested to the annual convention of the American Psychological Association that the sterilization of people of low intelligence might be encouraged through a system of financial incentives, the amount of payment to be proportional to the number of points below 100 that the candidate for sterilization scored on an I.Q. test. Mental-health administrators could deploy more persuasive methods of encouragement. In the sixties, state legislatures had begun repealing compulsory sterilization laws in favor of statutes that authorized sterilization on a voluntary basis—in some cases for classic eugenic purposes, in many for the benefit of mentally retarded patients. But in a number of state mental institutions inmates, especially women, were not released unless they first submitted to "voluntary" sterilization. Administrative practice de facto frequently required the same of mentally deficient people, institutionalized or not, who wanted to marry. If federal funds were to be used for sterilizations in health

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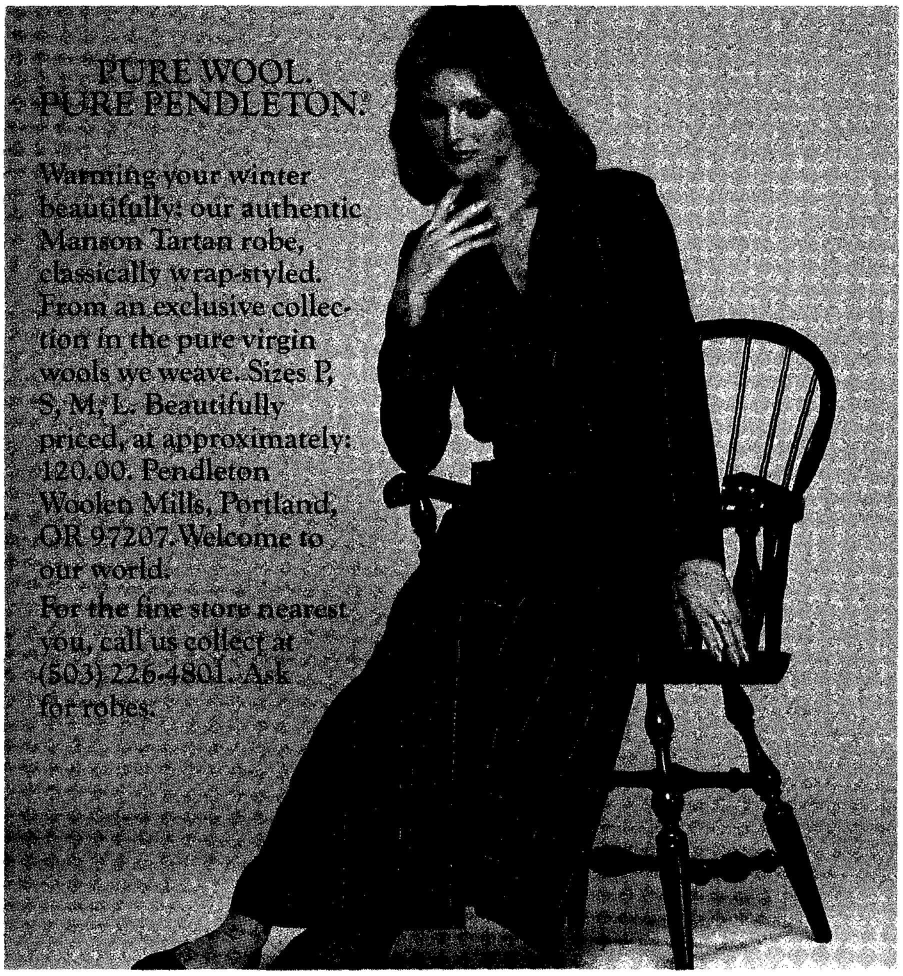

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and welfare programs, consent was required, but in 1976 the requirement was reported to have been utterly ignored in the sterilization of thousands of women by the Indian Health Service. And the requirement had been interpreted with deplorable latitude in dealing with other minority-group women. In 1973, national attention was given to the news that two Southern black sisters, aged twelve and fourteen, had been sterilized under the auspices of the Office of Economic Opportunity. "Consent" had been obtained from the mother, in the form of her mark "X," but she later said that she thought her daughters were simply going to be given some shots. In a 1975 study prepared for the President's Committee on Mental Retardation, Monroe Price and Robert Burt, professors at the U.C.L.A. and University of Michigan law schools, respectively, declared, "We are not too far removed, in time or in ideology, from Justice Holmes and Buck v. Bell." People were "too sophisticated to talk eugenics, at least out loud," the professors noted, and they continued, "The language of 'fiscal responsibility' and 'parenting environment' [makes] a more appealing case than the rhetoric of 'wards of the state' and 'menace to society.' "

Indeed, in the renewed claims of a dependence of intelligence upon race or class, the revived apprehensions about a differential birthrate, the fresh resort to sterilizations, there was a good deal to have warmed the heart of an early twentieth-century mainline eugenicist. There was nothing in any of it that a Robert Sinsheimer could approve. His "new eugenics" was an extension of the reformist program that had colored the social connotation of human genetics since the nineteen-thirties. All the same, to a number of observers even the eugenics of chromosomes and enzymes, of medical applications and utopian visions, threatened in practice to shade over into some of the old mainline sins.

In the early sixties, British geneticists had noticed that male inmates of prisons or mental institutions displayed a higher incidence of a particular sex-chromosome anomaly—the so-called XYY anomaly—than did males in the general population. A research team in Edinburgh headed by the cytogeneticist Patricia Jacobs reported in *Nature* in 1965 that it had found males with an extra Y chromosome in disproportionately high numbers among inmates of a Scottish hospital for the treatment of patients with "dangerous, violent, or criminal propensities." Jacobs raised the speculation that males with an extra Y were disposed to unusually aggressive behavior. (In fact, in a study of some forty-one hundred men in Denmark which was published in 1976, a team of Danish and American researchers found that XYY males were more than twice as likely as XY males from the same socioeconomic group to be convicted of crimes. However, the evidence suggested that the higher conviction rate among the XYY males was the result of lower than average intelligence, not of an unusual propensity to aggressiveness. They had none, the team concluded, since crimes of violence were no more frequent among the XYY males than among the XY ones.) Jacobs' speculation was advanced with strong caveats about the actual role, if any, of the extra Y in aggressive behavior, but all caveats were lost in the explosion of publicity that followed. Various scientists, legal scholars, and public officials argued that XYY males were almost certainly prone to criminal violence, and suggested that they be identified through screening programs and kept under scrutiny.

In the United States, a former health-systems analyst in the office of the Surgeon General was quoted in a 1974 *Fortune* article as saying that some five billion dollars could be profitably spent over twenty years to reduce the incidence of Down's syndrome by a program of voluntary diagnosis and abortion; if the reduction amounted to fifty per cent, society would save some eighteen billion dollars. He also estimated that similar programs aimed at other genetic diseases might bring the saving to between seventy-five and a hundred billion dollars, and declared, "If we allow our genetic problems to get out of hand . . . we as a society run the risk of overcommitting ourselves to the care of and maintenance of a large population of mentally deficient patients at the expense of other urgent social problems." Paul Ramsey, a professor of religion at Princeton University, devoted considerable thought to the ethics of human genetic control. He saw no difference in principle between requiring premarital blood tests and premarital genetic tests, and in 1970, in his book "Fabricated Man," he proposed that the states might use their marriage-licensing power to prevent the transmission of "grave dominantly inherited diseases," explaining,

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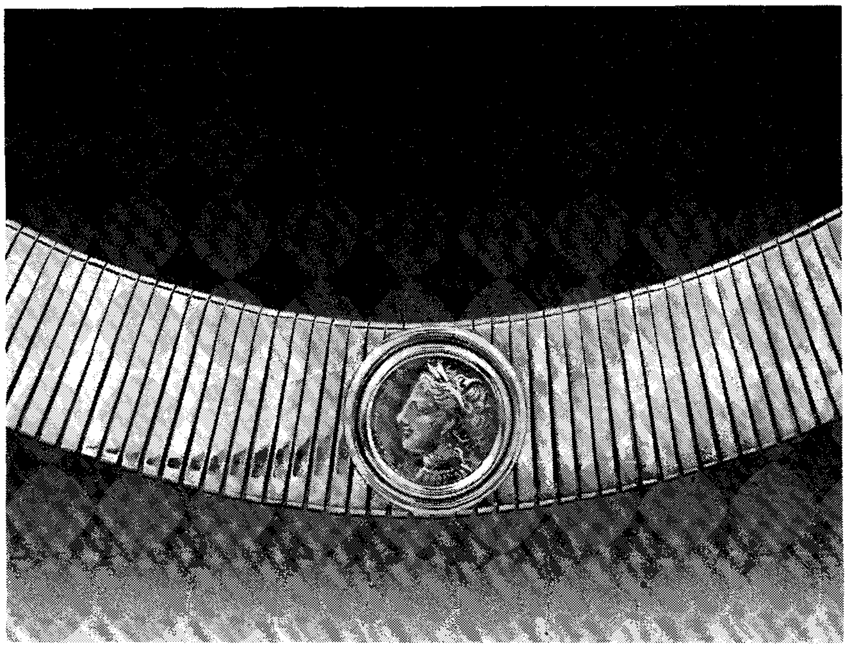
"The freedom of parenthood is a freedom to good parentage, not a license to produce seriously defective individuals to bear their own burdens." As though taking a leaf from Ramsey's book, the Chicago Bar Association urged in 1974 that the Illinois marriage laws require premarital tests for "diseases or abnormalities causing birth defects." The Bar Association lawyers also suggested that Illinois might, if and when the feat became technically possible, require from applicants the correction of the genes for certain race-specific maladies—for example, Tay-Sachs or sickle-cell anemia—before it issued a marriage license.

Genetic-screening programs already placed the individual's right to privacy in jeopardy. In a number of states, they were compulsory. In the early seventies, major American corporations had begun screening prospective employees, and these programs threatened to restrict employment opportunities for people alleged to be genetically susceptible to hazards in the workplace. As it happened, the programs were often marred by technical confusion or ignorance. The preamble of the National Sickle Cell Anemia Control Act, for instance, opened with the blatantly erroneous statement that two million Americans suffered from sickle-cell "disease." The fact was that two million carried the harmless sickle-cell trait; fewer than a hundred thousand had the disease. Public attention was given to the deaths, in 1968 and 1969, of four seemingly healthy black Army recruits during basic training at Fort Bliss, in El Paso, Texas. Autopsies showed that all four had severe *sickling of the red blood cells.* The sickling could have been a consequence of death, but it was judged to have been the cause: it was thought to have occurred because of an oxygen deficit brought about by physical stress at the camp's thirty-seven-hundred-foot altitude. Subsequently, people with the sickle-cell trait—because of the fear that their red blood cells might sickle at high altitudes—were prohibited from entering the Air Force Academy, restricted to ground jobs by various major commercial air carriers, and often charged higher premiums by insurance companies. By late 1972, not long after the sickle-cell act was passed, some spokesmen of the black community in the United States were indicting sickle-cell-screening programs as racially discriminatory, a form of anti-black eugenics, and even a step toward genocide.

Postnatal screening programs for PKU might not be racially charged, but they appeared to rest on undue technical confidence. Critical assessments revealed that the Guthrie test for PKU produced some positive results that were false, and that if it was administered too soon after birth it could fail to identify some infants who in fact had the disorder. The consequences of false diagnosis could be dire: a phenylalanine-deficient diet given to non-PKU children could result in disability, and PKU infants fed on a normal diet would likely develop mental retardation. Marc Lappé, a biologist in the California State Department of Health Services and a sharp and persistent critic of genetic screening, pronounced the PKU picture decidedly "blemished," not least because of the "overly sanguine and simplistic views of the first screeners." Genetic-screening laws struck Jonathan Beckwith, a professor of microbiology and molecular genetics at Harvard Medical School, as potentially "the opening wedge for a eugenics program." In 1974, in an article in *Psychology Today*, Beckwith and two younger coauthors warned that "in the age of the technological fix, this country is heading for genetic and behavioral control of society." They continued, "Who will exercise the control? Who will make the decisions about which genes are defective, and which behavior abnormal? Who will make the decisions about the genetic worth of prospective human beings?"

Such concerns stimulated the formation of a diverse coalition of dissenters from the new eugenics. As in the interwar years, the coalition included civil libertarians, members of the political left (the so-called New Left of the day), and minority-group leaders—especially prominent Catholics. It also included a new identifiable group—the professional ethicists, some of them secular scholars and intellectuals, others clerics of various faiths. Particularly influential was the small corps gathered by Daniel Callahan, an intellectually adventurous Catholic layman who heads the Institute for Society, Ethics, and the Life Sciences, also known as the Hastings Center, in Hastings-on-Hudson, New York, where in the early seventies affiliates like Marc Lappé began to explore the social and moral conundrums arising from the uses of human genetics. The demand for social responsibility on the part of science was particularly strong among younger members of the med-



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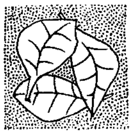
ico-scientific community who had been radicalized or moved to dissent by the Vietnam War, but there also appeared a socially critical—and self-critical—trend among many of their older colleagues. In the late sixties and early seventies, numerous conferences were held on ethics and the new genetics, virtually all of them including a complement of concerned biomedical scientists.

Many of the dissident scientists aimed withering fire at the renewed hereditarian claims for I.Q. The publication of Arthur Jensen's 1969 article stimulated an astonishing outpouring of critical debate and writings. (According to Richard Lewontin, the Harvard University population geneticist, Jensen became "the most discussed and least read essayist since Karl Marx.") Some of the fire aimed at Jensen resembled storm-trooper harassment, including the disruption of his lectures and classes. The *Harvard Educational Review* responded to the tumult by stopping sale of the issue in which Jensen's article appeared and refusing to send him the reprints of the piece usually made available to a scholarly author. The editors, under attack from parts of the academic community, eventually halted the suppression; they had defended it at the time on the ground that the article could not properly be circulated without accompanying rebuttals. This type of response to Jensen made for one of the more deplorable episodes in the annals of academic freedom—one of the more counterproductive, too, since for a time it clouded the exposure of the many serious intellectual flaws that numerous critics found in what had come to be called Jensenism.



Jensen contended in his article that intelligence tests, though they did not assess all mental ability, did measure a type of intelligence that was as objectively real as atoms or genes. From his review of the literature on heredity and intelligence he extracted a fundamental claim, which he based on the technical concept of "heritability." In its technical sense, "heritability" is defined by geneticists as that fraction of the variance in a characteristic—say, I.Q.—within a given group which is accounted for by genetic differences. The studies that Jensen had reviewed concluded that heritability in I.Q. scores was high. This conclusion led Jensen to the most critical step in his argument: blacks and whites differed on the average in the measure of an entity—intelligence—that was largely "heritable" within each of the two groups; it was therefore highly probable that the difference between the two groups was based in part on a hereditary biological difference—a difference in genetic makeup.

Jensen's assertion of the high heritability of intelligence rested in part on the studies of twins conducted by Cyril Burt, which were revealed as fraudulent in the early seventies by the Princeton psychologist Leon Kamin. The debunking of Burt undermined but did not devastate Jensen's claims. Far more telling was the scrutiny given his arguments by the critics, who indicted him for various methodological and epistemological sins. Most had been committed by his forebears in the annals of genetics and intelligence, a number of whose works he relied on, and the charges against Jensen strongly echoed those brought by prior critics—notably Lancelot Hogben—against the hereditarian school. The most penetrating arguments were marshalled in articles by Richard Lewontin, himself something of a latter-day Hogben—an outspoken and idiosyncratic Marxist, a polymath, and an eminent population geneticist, who mixed brilliance with a remarkable mastery of biological facts and statistical inference.

To Lewontin, the evidence that Jensen offered in support of his case was "irrelevant." Part of the variation in I.Q. scores within a group actually tested might be attributed to heritability; this did not mean that the variation in every similar group arose to the same degree from a hereditary factor. Heritability estimates were specific to the particular group surveyed, and to the particular environment in which that group was found. Hence, heritability estimates were not measures of universal cause but indicators of local environmental and genetic circumstance. Lewontin pointed out the "fundamental error" of Jensen's argument: heritability estimates applied only to the analysis of differences *within* groups; Jensen had erred in using heritability to help account for the difference in scores *between* two groups, in this case, whites and blacks—a use of the concept which, Lewontin said, was technically "meaningless." Moreover, like Hogben, Lewontin stressed the pitfalls involved in comparing any two groups: environmental differences could make genetically identical organisms seem geneti-

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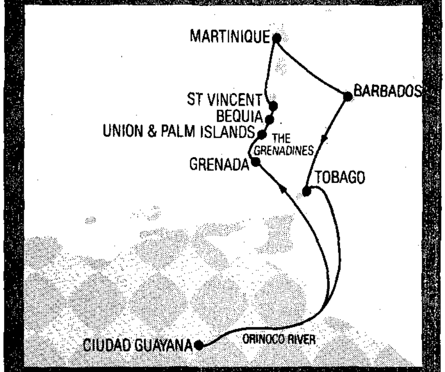

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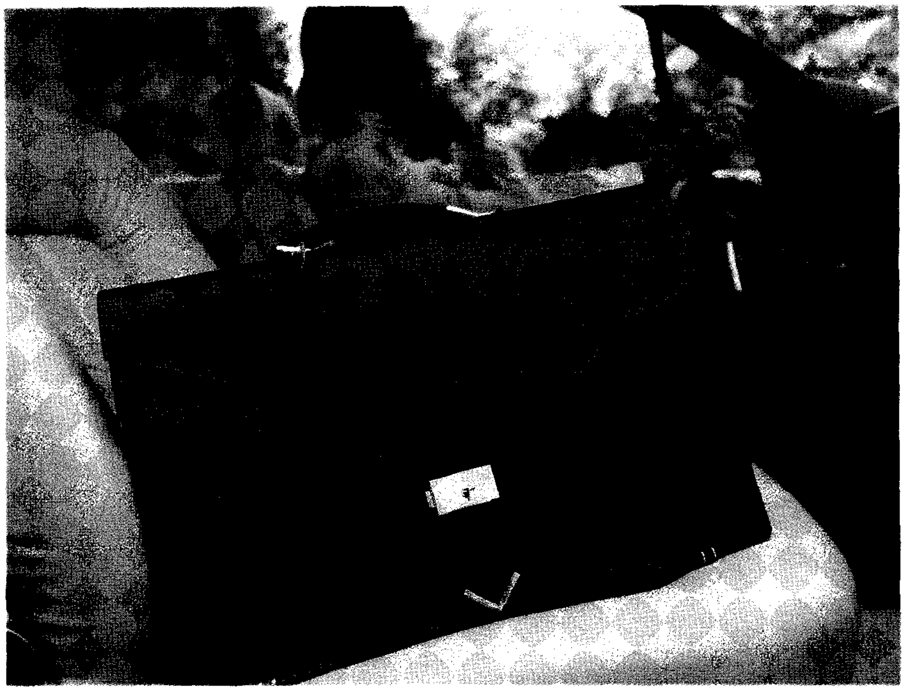
cally unequal, or genetically disparate organisms seem genetically similar. It was true that Jensen, recognizing the importance of adjusting for environmental disparities, had made a point of observing that blacks scored lower than whites of the same socioeconomic status, but in this regard Lewontin thought him "biologically naive." How did Jensen know the major environmental sources of difference in I.Q.-test performance?

Luigi Luca Cavalli-Sforza and Walter Bodmer, in an influential article in the October, 1970, issue of *Scientific American*, pointed to the same flaw. Bodmer, a professor of genetics at Oxford, and Cavalli-Sforza, a population geneticist at the University of Pavia, had recently completed their joint classic treatise "The Genetics of Human Populations." Both had, at different times, been students of Ronald Fisher's; they met in the late nineteen-fifties in Fisher's laboratory at Cambridge University, and they became friends and collaborators in 1962, when they taught a joint course at Stanford University. Both brought to the issue of race and intelligence not only enormous expertise but also the sharp perspective of foreigners acquainted with American culture. They added their own echoes of Hogben to the debate by emphasizing a number of elements that had a possible role in the production of apparent intelligence differences, including variations in the uterine environment, protein-deficient diets, and cultural legacy. They also queried Jensen's assumption that for blacks and whites similar socioeconomic status meant similar environments:

> Black schools are well known to be generally less adequate than white schools, so that equal numbers of years of schooling certainly do not mean equal educational attainment. Wide variation in the level of occupation must exist within each occupational class. Thus one would certainly expect, even for equivalent occupational classes, that the black level is on the average lower than the white. No amount of money can buy a black person's way into a privileged upper-class white community, or buy off more than 200 years of accumulated racial prejudices on the part of the whites, or reconstitute the disrupted black family, in part culturally inherited from the days of slavery. It is impossible to accept the idea that matching for status provides an adequate, or even a substantial, control over the most important environmental differences between blacks and whites.

The difficulty of establishing such methodological control by any other means was immense—indeed, very



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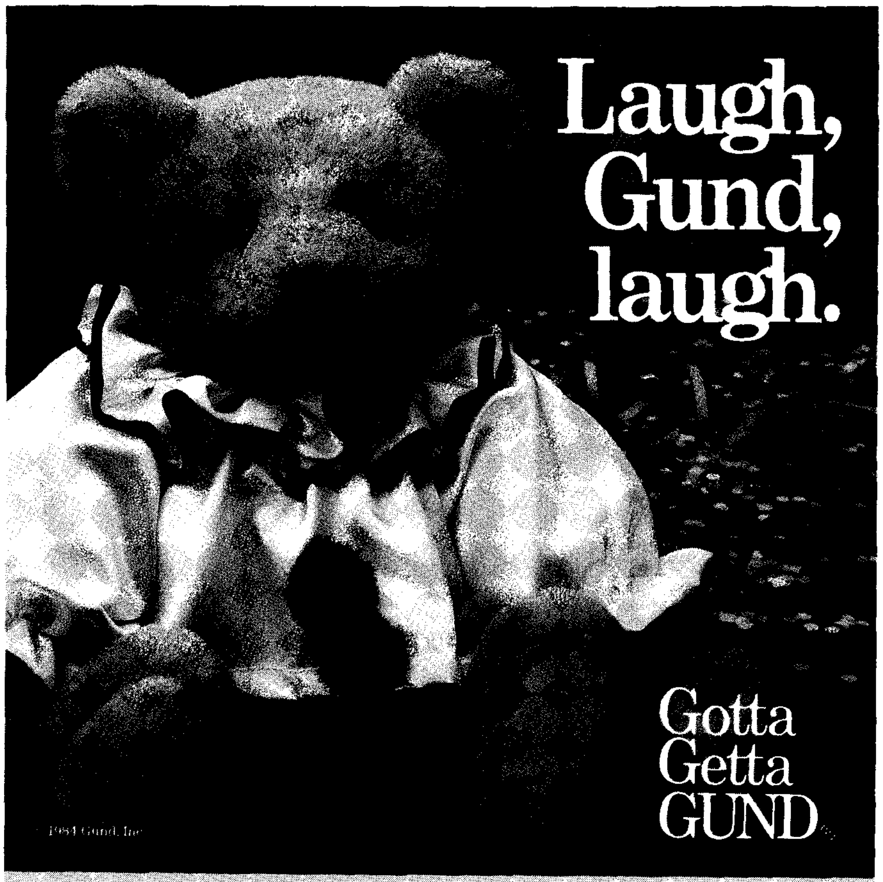

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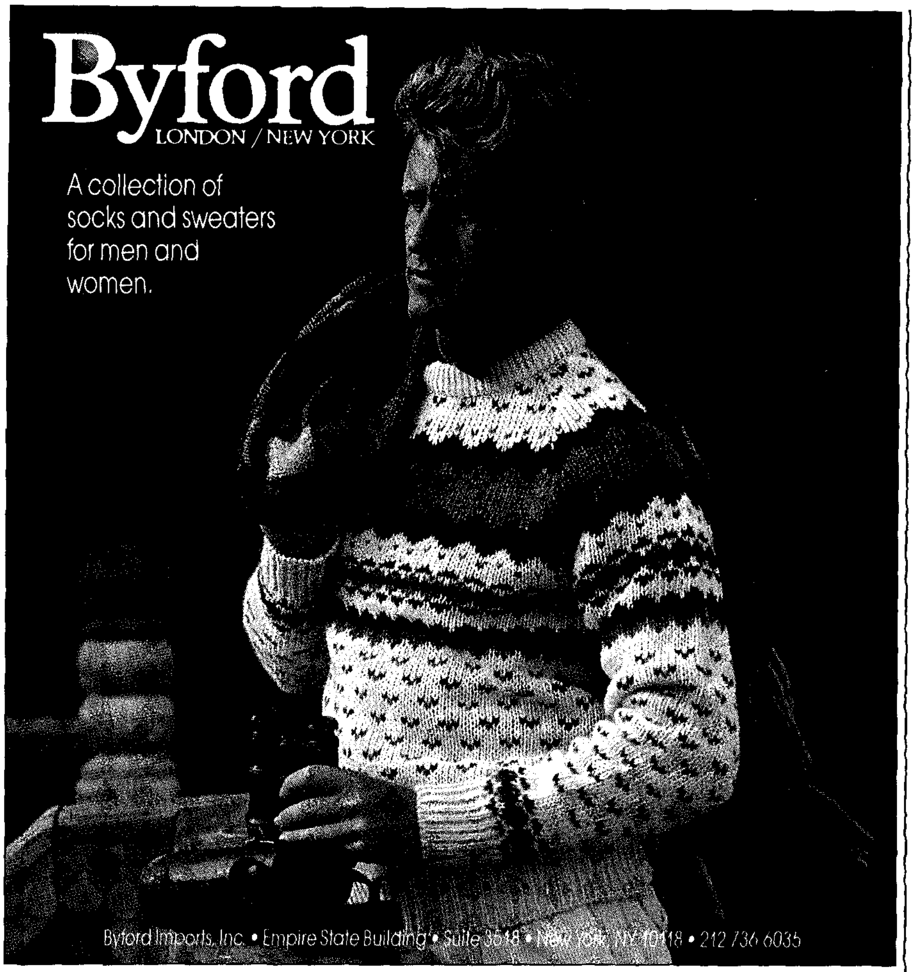

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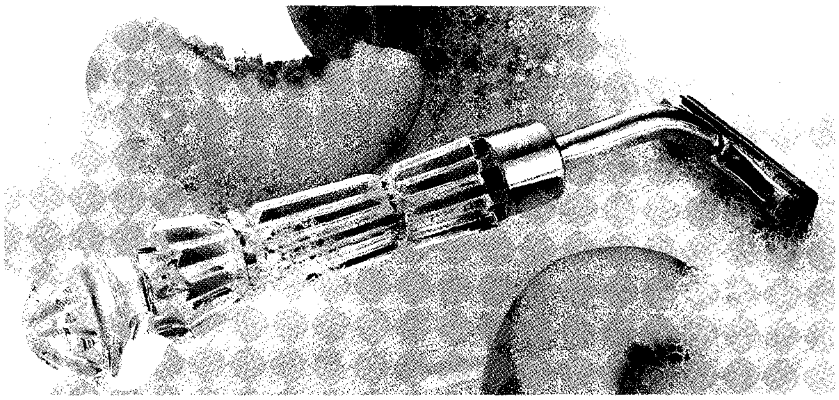

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likely insurmountable. Bodmer and Cavalli-Sforza concluded, in an apparent rebuttal of William Shockley's repeated calls for research into racial differences in intelligence, "For the present at least, no good case can be made for such studies on either scientific or practical grounds."

Now, as in the interwar period, there was no evidence that the higher birthrate of blacks or other lower-income groups was polluting the human gene pool. Many of the new dissidents argued that it was arbitrary, too, to talk about "genetic load" without, as Lionel Penrose had once noted, having some notion of what constituted genetic "fitness." So the public biologists of the interwar years had asserted, but now the point that variant genes could be judged useful, harmful, or neutral only in the context of a given environment could be substantiated by genetic fact. The gene for sickle-cell anemia, for instance, though frequently lethal in its homozygous expression, in its heterozygous form evidently conferred resistance to malaria. The human race, it was increasingly clear, was genetically polymorphic to a dizzying degree. Eliminate that immense variation, and the race would be "genetically frozen," as Penrose had put it in "The Outline of Human Genetics." Enlarge it—as seemed to be happening in the modern age, with the mixture and interbreeding of previously separated human groups—and, in Penrose's words, there would be an increase in "the number of man's possible inborn reactions, whether physical or psychological, to his rapidly changing civilized environment."

Indeed, the use of genetic screening and selective abortion could well bring about dysgenic results. In the absence of amniocentesis, a couple who had, say, a Tay-Sachs child might choose to have no more children. They would thus not transmit their recessive Tay-Sachs genes to the next generation. With amniocentesis, the couple could successively abort Tay-Sachs fetuses until they bore as many normal children as they desired, practicing what human geneticists call "reproductive compensation." But there would be a two-in-three chance that the recessive Tay-Sachs gene would be transmitted, via each normal offspring, to the succeeding generation. Instead of decreasing the incidence of deleterious genes in the population, amniocentesis and abortion would over time likely increase it. In fifty generations, it was

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calculated, the frequency of carriers of the recessive cystic-fibrosis gene would rise from five in a hundred to seven and a half in a hundred—an increase of fifty per cent.

For some, that might be reason enough to oppose abortion, but more powerful arguments against the taking of prenatal life came from a special wing of anti-eugenicists—the right-to-life movement. The wing was made up largely of Catholics and fundamentalist Protestants, but it also included secular ethicists and others unable to reconcile abortion with the sanctity of human life. Although the number of abortions carried out as a consequence of adverse prenatal diagnosis constitutes a minuscule fraction of all legal abortions each year in the United States and Britain, a number of right-to-life advocates have equated genetic counselling with abortion and have sought to intimidate private organizations that support such counselling. The National Foundation–March of Dimes, while denying that severe fire from the movement influenced its policies, disclosed in 1978 that it intended to reduce its considerable support of genetic-services programs. In 1976, a major appropriation bill was amended to limit the use of Medicaid funds for abortions to the termination of pregnancies that endangered the mother's life or resulted from promptly reported rape or incest. In 1980, the Supreme Court upheld the amendment by a narrow majority, despite arguments that it violated the right of equal protection of the laws in that it singled out abortion as a medical service to be denied lower-income women. The omnibus National Genetic Diseases Act of 1976 languished unfunded for two years, perhaps in part because of right-to-life pressure. Although it enjoyed limited funding thereafter, in 1981 the Reagan Administration virtually abolished the federal role in genetic programs by burying the money for them in an omnibus block grant to the states for maternal and child health. There, in competition with numerous other programs for the reduced public-health dollar, genetic services have fared poorly.

Ironically, the principal figure in the discovery of trisomy-21—the leading cause of post-amniocentesis abortion—emerged in the seventies as a prominent spokesman of anti-abortion groups on both sides of the Atlantic. From the rostrum of the American Society of Human Genetics, Jérôme

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Lejeune made his position on abortion clear: if the American biomedical community truly sought to decide which embryos were not worthy of eventual birth, it should establish a new research entity, the "National Institute of Death." Lejeune, a Catholic, stressed in a recent conversation that his uncompromising objection to abortion proceeds as much from medical as from religious principle. "Amniocentesis and abortion injure the practice of medical science," he argues. "They have transformed the traditional goal of medicine from a cure to an attack on the patient. Young medical-genetics students ask me these days why I continue to work on trisomy-21—after all, Down's fetuses can be discarded. I think of trisomy-21 as a symptom of disease. The students think of it as a symptom of death." Such attitudes, Lejeune claims, diminish biomedical research on Down's syndrome and on other forms of congenital mental deficiency, and that is medically dangerous. "Only a very small number of Down's-syndrome children are detected by amniocentesis," he explains. "Most physicians do not recommend the procedure for women under thirty-five. The probability of giving birth to a Down's child is lower for a younger woman, but since they bear so many more children than those over thirty-five, they produce a majority of all Down's-syndrome offspring." In the seventies, Lejeune began to explore the biochemical nature of Down's syndrome in what most geneticists regard as a quixotic attempt to understand why a third 21-chromosome yields such debilitating results. But he looks forward, he says, "to the day when a mongolian idiot, treated biochemically, becomes a successful geneticist."

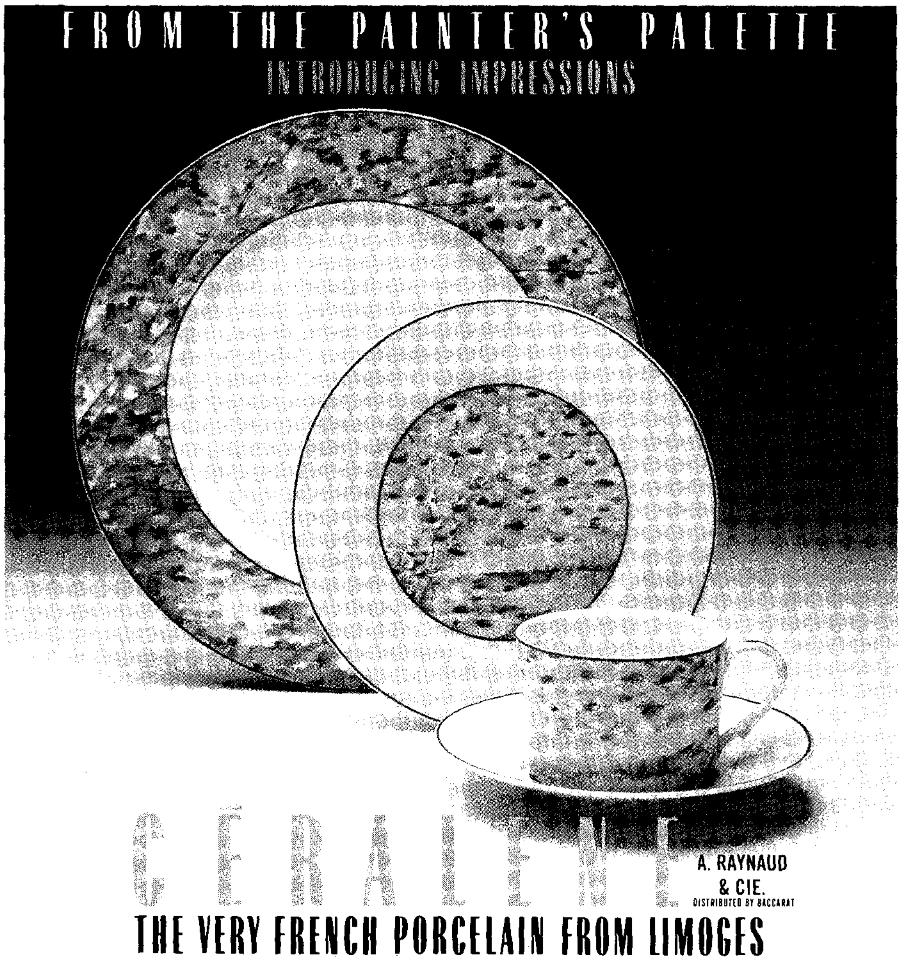
Divided though they were on the abortion issue, the dissidents of the seventies tended to agree with Daniel Callahan's judgment that "we will indeed have descended into the pit if we make genetic perfection a condition for the right to exist." They denied that any increase in genetic load would unduly burden the health-care system. The calculations concerning load were far from precise. In any case, it was hardly sensible to base reproductive decisions, let alone public policy, in the present on uncertain predictions of consequences a millennium in the future. Moreover, some genetic disorders could already be dealt with therapeutically—through diet, vitamins, surgery, enzyme induction, or drugs. Still more might be prevented by cleansing the physical environment of pollutants. There was no sentence of perpetual doom in every current gene-environment mismatch. Though man might fail, he might also succeed in fashioning an environment salutary to his genetic endowment. He was more likely to fail at the reverse, at fashioning a superior genetic endowment—the goal of positive eugenics, of genetic engineering. Even with all that had been learned about human heredity, positive eugenics still appeared thoroughly problematic. The arguments for maintaining human genetic variation worked as powerfully against positive-eugenic schemes as against negative-eugenic ones. No one knew what combinations of genes produced genius. Perhaps valuable traits were reinforced by unattractive or debilitating counterparts. Might not Dostoyevski's genius, the renowned evolutionist Theodosius Dobzhansky asked, have been in some way conditioned by his suffering from epilepsy?

Moreover, artificial insemination raised difficult legal and ethical issues, ranging from legitimacy and child support to liability for birth defects. So did in-vitro fertilization. If the embryo was faulty, should it be discarded? The biomedical ethicist Leon Kass inquired, "Who decides the grounds for discard? What if there is another recipient available who wishes to have the otherwise unwanted embryo? Whose embryos are they? The woman's? The couple's? The geneticist's? The obstetrician's? The Ford Foundation's? . . . Shall we say that discarding laboratory-grown embryos is a matter solely between a doctor and his plumber?" Kass, extending his animadversions to cloning, doubted whether Mozart, Newton, or Einstein would have consented to be genetically duplicated. "Indeed, should we not assert as a principle that any so-called great man who *did* consent to be cloned should on that basis be disqualified, as possessing too high an opinion of himself and of his genes? Can we stand an increase in arrogance?"

Finally, some critics warned against subverting the "mystery" of human existence. A 1969 *Life* magazine poll by Louis Harris revealed that only one out of three people in the United States approved of artificial insemination to assist couples to become parents; a majority objected to any sort of genetic methods aimed at producing superior human beings. The President's Commission for the Study of Ethical Problems in Medicine and Biomedical and Behavioral Research, set up in 1980, reported two years later that public concern expressed about the recombinant splicing of human genes seemed "to reflect a deeper anxiety that work in this field might remake human beings, like Dr. Frankenstein's monster." The commission thought such concerns exaggerated. Nevertheless, it observed that "genetic-engineering techniques are not only a powerful new tool for manipulating nature—including means of curing human illness—but also a challenge to some deeply held feelings about the meaning of being human and of family lineage."

FOR all the vociferous objections to the new eugenics, most authorities on health, disease, and reproduction tend strongly to believe that though there may be problems with genetic screening, counselling, and therapy, the lesson to be drawn is surely not to proscribe them. People need and deserve to have whatever information may be available concerning genetic risks, genetic disorders, and modes of treatment.

Genetic disorders are now known to occur in between four and five per cent of all live births, and chromosomal disorders—for example, Down's syndrome—in at least a half per cent. The percentages may be small, but the absolute annual numbers in the United States suggest a wrenching magnitude of individual afflictions—up to a hundred and sixty-five thousand abnormal infants, including six thousand to eight thousand babies with neural-tube defects like spina bifida, five thousand cases of Down's syndrome, fifteen hundred of cystic fibrosis, at least a thousand of sickle-cell anemia. Genetic and chromosomal illnesses or malformations are reported to account for between twenty and thirty per cent of all pediatric hospital admissions. Twelve per cent of all adult hospital admissions are said to involve illnesses with a significant genetic component. At least fifteen per cent of all diagnoses for mental retardation report it as unambiguously hereditary. One of the most powerful sources of pressure for further research and treatment in medical genetics has come from the victims of genetic diseases and their families. Many are organized in private foundations, including the National Genetics Foundation, the Hereditary Disease Foundation, the Na-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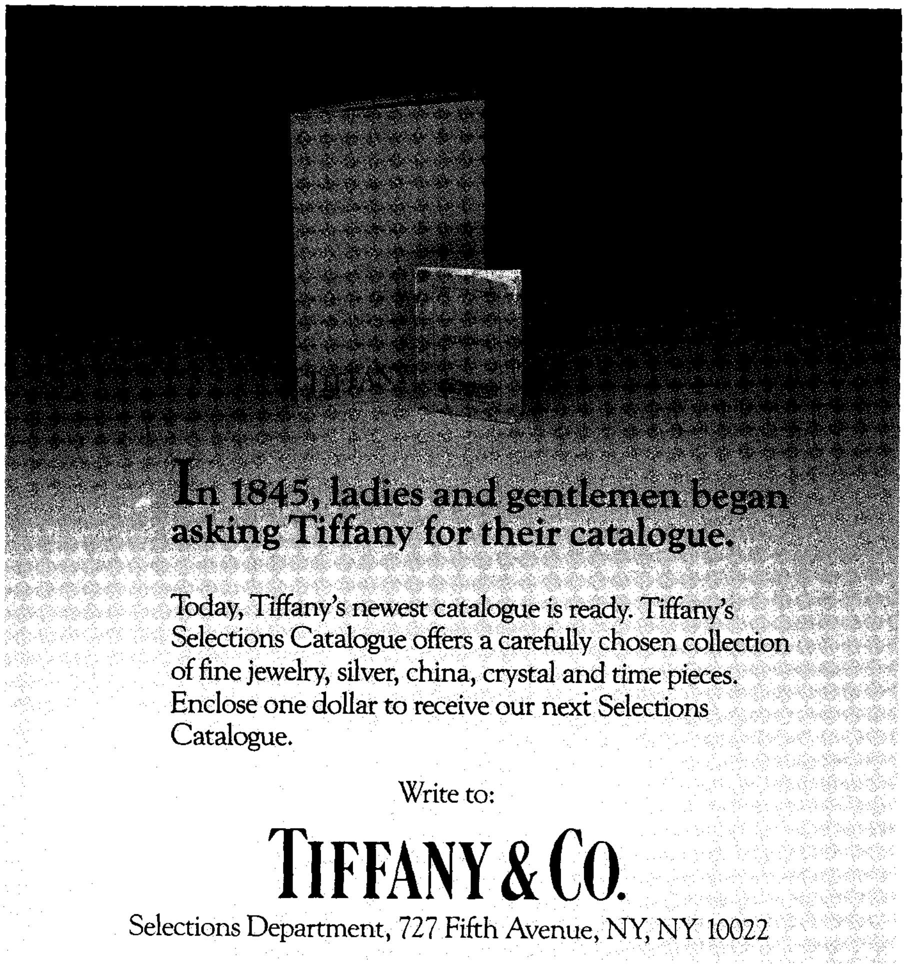
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tional Hemophilia Foundation, the Cooley's Anemia Foundation, the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation, and the Huntington's Disease Foundation of America. They not only support research but also lobby for their constituencies. Not surprisingly, they tend to take a skeptical view of the distress voiced in recent years over interference with the human genome, and they welcome the powerful new tools for prenatal diagnosis emerging from the methods of recombinant DNA.

Prenatal biochemical tests for genetic disorders depend upon detection of the protein associated with the defective gene. The protein, however, cannot be easily or safely detected in numerous cases—notably sickle-cell anemia. (The telltale hemoglobin can be obtained only by direct extraction of fetal blood—a procedure extremely hazardous to the fetus.) With recombinant-DNA technology, the examination of the protein can be sidestepped and the relevant DNA itself analyzed directly. The trick relies on choosing a restriction enzyme that will *cut from the* DNA chain a strand containing or adjoining the gene of interest. The points cut by the restriction enzyme are at a known distance from each other on the normal chain; any abnormality in their neighborhood will cause these points to shift, and thus a strand containing or adjacent to an abnormal gene will not be the same length as a strand taken from a normal chain. A comparison of the fragment taken from cells in the amniotic fluid with a normal strand indicates the presence or absence of the trait. At the end of the seventies, several investigators reported successful exploitation of this technique for the prenatal detection of sickle-cell anemia, and the comparison of DNA fragments is now said to be one of the most promising methods of genetic diagnosis. This and other recombinant-DNA techniques are adding dramatically to the rapidly growing arsenal applicable not only to prenatal analysis but also to genetic screening and to postnatal diagnosis and treatment. The more that *is learned about* every individual's genetic makeup, the more it will be possible to determine what constitutes, for him or her, a salutary environment. And as the genetic profile becomes more specific the knowledge about susceptibilities increases. Some prognostications have tended toward the medically roseate and on to the utopian: sufficient use of amniocentesis and abortion may eventually prevent the

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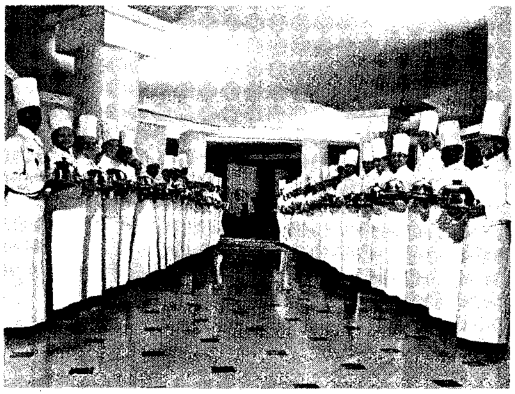

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expression in each generation of single-gene disorders; genetic research may lead to the control of widespread polygenic disorders, such as heart disease, lung cancer, and atherosclerosis; if gene therapy can be practiced successfully on the ill, perhaps it can enhance the lives of the healthy, by enriching their intelligence or physical strength; if somatic cells can be genetically manipulated, perhaps reproductive cells can be made to pass selected enhancements on to offspring.

Most such predictions have aroused expectations—and fears—that, in light of the current state of genetic knowledge, are exaggerated. The predictions usually originate among advocates of genetics within the biomedical community and are diffused by an often uncritical press. They stem from some mixture of genuine scientific vision with professional self-interest and an eagerness to justify the enormous contemporary investment in genetic research. Similar processes were at work in the heyday of mainline eugenics. It is fortunate that biology is far from the public weakling that it felt itself to be in the early twentieth century, when some of its practitioners, hoping for professional power, argued for a reign of eugenic expertise, and others, fearing that they might lose what power they had, were unwilling to decry publicly what they knew to be technically false. Today, experts aplenty are ready to take up the cudgels against abuses proposed, fostered, or imagined in the name of genetic imperatives, and during the last decade the counterattack of technically knowledgeable dissidents has in fact somewhat subdued the new eugenics. In response to the outcry against the early practices characteristic of the sickle-cell-screening programs, reforms were incorporated into the National Genetic Diseases Act: at the state and local levels, screening and counselling programs were made voluntary rather than mandatory, eligibility for other federal services was not to hinge on participation, and the results were to be kept confidential. In 1978, the outrage over the use of federal money to sterilize lower-income and minority women stimulated the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to include strict safeguards in its sterilization guidelines.

To date, the most powerful restraint on the revival of eugenics has been nature itself. Single genes account for only a small fraction of human traits, disorders, and diseases. Like intelli-

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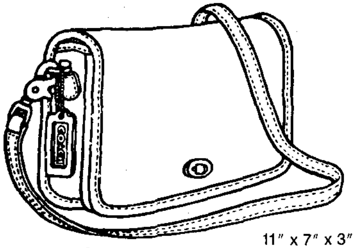

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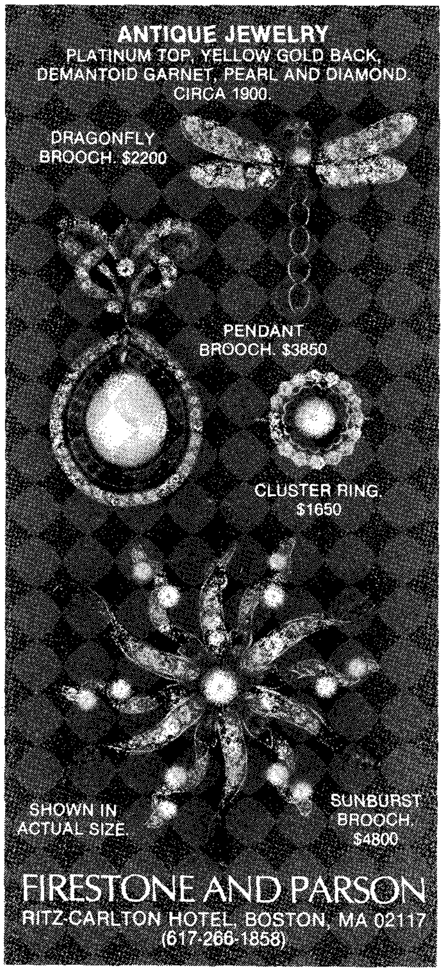

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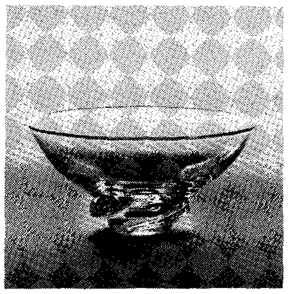

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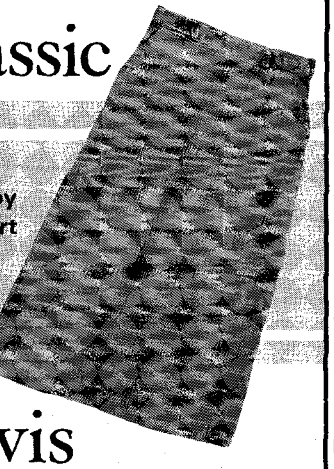

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gence, most human characters are polygenic, and therefore are not even genetically understood, let alone subject to manipulation. There is widespread agreement among geneticists that, with a few exceptions, gene therapy is distant for single-gene disorders and beyond sight for the polygenic variety. The President's commission on ethics in biomedical research summarized the outlook for gene therapy: "The technology . . . involves four steps: cloning the normal gene, introducing the cloned genes in a stable fashion into appropriate target cells . . . regulating the production of the gene product, and ensuring that no harm occurs to the host cells in the patient. Only the first step—cloning a normal counterpart of a defective gene—is a straightforward matter with current knowledge and technology." Louise Brown, born fully formed and healthy in England in 1978 after her test-tube conception had been engineered by Steptoe and Edwards, was a Brave New World baby only as far as her conception was concerned; she was implanted in her mother's uterus shortly thereafter and carried naturally to term. Considerable scientific doubt remains whether a developed human being can ever be cloned. Even with the powerful methods of recombinant DNA, the genetic engineering of new men or women at the zygote stage looms at this point as a science-fiction speculation—tantalizing, as always, but a speculation nonetheless.

Yet, as the President's commission noted of the pace of advance in human molecular biology, "time and again in the past ten years, the speed with which events have unfolded has taken well-informed observers by surprise." The commission was itself surprised by how much closer human genetic therapy seemed when its own study was completed than it had seemed when the commission was set up. By the early nineteen-eighties, at least a hundred and fifty restriction enzymes were known, and some eight hundred human genes—about one per cent of the estimated human genetic complement—had been identified and mapped on their chromosomal sites. Francis Ruddle, a professor of biology and human genetics at Yale University, predicted that the major outline of the human gene map would be known by the year 2000. Recently, a recombinant gene was made to function in a multicellular animal, and a genetic defect was repaired in a fruit fly. Some predict gene therapy for man by the

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end of the century. The genetic design of man? Perhaps in a hundred years, Robert Sinsheimer suggests, in defiance of the numerous biologists and medical scientists who stress the complexity of the human organism. In 1983, he told an audience at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology that the human race has entered what people a century hence will regard as "the Stone Age of genetic engineering." Of course man is complex, but he is also "not surprisingly, very divisible," Sinsheimer noted in a recent conversation. "Man is a product of evolution. He was built up one mutation or genetic recombination at a time. It stands to reason that given enough time we can analyze him right down to his last genetic and biochemical brick."

The rapidity with which scientific vision seems to be turning into technical reality leads one to recall Haldane's observation in "Daedalus" that to humanity biological innovation is initially abhorrent, a perversion, an offense not to some god but to man himself. History suggested to Haldane that, led by the scientist, man might slay his inner demons, come to terms with the seeming perversions, and transform unnatural innovations into natural, humanly advantageous customs. Twentieth-century history has certainly suggested that among significant fractions of the population sharp change is possible in standards of sexual behavior and reproductive practice. C. P. Blacker told Hermann Muller in 1961 that opposition to germinal choice might well go the same way as opposition to birth control. "It is surprising," Blacker added, in what turned out to be something of an understatement, "how quickly new ideas can percolate nowadays." Even mainliners had recoiled at using abortion as a tool of eugenics, but in the United States in 1982 there were more than a million and a half legal terminations of pregnancy—almost one for every two live births. Dr. Wayne Decker, of the Fertility Research Foundation of New York, remarked to a reporter for the *New York Times Magazine* in 1974, "A lot of things we wouldn't do a few years ago, we no longer think twice about. For instance, I do forty or fifty artificial inseminations a week, whereas a few years ago we would do ten or twelve a year. The repellent connotations of artificial insemination are almost nonexistent now. Couples not only accept it but seem often to regard it as more natural than adoption." Amid the gathering force of the

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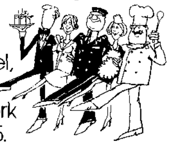

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women's movement, it has seemed to some people a natural way to become a single parent. Among them is Afton Blake, a Los Angeles psychologist and the second woman to have a baby with the assistance of Robert Graham's Sperm Bank. Blake recently explained in an article in *Omni* magazine that she wanted to raise a child "without conflict from a spouse," adding that "an unborn child should be guaranteed the best genetic material." By 1984, babies conceived by artificial insemination were being born to surrogate mothers, the test-tube fertilization of embryos was becoming a clinical commonplace, and an embryo produced by artificial insemination in the womb of one woman had been successfully implanted and carried to term in the womb of another.

Given that changes in individual attitudes *inevitably affect the scope of* institutional action, both public and private, history surely teaches that serious attention is owed the warnings, however shrill they may sometimes be, of the dissenters from the eugenic revival. Early in this century, nascent genetic theory was invoked to bear a weighty load of human social claims. Biology still knows little about the role of genetics in behavior, but it might someday learn—or claim to have learned—more. In that event, the definition of "defect" might become once again a hereditarian cloak for social prejudice. The ancient impulses setting group against group survive in the science of a William Shockley and, if not in the intent of an Arthur Jensen, certainly in the way what he has said may be used. Hereditarian prejudices have already found their way into public policies for education, welfare, and the like. (Daniel Patrick Moynihan remarked in 1969, when he was a White House adviser, that "the winds of Jensen" were storming through the Capitol.) In 1981, the Air Force Academy ended its ban on cadets with the sickle-cell trait, but at least six major American corporations genetically screen employees for sensitivity to toxic substances, and almost five dozen other firms, most of them in the Fortune 500, reported in 1982 that within five years they expected to put a similar policy into practice. Hemophiliacs may not have a right to employment as butchers; still, in some untold fraction of cases the burden of workplace safety could well come to fall less on the company than on the employees—a circumstance that would particularly affect ethnic or racial

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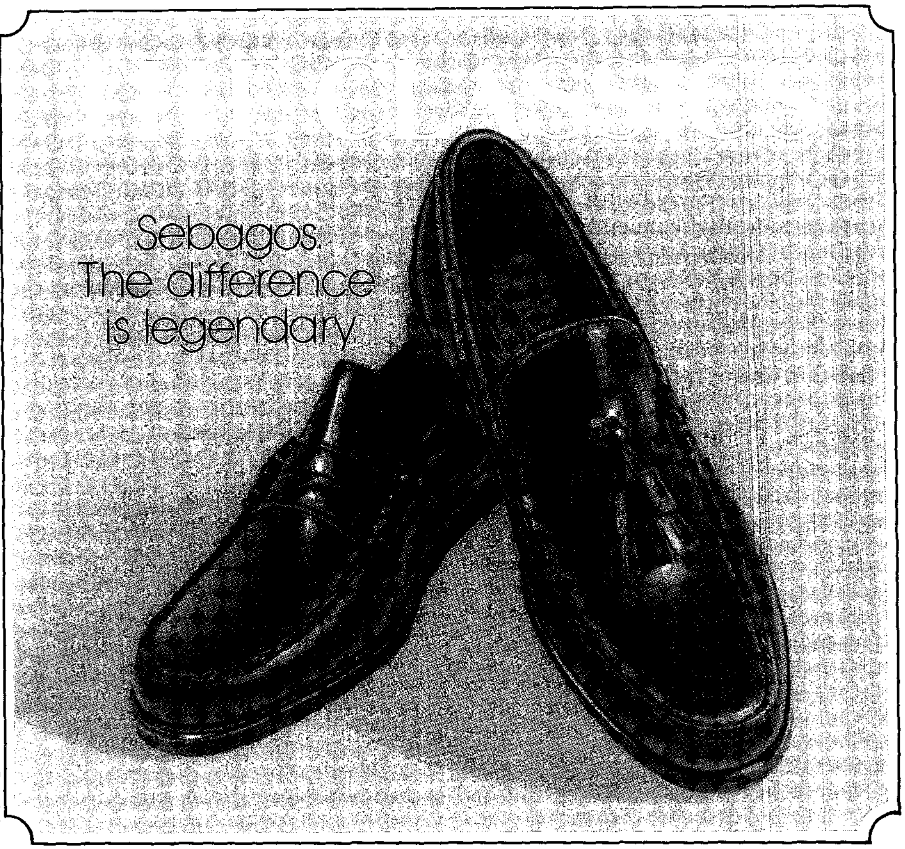
groups among whom the incidence of, say, thalassemia or the sickle-cell trait is disproportionately high.

The willingness of individuals to use rapidly developing genetic and reproductive knowledge may have more subtle effects. Genetic screening and counselling, amniocentesis and abortion, and—if it arrives—genetic therapy will probably long remain matters of private, voluntary choice, to be arrived at by consultation between individual families and their physicians. But the more that medical science can assist people with genetic disease to survive, the greater the cost that will be placed upon the sociomedical system. The more that people with heritable disorders can and do practice "reproductive compensation," the higher will rise the frequency of the genes for such disorders in the human gene pool. Private decision-making in the realm of genetic disorder and disease may ultimately lead to public consequences, and thus to demands for public regulation of reproductive behavior. A sizable number of people may argue that the right to have genetically diseased children, or even to transmit deleterious genes to future generations, must be limited or denied. Dissenters such as Daniel Callahan maintain that the resolution of such public problems must turn on "the willingness of society to bear the social costs of individual freedom." Yet that willingness has varied enormously with history. How the public, or politically powerful public coalitions, will respond to the steady pressure of issues raised by the advance of genetics depends upon what reconciliation society chooses to make between the ancient antinomies—social obligations as against individual rights, and reproductive freedom and privacy as against the requirements of public health and welfare.

Lionel Penrose would have thought it folly to approach such choices from the standpoint of any variety of eugenics. A few years before his death, he observed that according to some "our true destiny must be to try to produce perfect genes, regardless of personal interests." Penrose demurred. "It is ultimately a matter of opinion," he said, "but, for myself, I would rather live in a genetically imperfect society which preserves human standards of life than in one in which technological standards were paramount and heredity perfect." —DANIEL J. KEVLES

(This is the fourth part of a four-part article.)



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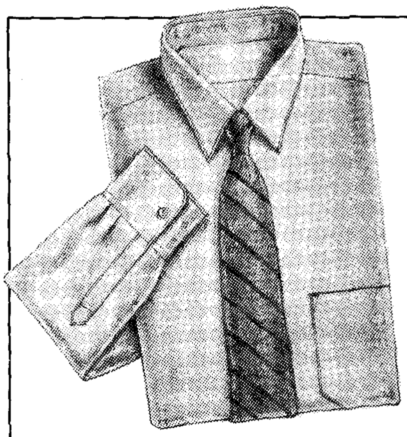

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THE ART WORLD

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ONE of civilization's discontents has always been civilization itself. The romantic temperament periodically condemns its own society as decadent or artificial, and holds up the image of a more "natural" order long past—the Golden Age, the noble savage, the simple life. That this image rarely corresponds to historical fact is of small importance; it expresses the longing to regain some vital element that supposedly has been lost or vitiated in the civilizing process. It is Huck Finn turning his back on Aunt Sally and lighting out for the territory.

The discovery of primitive art by Vlaminck, Derain, Matisse, Picasso, and a few other artists in Paris in the years 1906 and 1907 was the most dramatic enactment of this scenario in modern times. It had a prodigious and lasting effect on modern art, if not on society, and one of the many revelations of the Museum of Modern Art's current exhibition " 'Primitivism' in 20th Century Art" (through January 15th) is that this effect has been so widely misunderstood. The show includes two hundred and eighteen primitive, or "tribal," objects from African, Oceanic, and North American Indian cultures, and a hundred and forty-six works of modern and contemporary art by a galaxy of great names, from Paul Gauguin to Jackson Pollock. Five years went into preparing the exhibition; the two-volume catalogue that accompanies it is the most ambitious scholarly publication in the museum's history. A great deal of verbal and visual evidence has been marshalled to prove that primitivism's influence was much deeper than had previously been thought.

In an effort to bring order to a field where loose speculation had been endemic, the organizers of the exhibition—William Rubin, the director of MOMA's department of painting and sculpture, and Kirk Varnedoe, of New York University's Institute of Fine Arts—have drawn a fine distinction between "influence" and "affinity." The Grebo (Ivory Coast) wood-and-fibre mask that Picasso acquired sometime before 1912 directly influenced his own 1912 sheet-metal sculpture "Guitar." We know this because Picasso told Daniel-Henri Kahnweiler, his dealer, that the guitar's protruding cylindrical sound hole had been suggested to him by the mask's protruding cylindrical eyes. (Years later, he repeated the same information to Rubin.) Direct influence is not so easily charted in most cases, of course, given the tendency of artists to see something, digest it in their visual memory, and then bring it forth, transformed, at a time when they may have forgotten the original source. Rubin, Varnedoe, and their associates have nevertheless done a great deal to pinpoint just when and where the artists could have seen certain objects, and to establish highly probable lines of influence. The notion of "affinity" is more elusive. Max Ernst's square "Bird-Head," a cast-bronze sculpture dated 1934-35, looks like a dead ringer for the rectangular Tusyan mask from Upper Volta that is shown next to it, but no Tusyan masks had arrived in Europe, or been reproduced in photographs, before the Second World War. Because of Ernst's interest in primitive art, however, he was able to conceive an object that had a close affinity with something he had never seen. The affinity of the modern with the tribal is the underlying principle of this landmark exhibition, which makes it clear that primitive art may have influenced but did not alter the direction of modern art.

Tribal objects had been on public view in Paris since the opening of the Musée d' Ethnographie du Trocadéro (now called the Musée de l'Homme), in 1882. It was not until 1906 or 1907, though, when Picasso and others were already embarked on their revolutionary search for an art based not on visual perception but on conceptualization, that they were able to "discover" primitive art. Picasso was the main actor in the drama. His moment of revelation came during a visit to the Trocadéro in 1907, while he was in the process of painting "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon." The horrifically distorted, masklike faces of the two women at the right-hand side of the picture were almost certainly done after this visit, during which Picasso, as he said later, "realized what painting was all about." Rubin argues, convincingly, that previous thinking on the subject of Picasso's revelation has largely missed the point. It was not the semi-abstract, formal qualities of the African masks and other tribal objects that struck him so forcefully, as most art historians have suggested; it was their supernatural power. Knowing little or nothing of the true purpose and meaning of these objects in tribal society, Picasso nevertheless felt their magic charge. This was what painting was "all about"—not a mirror held up to nature but a talisman for changing life. He was not joking when he called "Demoiselles" his "first exorcism pic-

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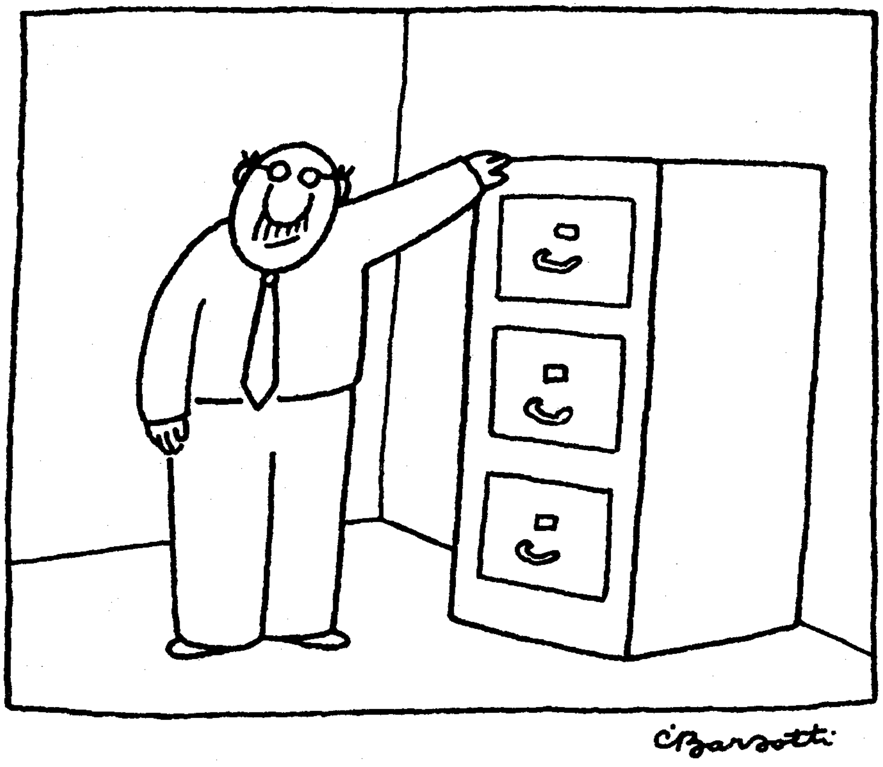

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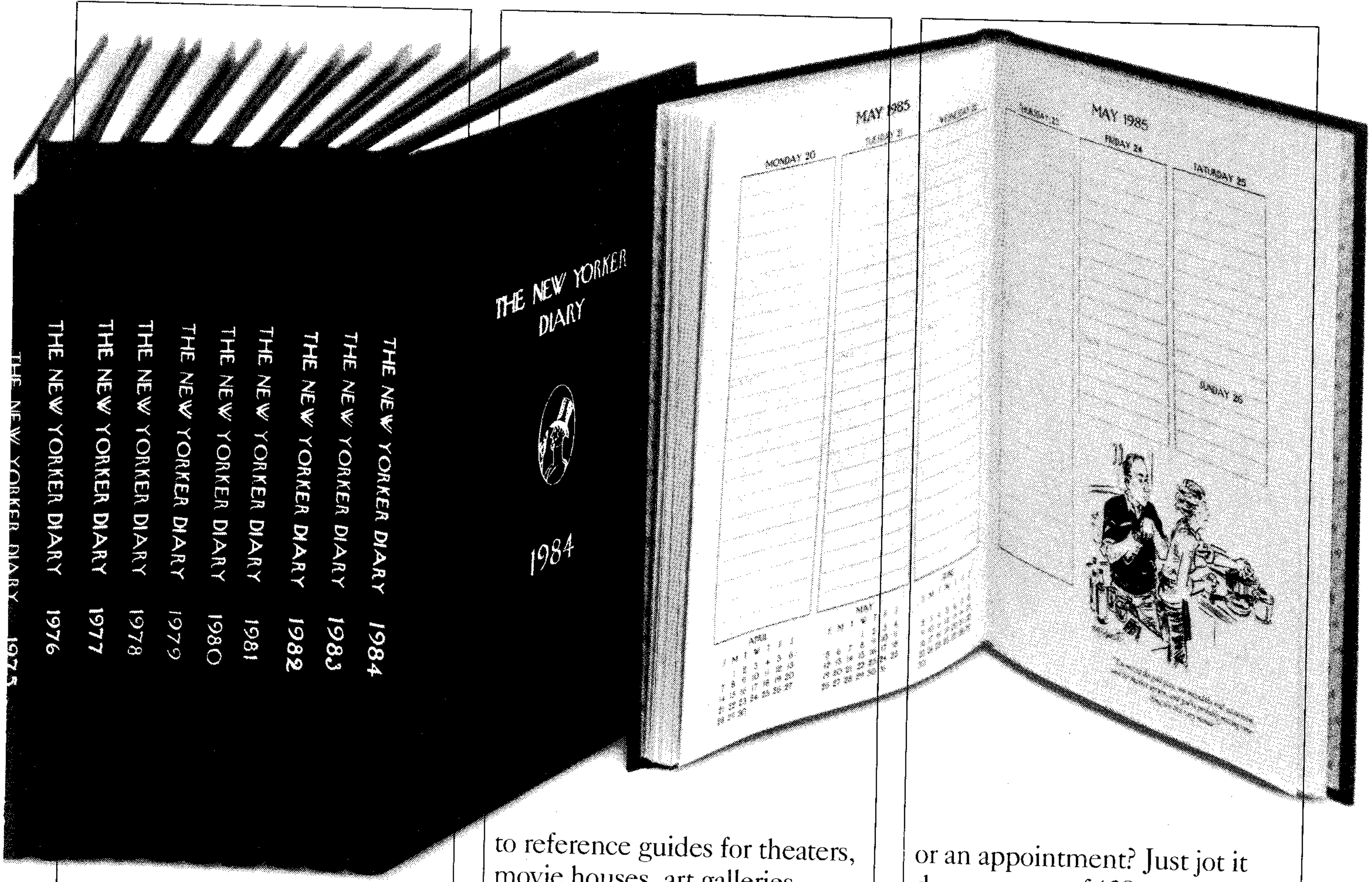

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ture.” The demon being exorcised, according to Rubin and others, was Picasso’s own morbid dread of death and disease—in this case, venereal disease, which he may or may not have contracted in one of the brothels that provided the mise en scène for “Les Demoiselles d’Avignon.”

An amazing number of the century’s major artists shared this affinity with the tribal. While the Cubists looked mainly at African art, with its sculptural solidity, the Surrealists showed a preference for the Oceanic art of Melanesia and Polynesia, which tended to produce fantastic, dreamlike objects. Matisse’s radical restructurings of the human body owe a debt to what Jack D. Flam, one of the many art historians who have contributed essays to the catalogue, calls the “invented planes and proportions” of African sculpture. Brancusi, Léger, Nolde, Lipchitz, Epstein, Giacometti, Ernst, Klee, Moore, Matta, and others borrowed freely from the endless inventory of primitive forms. Pollock, in a 1939 challenge to Picasso’s “Demoiselles,” painted a picture called “Birth,” whose tortuous forms bear a strong resemblance to an Eskimo mask that he had seen reproduced in an article on Picasso. Pollock and the Abstract Expressionists later shifted the emphasis from primitive art to primordial myth and ritual—a shift that is also reflected, according to the exhibition, in the work of a number of contemporary artists who do earthworks, environmental installations, and ritualistic performances. (A separate section of the MOMA show, on the museum’s third floor, deals with this kind of “affinity.”)

The elevation of tribal objects from ethnographical artifacts to the status of high art was brought about entirely by modern artists, and the repercussions of this process are still going on. A new Center for African Art recently opened in New York, at 54 East Sixty-eighth Street, with a program of three major exhibitions a year; the opening show is a dazzling installation of a hundred masterpieces from the Musée de l’Homme. The Metropolitan Museum is currently presenting the first exhibition ever held outside New Zealand of tribal objects from the Maori culture; the American Museum of Natural History is showing a large collection of African Asante art; and the I.B.M. Gallery has just mounted an impressive exhibit of Northwest Coast Indian art from the Museum of the American Indian. Seen out of their ceremonial context, often in fragments, many of these objects still manage to evoke awe. Tribal art is never simple. It has a weight of compressed and accumulated meaning—this is one reason the forms tend to be abstract. They are conceptual rather than perceptual constructs, and their formal inventiveness is staggering. “Primitive sculpture has never been surpassed,” Picasso said, without envy. His ambition was to make works of art with the power and presence of tribal objects. He understood the gap that stretched between the tribal and the modern artist, though, and he did not linger for long under the spell of the primitive. Within a year after finishing “Demoiselles,” he was deeply engaged in the complex, intellectual, and intensely civilized development of analytical Cubism. What his revelation at the Trocadéro had really done was to help him free himself from the immediate past in art, so that he could become Picasso. “Painting isn’t an aesthetic operation,” he once told Françoise Gilot. “It’s a form of magic designed as a mediator between this strange, hostile world and us, a way of seizing the power by giving form to our terrors as well as our desires. When I came to that realization [at the Trocadéro], I knew I had found my way.”

THE emergence in the late nineteen-fifties of another sort of primitivism is the subject of an exhibition at the Whitney Museum (through December 2nd) called “BLAM! The Explosion of Pop, Minimalism, and Performance 1958-1964.” Organized by Barbara Haskell, the Whitney’s senior curator, this is a more lighthearted and less scholarly affair than MOMA’s primitive show, and for someone whose active interest in contemporary art began around 1960, as mine did, it has a strong nostalgic appeal. Robert Whitman and Red Grooms, who put on many of the plotless theatrical events called “happenings” in those years, have each recreated a set from one of them, with videotapes of the event itself. Allan Kaprow, who coined the term “happening,” has redone his 1962 public-participation “environment” called “Words,” and he has also filled the museum’s outdoor sculpture court (as he once filled the courtyard of Martha Jackson’s gallery) with used automobile tires. The protean Claes Oldenburg is represented by a cloth “Giant Ice Cream Cone;” by videotapes of three “happenings;” by some miraculously intact cardboard assemblages from his 1960 exhibition “The Street” (most of them were bought a week before the Whitney show opened by the German collector Peter Ludwig, and will hereafter be enshrined in Ludwig’s museum in Cologne); and by dozens of gaudily painted plaster and papier-mâché replicas of foodstuffs, yard goods, and novelty items from his 1961-62 “Store,” an actual storefront that Oldenburg had rented on the lower East Side. (The opening night of “The Store” was a memorable sixties event. Oldenburg had made countless objects in situ, right up to the hour of the opening, and spilled paint lay so thick on the floor that well-dressed female visitors who stood in one place for more than a minute came right out of their shoes when they tried to move.) Early, pre-Pop paintings by Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein are clearly transitional. They show a rough, expressionistic touch that would soon disappear from their work, and the same is true of early sculptures by the Minimalists Donald Judd and Dan Flavin.

The Whitney’s installation does not convey the rag-and-bone-shop aesthetic that produced these works, but it makes an interesting point nonetheless. The artists who went on to become leaders of the Pop Art and Minimal Art movements were working, at this stage of their careers, in a vein that was at odds not only with the work of the previous generation of American artists but with American society in general. Rejecting the Abstract Expressionists’ invocation of the sublime, they took up a stand in the grimy urban here and now; while the consumer society stampeded into affluence, they embraced an aesthetic of junk. Oldenburg once referred to what they were doing as a sort of “contemporary primitivism,” and his own “happenings,” in which human performers were treated as inert objects or materials, could be seen as rituals of alienation. Many of the artists in the Whitney show had been touched by the teachings of the composer John Cage, whose constant theme was the need to break down the barriers between art and life. It seems to me, though, that the most pervasive influence on them was the work of Robert Rauschenberg.

Since the mid-nineteen-fifties, Rauschenberg had been making collage constructions that he called "combines," or "combine-paintings," incorporating old newspapers, cardboard, scrap lumber, rags, tin cans and bottles, string, automobile tires, machine parts, light bulbs, clocks, children's drawings, and countless other items that he picked up from the street in his daily forays around lower Manhattan. The same sort of found materials later became the staple props for "happenings" by Oldenburg and others; many of them were actually listed in an article by Kaprow called "The Legacy of Jackson Pollock," which appeared in the October, 1958, issue of *ARTnews* ("Objects of every sort are materials for the new art: paint, chairs, food, electric and neon lights, smoke, water, old socks, a dog, movies . . ."). Rauschenberg himself was a highly sophisticated primitive. Intelligent, friendly, and endlessly inventive, he took pride in the fact that one of his grandmothers was a full-blooded Cherokee. Early in his career, travelling in Italy and North Africa, he had made a number of strange, boxlike sculptures that a dealer in Rome exhibited, with some misgivings, as "*feticci personali*," and as late as 1960 his work often had a fetishlike quality reminiscent, in its way, of tribal objects. There was nothing esoteric or sublime about Rauschenberg's combines. They had a rough, immediate, physical reality that struck a balance between beauty and ugliness—their strength lay in that fragile balance. For any number of younger artists, Rauschenberg's influence was comparable to the effect of the African masks in the Trocadéro on Picasso—he showed them an alternative vision of what art was "all about."

For everyone except Rauschenberg, the vision was short-lived. By 1964, as the Whitney show demonstrates, a very different aesthetic prevailed. Pop Art and Minimal Art had emerged in their true (and surprisingly similar) coloration—cool, clean, impersonal, and mildly ironic. Neither one had any quarrel with society, nor society with them. New money climbed the social ladder on the strength of its Lichtensteins and Warhols. Large corporations planted Minimal cubes and rhomboids in their lobbies and entrance plazas. Even the "happenings" became so chic that Oldenburg and most of the others stopped doing them. "The whole thing had become totally commercial," Oldenburg said later. Art and society have gone hand in hand ever since. —CALVIN TOMKINS

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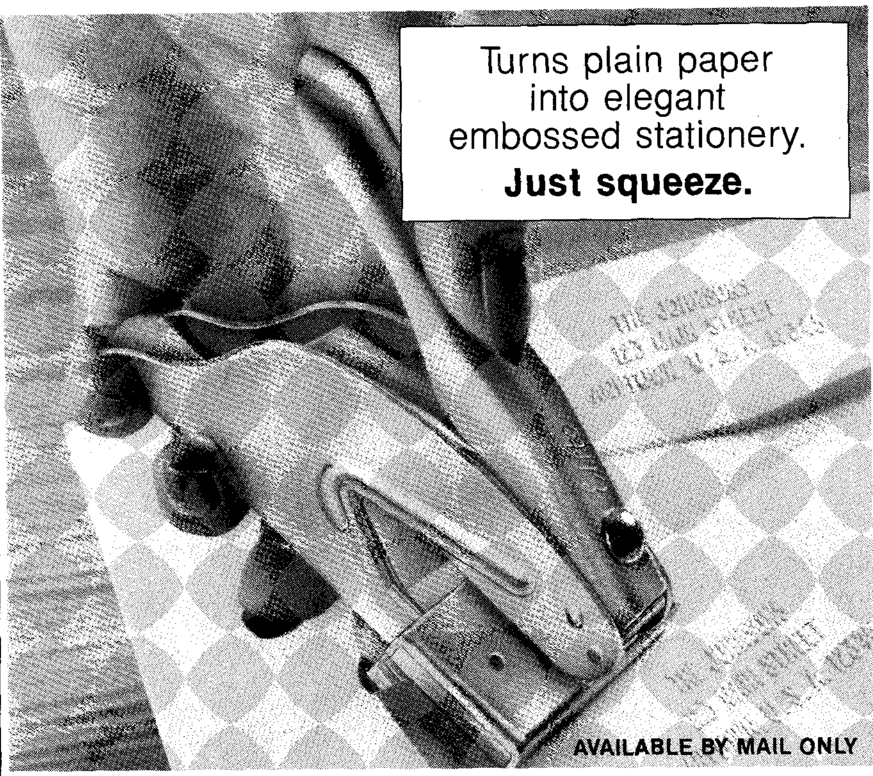

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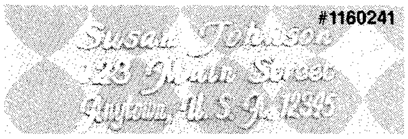

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

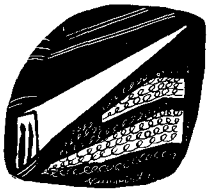
Mozart and Bizet

THE story of a genius who isn't appreciated and dies in poverty has the same basic appeal whether its subject is Stephen Foster or Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. That's not the kind of story the director Miloš Forman and the writer Peter Shaffer set out to tell in "Amadeus," but it's essentially what they wound up with, and that appeal is probably what saves the movie from being a disaster. "Amadeus" has a very complicated surface—there's a steady stream of rhetoric about high-flown things. But after a while the rhetoric cancels itself out, and what we see is the unworldly Mozart (Tom Hulce) caught in a web of intrigue by his enemy, the unctuous Hapsburg court composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham), and worked to death, in 1791, at the age of thirty-five. The story is told to a priest (and to us) many years later, by the mad, suicidal old Salieri, and there is the suggestion that what we're seeing is his delusion, but the weight of the production, which is reminiscent of big biographical movies such as "The Life of Emile Zola" and "A Song to Remember," asserts its own kind of authority.

Peter Shaffer writes eloquent confrontations between two adversarial figures: in "The Royal Hunt of the Sun," Pizarro and the Inca king; in "Equus," the sterile psychiatrist Dr. Dysart and the teen-age patient with his psychotic head full of Dionysian ecstasies and mysteries; and, here, the minor composer Salieri and the incomparable Mozart. This conflict was formulated in the brief, ironic play "Mozart and Salieri" that Pushkin wrote in 1830 (which Rimsky-Korsakov used as the basis for an opera); the play takes only ten pages in the D. M. Thomas translation in "The Bronze Horseman." Pushkin has Salieri soliloquize:

> I will say it
> To myself—I am envious. I
> Envy. O heaven! where is justice,
> When the sacred gift, when immortal
> Genius, is sent not to reward
> Self-sacrifice, burning love, toil,
> Ardour, supplications, but illumines
> The head of a madcap, an idle rake?
> O Mozart, Mozart!

And when Mozart comes to see him, Salieri cries out, "My God, Mozart, you are not worthy of yourself." He poisons Mozart's wine, and Mozart, offering the toast "Let's drink to the true bond linking us two sons of harmony," swigs it down. Shaffer elaborated on this small conceit in his stage play "Amadeus"—probably choosing this name because it can be construed to mean "beloved of God"—and he has further elaborated on it in the screenplay he wrote in consultation with Forman. Peter Shaffer can give clichés a glitter, and the polarities that are his specialty may sound convincingly clever at the beginning of his plays, but when he starts to add elements the polarities are contradicted, and the conflicts become highly abstruse and drift off into the murk. (He is the twin of the playwright Anthony "Sleuth" Shaffer—which isn't really parenthetical.)



What is "Amadeus" about? Salieri, who has worked hard at his music, been a servile courtier, and achieved fame and high position, is envious of Mozart's incredible talent. You might expect him to ask himself whether he'd want Mozart's talent if Mozart's money troubles went with it, but this movie isn't about such mundane matters. Shaffer has Salieri declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin Mozart because God's voice is speaking through him. Shaffer turns Pushkin's metaphor into a whole megillah. At first, it's quite funny when the slimy-smooth Salieri complains that his exertions—his always doing the proper thing, studying, going to church—haven't been rewarded. He's the least humble of Christians—he seems to expect God to give him exact value for every prayer he has ever delivered. (He's like a kid saying to Mommy, "I was always a good boy and ate my spinach and did my homework, but you love my brother more than you love me—and he uses dirty words and chases girls.") Salieri thinks that because he suffers so much he should be a genius.

The movie, though, by showing you Mozart as a rubber-faced grinning buffoon with a randy turn of mind, as if that were all there was to him, begins to lend credence to Salieri's mad notion that Mozart doesn't have to do a thing—that his music is a no-strings-attached, pure gift from God. The tone of many of the incidents and details is quite opaque. Are Mozart's bushy white wigs (and the sometimes faintly pinkish ones) a shaky attempt at historical fidelity, or is it Shaffer's or Forman's thought that the young audience will identify with Mozart if he's made to look like Harpo Marx as a rock star? (The effect was also used in the stage version.) Many of the scenes appear to support Salieri in his belief that Mozart's prankish obscenities and his boastfulness are proof that he's unworthy of his artistic gift. Ribald cloacal jokes were an accepted part of ordinary people's conversation in the Vienna of the day, but in the movie Mozart is the only person who seems to enjoy talking dirty. And the movie doesn't make it apparent that his scatological games and his carousing were quick vacations from his work, or that when he gleefully tells the emperor that he shaped a duet into a trio, and the trio into a quartet, and so on, it's not boastful one-upmanship. It's because of his delight in shaping playful structures—the delight that is at the heart of his music.

There's nothing but confusion at the heart of the movie: it's a semi-realistic musical biography of Mozart built on a madman's justification for envy. Forman has something working for him here, though: this aspect of the film ties in with the very old popular beliefs that artists are bawdy and undisciplined, and that genius comes from God—that it's just handed to some people. And later, when Hulce finally gets out of his fright wigs, and Mozart, ill and desperate, stays up nights working with total concentration on his music, Forman switches to that other popular mode—the dedicated artist who lives only for his art, and, sweating feverishly, dies for it. (Mozart's suffering redeems him.) The corniness in "Amadeus" is that the view of artistic accomplishment which Salieri spouts—that if art comes without plodding it must be a gift from above—is at least half shared by the writer and the director. They don't appear to register that the whole notion of dictation from God is an insult to Mozart.

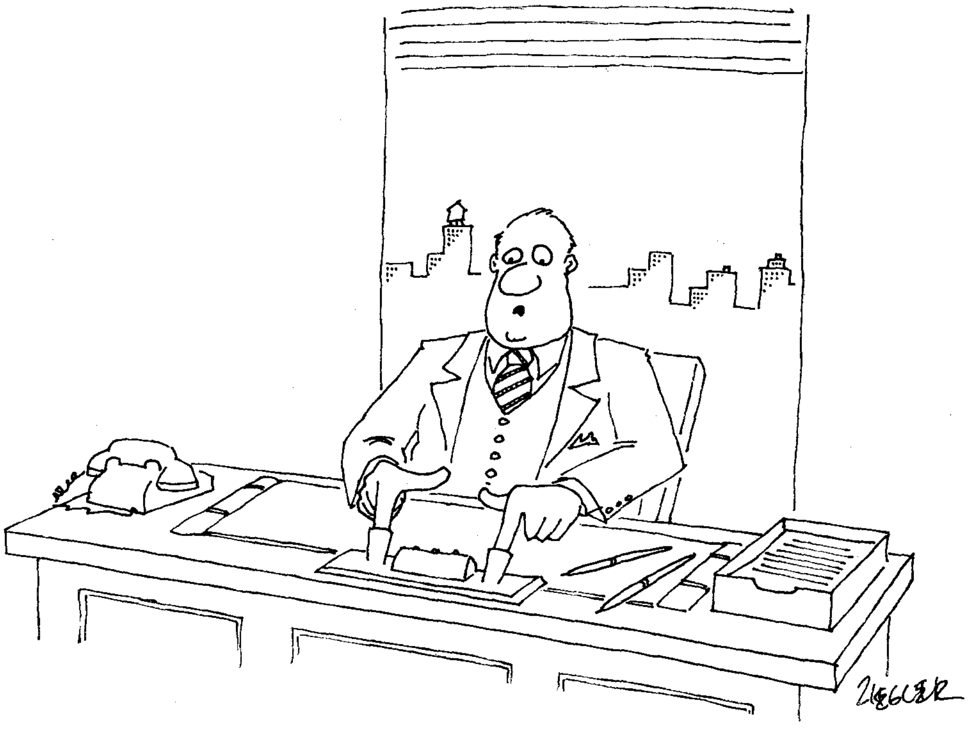
Forman's insensitivity to what Mozart might have been like is so flagrant that for the first hour or so you almost think you're being kidded—"Wolfie" Mozart and his wife, Constanze (Elizabeth Berridge), are like teen-agers in some mid-American Dogpatch. And the use of Mozart's music to illustrate snippets of his life and to provide the film with comic (and gothic) punctuation is offensive. (Composing the overture to "The Magic Flute," Wolfie dances a clumsy jig and thumbs his nose at the framed portrait of his stern, disapproving father on the wall.) Each time you hear the music, it invalidates the movie's bumpkin Mozart, with his hideous, high-pitched whinny-giggle. And if you've read Mozart's letters you know this twerp couldn't have written them. But Forman's crudeness is a form of showmanship—not one I respect but one I'm forced to acknowledge. He trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked the same way people were hooked by Hollywood's big, obvious, biographical epics. Some members of the audience (and of the press) seem to be awed as well.

There are some real aberrations in this movie, such as a shot of Salieri in a cuckoo's nest where the passageways are lined with bare-chested loonies chained to the walls who seem to be giving a performance of "Marat/Sade." There's also a long deathbed sequence—the muzziest part of the movie—with Mozart, who looks as if he'd been painted light green, innocently and pathetically dictating his "Requiem" to Salieri, who's plotting to steal the music. And it's definitely one plot too many. The episode totally fuddles the fratricidal issues; Salieri seems about to echo the boy's cry to his God in "Equus"—"Make us one person." This whole section appears to have leaped out of the end of Ken Russell's film on Delius, where it made more sense, since Delius was blind.

Despite the uses to which Mozart's music is put, the musical passages are the best thing about the movie, and that's allied with Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and the opera excerpts. Most of the picture—especially the scenes in Mozart's chambers and at the court of Emperor Joseph II—is static, in the manner of opulent costume epics of the past. And the court scenes are harshly bright—probably Forman and the cinematographer, Miroslav Ondříček, want us to see the pomp coldly and realistically. So each time there's a musical sequence it's like a reprieve—Twyla Tharp brings the picture some lightness and wit. Her staging of the operas (with sets by Josef Svoboda) shows her great flair for theatrical artifice, and she also stages a parody-pastiche of "Don Giovanni" that Mozart attends (and loves). It's a featherweight low jinks by Bosch—a whirling tableau, with actors playing puppets, a horse that comes riding through paper walls, a soprano who comes crashing through the set, and a dove that flies out of a paper horse's rear end.

As written for the screen, the big, showy role of Salieri seems to be an impossible one (he has too many schemes), and, the way the material is laid out, F. Murray Abraham doesn't get to shape his performance. It never comes together. But Abraham's intensity has a theatrical charge to it in the glances that tell us what's going on under Salieri's polite smiles. And some of the scenes he's in are just about irresistible—arriving at the court in Vienna, Mozart thoughtlessly improves on the march that Salieri has composed to welcome him, and Salieri listens, his face falling apart. Abraham is a wizard at eager, manic, full-of-life roles, and he gives Salieri a cartoon animal's obsession with Mozart—he's Wile E. Coyote. He's also (in his later scenes) a reptile, with an obscene vitality in his crazy eyes. Tom Hulce's Mozart is jarring in the first half—I found it hard even to look at him. He was less unbearable toward the end—possibly because he was confined to bed and couldn't toddle around anymore. Forman probably got the performance he wanted: he seems to like amateurish, telegraphic acting, just as he likes to load the aged Salieri with too much froggy, rotting-old-man makeup. (Abraham's triumph is that a vile kind of humanity gleams through.) A word should also be said for Jeffrey Jones, who plays Emperor Joseph II: maybe because of his imperial rank, he's the only member of the cast who gets to shine by giving a restrained performance. (He does amusingly polished, vapid line readings—the emperor is a boob.) And John Tomlinson, who sings the role of the Commendatore in "Don Giovanni," has such power he can give you chills. Downtown Prague does just fine as eighteenth-century Vienna. It was fine as Dresden in "Slaughterhouse-Five" and as Hanover in "Saraband" and in many other roles, but I can't remember its ever being cast in a good movie.

THE composer Georges Bizet, a child prodigy who never knew success as an adult, worked at hack jobs—as an audition pianist, a chorus master, a teacher, an arranger—and died at thirty-six in 1875, a few months after the (dismal) opening of his opera "Carmen," adapted from Prosper Mérimée's short novel by the librettists Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy. (Ludovic's cousin, Geneviève Halévy, was Bizet's wife; several years after his death, she married the wealthy lawyer Émile Straus, and her salon was frequented by Marcel Proust, who used her as one of his models for Mme. Verdurin, as well as the Duchesse de Guermantes. Somehow, this movie season seems to tie together.) The opera entered the public



"Help!"

domain in 1980, and producers, directors, and assorted artists of several countries converged on it. Francesco Rosi, a great moviemaker who is open enough to admit to interviewers that this economic fact was what set his project in motion, has made a version—"Bizet's Carmen"—that has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic.

Rosi selected 1875 for the period and filmed entirely on locations in Andalusia, using Ronda and Carmona and Seville itself to simulate the Seville of that era. But the natural settings are never merely naturalistic; they have an extra, formal dimension. They're both theatrical and austere, and the striking perspectives provide something that filmed opera needs: the recognition that the singers are not ordinary people performing ordinary tasks—they're part of a ritualized performance (in this case, in four acts, with interludes). The subdued colors are toned differently in each sequence, and the screen is often intersected by diagonals—the ramp of the hilltop fort where Corporal Don José (Plácido Domingo) is stationed, the narrow, crooked street where he walks with shining-eyed Micaëla (Faith Esham), the young girl from Navarre who loves him, and whom he thinks he loves. With its whitewashed houses and stone walls, the film has the lustre of nineteenth-century painting with the near-abstract clarity of twentieth-century art.

The images are never mawkish or Zeffirelli-ish, and the scenes aren't overemotional. Rosi lets the music carry the passion. What he supplies is ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Working with his longtime collaborator, the cinematographer Pasqualino De Santis, and with Enrico Job supervising the sets and costumes, he achieves lighting so beautiful (and so evocative) that the images seem serenely right—just what the arias call for. When Carmen (Julia Migenes-Johnson) taunts the priggish Don José, they're out on the dusty beige streets, under gray-blue skies. But when he is sent to investigate a disturbance at the cigar factory, he enters the dim labyrinthine building where she and five hundred other girls work half naked. In the gypsies' camp at night, small campfires tint the darkness, and Carmen, though she's temporarily in love with Don José, keeps in practice by charming the torero Escamillo (Ruggero Raimondi). The locations look as if they had been created by a master scenic artist—a God with a pastel vision. And when Carmen has lured Don José into the life of a smuggler, and all four of the leading singers are up in a mountain pass just before dawn, the mountains, too, and the faint orange glow suggest a magnificent stage set. The images may call up Corot or Goya, but Rosi acknowledges Gustave Doré's illustrations for Baron Charles Davillier's "Spain" (which was published in serial form in 1873) as his principal source; he believes that Bizet, who was never in Spain, was guided by these engravings, and he has shot scenes in some of the exact places that Doré drew.

Julia Migenes-Johnson's freckled, gamine Carmen is the chief glory of the production; she revitalizes the story —if we have come to regard it as banal, she makes us rethink it. The proper Don José, who comes from northern Spain, is afraid of Carmen—he's repelled by her. Her strutting, her dark, messy, frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract him and drive him crazy. Carmen, who's true to her instincts, represents everything he tries to repress. This tiny Carmen has something of a tough street urchin about her, and she has a marvellous combative stance. Migenes-Johnson, an American singer who has been appearing in musical comedy, on television, and in opera since childhood, moves quickly and impudently; she's very flexible—vocally as well as physically. She often sings quietly—seductively—and then has sudden, witty shifts of timbre; her singing always has a sense of dramatic rhythm. And she's an uninhibited carnal comedienne. Her Carmen enjoys tantalizing Corporal Don José—she tempts him mercilessly, and when she's disgusted with him her voice has the crack of a whip. (There's the possible suggestion that she teases men to show her erotic power because it's the only power she has.) When she wants Don José to join her in a smuggling job, and he wants to respond to the bugle sounding roll call, she razzes him as a little tin soldier.

In these scenes, Migenes-Johnson, with her childlike naughtiness and her twitching thighs, has a restless eroticism that makes you laugh at poor Don José—he can't hold out against her. But after he has deserted the Army and lost the respectability that meant everything to him, he thinks she owes him lifelong devotion. As Don José sees it, she's nothing more than a whore (she's perfectly willing to be a harlot-decoy for her smuggler friends), yet he's having trouble hanging on to her. By then, Carmen sees him for what he is: a suffering middle-class clod. Sick of his ordering her around and his moping over what he gave up for her, she's ready to fall in love with the handsome torero.

It was Don José's stuffy middle-classness—his being a big fool—that amused Carmen in the first place; he was a challenge. Her mistake was in thinking she could take him as a lover on her own terms. The film's romantic motor is Carmen's trying to assert her sexual freedom, and Plácido Domingo's Don José looms very large as an implacable lump blocking her path. Domingo's Don José has a self-centered sameness about him—he has no light side, even vocally. He has no brutal side, either. Domingo has beautiful modulations, yet his musicianship seems to homogenize emotion: his voice is majestically bland. (If he weren't such an impressive gent, he could be Salieri to Pavarotti's Mozart.) But his tenor is perhaps peerless for storytelling: narrative arias roll out of him with superb ease. And his squareness here has its own operatic quality. He has the sturdy oppressiveness of a man who thinks to persuade a woman to stay with him by saying that he'll be anything she wants. Domingo plays the clod to perfection.

The movie has many felicities. Initially, Faith Esham's Micaëla has a lovely squinty smile that's like a good-luck charm; she has something of a minx about her. After she has lost Don José, the smile is gone, and when she's alone in the mountains singing the soprano aria that may be the finest song in the opera, her voice has the plangency of a young woman who sees no end to her aloneness. The resplendent basso Raimondi is a tall, elegant Escamillo—a man who has been a popular idol for so long that he's like a natural aristocrat. Riding through the mountains on his white steed, he cuts a great profile. You feel he appreciates Carmen for her gaiety, her fearlessness—for her not being the middle-class woman that Don José wants to turn her into. The straightforward screen adaptation that Rosi (and To-nino Guerra) worked out stays with Bizet's original version, which used spoken dialogue. (The infernal recitatives were a later "refinement.") With choreographic help from Antonio Gades, Rosi deploys the choruses to better effect than I can recall ever seeing before in opera on the stage or on the screen—his handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. There's a wonderful courtly old man (Enrique El Cojo), short and heavyset—a man bowed down by the weight of the years—who partners Carmen in a dance in the square outside the factory. Rosi takes the time to fit in moments like this which round out the movie.

Much of the pleasure of the film is in its satisfying structure. At the opening, the matador Escamillo is seen in the bullring. He's in closeup and the bloodied bull is in closeup. Escamillo comes in for the kill, and the tragic black beast sinks down, as the overture begins. The crowd cheers, and the bull's carcass is dragged out on the sand while the bullfighter is carried around the ring on the shoulders of his admirers. Then another ritual is seen: a religious procession, with figures in black carrying tall candles around a statue of the Blessed Virgin. In the fourth act, Escamillo is once more in the ring, and once more we see a closeup of the bull's head—the deathly blackness filling the screen. These scenes are as stylized and ritualistic as the rest of the movie, but in a more intense way. At the end, just outside the bullring where Escamillo is being cheered Don José and Carmen have their final fracas. He's in a black suit, and Carmen, for the first time, is dressed in a ladylike outfit—a deep-rose tailored dress with a bolero top that suggests a toreador's jacket, and a black lace mantilla. The conventional clothes—she's wearing them to please Escamillo, who bought them—seem to diminish her. And her defiance of Don José and the brute force he incarnates is all the more poignant because of this dress-up dress. She's a gypsy urchin defying the male-dominated, Church-dominated social system. She dies in what is probably the only expensive dress she ever had, and it's all wrong on her. —PAULINE KAEL

•

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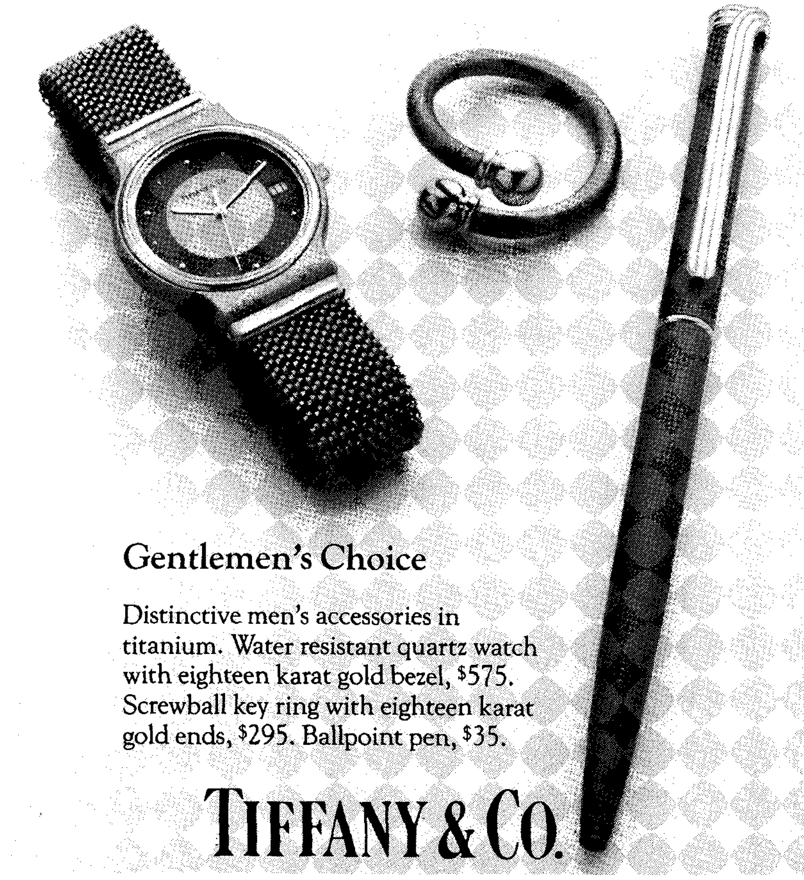

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THE THEATRE

Much Ado About Nothing About Cyrano

THE Royal Shakespeare Company is kind enough to affirm that it thinks of the United States as its second home, and for our part we are always quick to welcome it to Broadway. On the occasion of its present visit, in which it is alternately presenting "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Cyrano de Bergerac," the company offers us an additional, unlooked-for benefaction, which is to demonstrate that the hitherto forbidding mausoleum of the Gershwin Theatre (né Uris) is capable of being transformed into a pleasingly humane theatrical environment; its icy reaches have been warmed and made to seem habitable by bringing the stage forward and darkening the side walls of the auditorium, creating an effect not unlike that of a sumptuously upholstered cave out of whose depths marvellous things may be counted on to emerge. So hurrah, first of all, for the improvement to the theatre, and then hurrah for the company's production of "Much Ado," which is played with enchanting élan—an élan that appears, much of the time, to look forward to and be borrowed from the formal manners and mannerisms of the Restoration. By contrast, the buffooneries of Dogberry and his illiterate colleagues have an air of coming from a far earlier play, but no harm results—it may be that, as scholars tell us, Shakespeare provided Dogberry for the groundlings, and it may also be that we are all more or less groundlings at heart.

Judged by our contemporary moral and social standards, the conduct of most of the characters in "Much Ado" is intolerable in its baseness; perfidious falsehoods of the most heartless kind are the acceptable commonplaces of the court of Messina and, by extension, of human nature as well. Prudently, the director, Terry Hands, takes pains to keep us aware that the mainspring of "Much Ado" is not human nature but a total artifice of thought, word, and deed, which we are invited to admire for its ingenuities, be amused by, and never for a moment pass judgment upon. To heighten our awareness of the playwright's intentions, the set designer (Ralph Koltai), the designer of the costumes (Alexander Reid), and the lighting designer (Mr. Hands again) have peopled the court of Messina with what amount to Dresden figurines, who caper about to the tunes, whether sad or merry, of some invisible music box. Derek Jacobi's Benedick and Sinead Cusack's Beatrice are the worthy ancestors of Elyot and Amanda in Coward's "Private Lives." For them and their sort, lovemaking consists of a duel of words, which leaves no wounds—or, rather, leaves wounds that are more to be cherished than embraces; such lovemaking has the odd advantage over ordinary lovemaking of being inexhaustible.

Hero, played by Clare Byam Shaw, and Claudio, played by Christopher Bowen, are a little too palely porcelainlike for my taste, but Edward Jewesbury makes an admirably robust Leonato, and John Carlisle, as the villainous bastard Don John, was born to be hissed. Christopher Benjamin plays Dogberry in a fashion agreeably reminiscent of Oliver Hardy, and Jimmy Gardner plays a Verges who might well be an elderly kinsman of Stan Laurel. Effective in smaller roles are George Parsons, Jeffery Dench, and Ken Bones.

"*How about that? I recently became my own person, too.*"

ALAS, I can find little to praise in the R.S.C.'s production of "Cyrano." Rostand's romantic melodrama is bound to show its age under the best of circumstances—those circumstances being, in my view, playing it straight, taking one's chances in respect to its inexpungible sentimentality and often (to our ears) overripe rhetoric. Instead, Mr. Hands and his associates have chosen to exaggerate exaggeration, making what is already twice life size into something ten times life size. They have also played tricks with their exaggerations. In the opening scene, two enormous brass chandeliers rest upon the floor of the little theatre that has been fashioned out of an indoor tennis court in the Hôtel de Bourgogne. A stagehand lights the candles in one of the chandeliers, which is then hoisted into place, well out of the way of the audience that has assembled to watch Bellerose act. The other chandelier, after having been lighted, remains unaccountably on the floor. Soon it turns out that it is there not because Rostand intended it to be there but because Mr. Hands, as the director, wishes Mr. Jacobi, as Cyrano, to make his entrance perched high on its supporting cable—a clumsy stunt, meaningless in itself. Similarly, in the last act the dying Cyrano is supposed to support himself against the trunk of an ancient tree in a convent garden, wielding his sword for the last time against a ghostly horde of enemies. But the designer, Mr. Koltai, has given us a tree without a trunk—a disc of brightly colored autumn leaves, floating unsupported in midair.

One might say that the cast has taken its cue from the scenery. Mr. Jacobi shouts where he ought to declaim, and Pete Postlethwaite, poetaster and pastry cook, is so vehement in voice and gesture that he strikes one as being not lovable but potentially dangerous. Miss Cusack has little to do as Roxane but to look demurely desirable, then distracted, then doleful; in this production, her belated discovery of Cyrano's love induced in me not the sympathetic tear I have shed on half a dozen earlier occasions but a feeling of sullen irritation. To be irritated by Roxane! I fall silent, lest I say worse.

"ALONE TOGETHER," at the Music Box, is a moderately amusing play, capable of instant translation into a movie or a TV sitcom, and the author, Lawrence Roman, has been so modest in his ambitions that I am prepared to match him in the modesty of my criticism. The plot is a durable toy: A prosperous, middle-aged married couple in California are delighted to send the last of their three sons off to college and to address life once more as individuals and not merely as parents, marching, however cheerfully, round and round on the daily treadmill of family life. They have aptitudes and appetites that they wish to cultivate, not the least of them sexual, but life has many surprises in store for them. One by one, the sons return, along with a stray girl that the youngest son has happened upon and has sent along home because she is in need of shelter. Turmoil ensues; Mr. Roman is a diligent provider of tiny reversals of fortune, accompanied by repartee not likely ever to have been uttered in real life but capable of making an audience laugh. (For some reason, putting nasty four-letter words into the mouth of a nicely brought-up woman of considerable years is sure to send a supposedly sophisticated Broadway audience into stitches. What do they laugh at in Podunk?) We have

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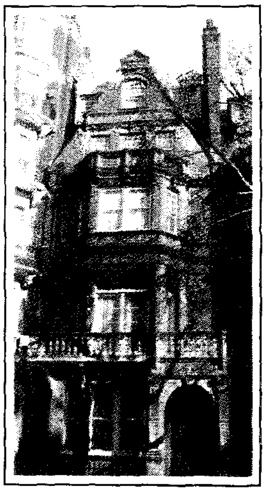

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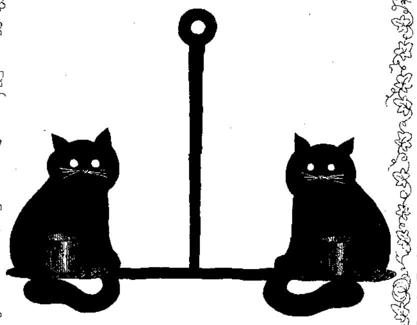

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here what every producer longs to present—a family with happy troubles—and the producers of "Alone Together" have the further advantage of possessing two charming stars to play the harassed, ever-valiant parents: Janis Paige and Kevin McCarthy. They work hard and adroitly, handling with delicacy a peculiar notion that the author, surely only for dramaturgic reasons, keeps bringing up again and again—the notion that husbands and wives have difficulty finding a time and place to make love in the course of their long years of servitude as parents. There are plenty of bedrooms, and plenty of bedroom doors, in the house that Karl Eigsti has designed for "Alone Together," but George and Helene Butler have much pent-up frustration to release, and for a while it looks as if nothing would serve to release it but a bout of lovemaking on a fur rug in front of the living-room fireplace. I am glad to say that the oldest son arrives in time to prevent this eerie episode from taking place.

The three sons are adequately played by Dennis Drake, Don Howard, and Kevin O'Rourke, and the stray girl is impishly impersonated by Alexandra Gersten. The costumes are by Jane Greenwood, the lighting is by Arden Fingerhut, and the direction is by Arnold Mittelman.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Brisk Conquest

SPURRED by the skillful and imaginative direction of Daniel Gerroll, the Roundabout is presenting a lively, not to say frisky, production of "She Stoops to Conquer" (at the Triplex, in Manhattan Community College, on the very brink of the city), with Nathan Lane as the funniest and most liberated Tony Lumpkin in modern memory and with Tovah Feldshuh as an enchanting Kate Hardcastle, who really does stoop to conquer. In most of the productions I've seen, it has been next to impossible to note much difference between Kate the proud daughter of the house and Kate the masquerading barmaid. Miss Feldshuh presents us with two distinct and delightful characterizations. The play whips along at a great pace, as Tony entangles all the strands of the plot and Mr. Gerroll keeps everything clear. Clarity is only part of it; Mr. Gerroll even manages to find a few surprises in a script so familiar that

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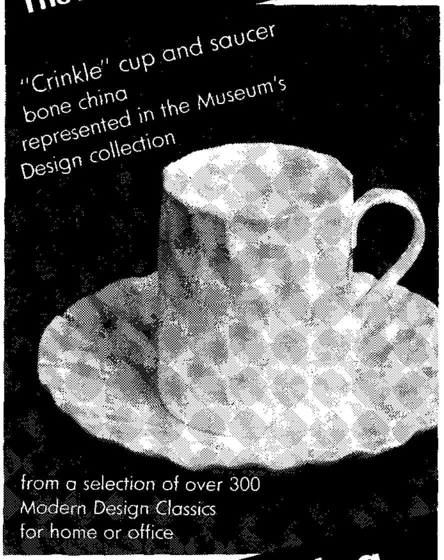

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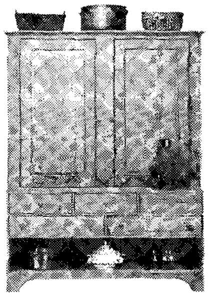

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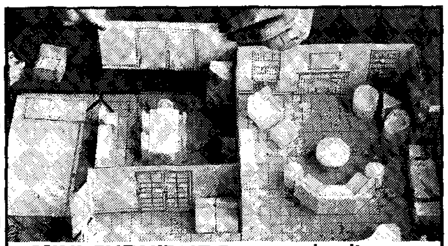

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most of us could recite it backward. The rest of the company does well. Norman Snow is properly arrogant or mortified (according to the attitude called for) as young Marlow, who is led to believe that the country house of his father's friend is an inn, and he is alternately shy or rakish (according to the attitude called for) with sly Kate. John Bedford-Lloyd is worldly, stylish Hastings, and Cynthia Dozier is his charming Constance. E. G. Marshall is every inch the bluff country squire as Mr. Hardcastle, confounded by the impudence of his young guests and then forgiving them in time for a happy ending, and Kaye Ballard plays his foolish, gullible, ambitious wife. Maggi-Meg Reed is just right as Kate's maid and fellow-conniver. The good settings were designed by Robert Thayer and lighted by Allen Lee Hughes; the attractive costumes were designed by Eloise Lunde. What a happy, larky show it is! I wish that Oliver Goldsmith were still around to see it.

CLIFFORD ODETS' "The Country Girl," as faithfully revived at the new Chelsea, tells the story of an alcoholic middle-aged actor who, by a fluke, is given a chance at a comeback in a leading role; his much younger, stubbornly loyal wife; and an ardent, stagestruck director, with thoughts of reclamation in his head, who hires the actor and then decides that the wife is impeding the actor's career and that he alone can save him. Director persuades wife to leave, and actor goes on a monumental bender, which opens director's eyes to his error. Of the original production, in 1950, Wolcott Gibbs—who didn't think much of it—wrote in this magazine, "The corrosive effect of drunkenness on talent has always had a strong attraction for writers, who are, generally speaking, suckers for romantic ruins." The play—theatre about theatre, or, more precisely, theatre about show business—is certainly romantic. It has also been a vehicle of sorts for a stunning performance by Uta Hagen, in its first incarnation, and for attractive ones by Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, and William Holden, in a movie version in 1954. The current principals—Hal Holbrook, Christine Lahti, and Jeffrey DeMunn—are very good actors, but they are not seen at their best on the stage of the Chelsea. Under Richard Thomsen's direction, the show, while always absorbing, never takes wing.

—EDITH OLIVER

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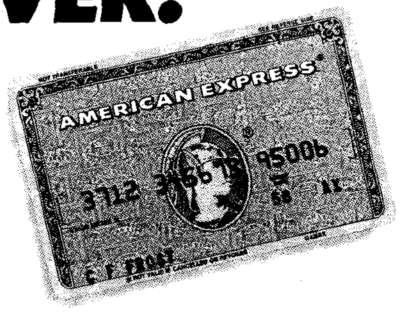

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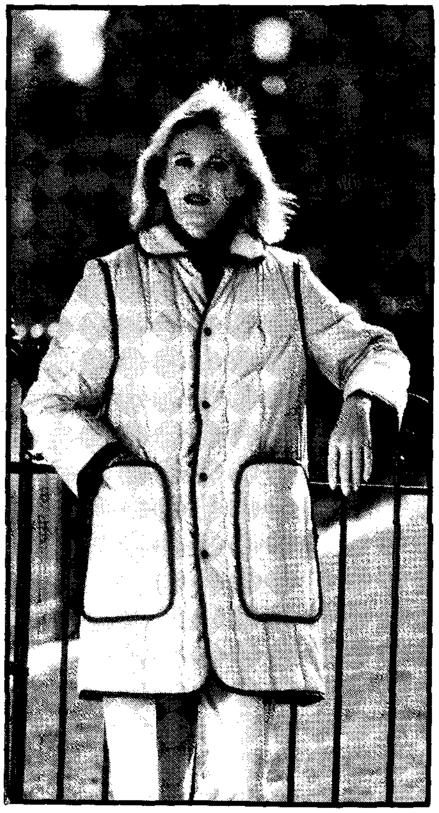

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A POLITICAL JOURNAL

WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 21

THE first three weeks of October will go down as the period when the Presidential campaign either did or did not turn around, but, while the answer is not in just yet, it will certainly go down as the period when the campaign began to take on a different look and the Republicans, for all their ostensible confidence, had a fright. The chemistry of the campaign had actually begun to change during the week before Mondale and Reagan met for their first debate, on domestic policy, on October 7th, in Louisville. But the aftermath of that debate, which Mondale was universally judged to have won—a judgment that fed on itself and, as often happens, grew more emphatic in the days following the debate—and the question that debate raised about Reagan's competence to handle his job (a question that was misnamed the "age issue"), began to change the atmosphere surrounding the race. But not, at least at first, the polls: though both sides agreed that their measurements showed that people had a better impression of Mondale following that debate, and both campaigns' polls showed Mondale picking up some over-all support, there was not much movement right away in the public polls. Then, as the second debate, tonight, approached, some of the public polls indicated that the race was tightening. The effect of tonight's debate, the candidates' last, on foreign policy, appeared less conclusive. The next, brief period, ending on November 6th, will tell us whether the public's negative attitudes toward Mondale and positive attitudes toward Reagan were so high all along, and certain currents that seem to be running in the country were so strong, that Mondale never had a chance. It will also tell us how much danger there was—there clearly was some—that the carefully constructed Reagan campaign could come apart.

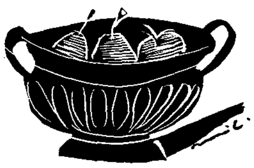
Before the first debate, Mondale's situation, at least as the public saw it, was getting no better, if not deteriorating. An extensive Washington *Post*–ABC poll, made public at the end of the first week of October, showed Reagan leading Mondale fifty-five per cent to thirty-seven, and indicated that Reagan was ahead everywhere except Rhode Island (where it found the two candidates even) and the District of Columbia (where Mondale was ahead). The poll found that Mondale's and Geraldine Ferraro's standings had slipped during the month of September, and that the margin of people who felt that the Republican Party was better able to solve the nation's problems was growing. On the day before the debate, a New York *Times*–CBS poll had Reagan leading Mondale by twenty-six points. Yet the polling by both the Mondale and the Reagan campaigns during the first week of October indicated that Mondale was gaining some ground. (And, though neither campaign had the Reagan lead as large as the *Times*–CBS poll did, both still showed Reagan with a comfortable margin.) And the Reagan-Bush campaign was finding, to its consternation, that Mondale was behind Reagan in California by only seven points; Reagan's lead had once been seventeen points. The investment in California by the Mondale-Ferraro campaign—in both candidate time and paid advertising—was apparently yielding results; and the Reagan-Bush Washington headquarters was worried about the status of its campaign in California. The Reagan-Bush campaign was also concerned during the first week of October that its lead in Ohio had shrunk from about seventeen points to twelve points, and its lead in Pennsylvania had gone from about eleven points to six points. For the most part, one Reagan-Bush official said, these were Democrats "going home," and not strong Reagan supporters or independents switching allegiance; but there were also signs of independents turning to Mondale.

All this occurred after—and was related by Reagan-Bush strategists to—the week following the bombing of the Embassy in Beirut, when Reagan likened the delays in providing more adequate protection for the Embassy to delays in getting a kitchen remodelled, and then tried to place the blame for the attack on cuts in intelligence-gathering capacity in past Administrations. But while there may have been slippage, such was Reagan's lead going into the debates that he would have to go into a steady free-fall in order to lose the election. Reagan's people were concerning themselves not with the possibility of a loss—though they remained on guard about the unthinkable happening—but with the magnitude of the victory, and its effects on the Republican Party. Nonetheless, they tried to cut off the subject of Beirut by having Reagan, on October 2nd, standing under an airplane wing in Brownsville, Texas, say that he "was responsible—and no one else" for the security arrangements in Lebanon. He had done a similar thing shortly after Christmas, in order to cut off debate on an adverse report by a special Pentagon-appointed committee about the successful truck-bombing of the Marine headquarters last fall. This time, Mondale, who had been keeping up the attack on Reagan about Beirut (and had said the day before, "What we have today is a President who gives us alibis"), said that Reagan's statement wouldn't "wash." Ferraro, in an appearance in Atlanta, asked whether, when Reagan took responsibility, "Does he mean he didn't heed the many warnings that preceded the attack?" And she asked whether he meant that he had approved the move into the new Embassy before it had adequate security. The Mondale people say that their polling found that the series of incidents surrounding the bombing was eating into Reagan's support among certain target groups, and was particularly hurting him among white males—a major source of Reagan support.

Reagan, meanwhile, was stepping up his attacks on Mondale, concentrating on the "Carter-Mondale" Administration and on Mondale's proposals to cut the deficit by, among other things, raising taxes. Reagan repeated the line of other Administration officials, saying that Mondale would raise taxes on the average family by eighteen hundred dollars. (The Reagan people are aware that this is not true—that taxes would be raised on a graduated basis, and would not be raised on any families earning twenty-five thousand dollars or less, and that the over-all figure is too high.) The Reagan campaign also began to run negative ads in early October (against "Carter-Mondale" and Mondale's tax increases, which are also the subject of an extensive ad campaign by the Republican Party). Some Reagan campaign advisers had been wanting to run these ads for some time, and finally got through when the numbers started to slip.

Reagan was having other problems as well. In the same planeside news conference where he said he took responsibility for the events in Beirut, Reagan reacted to questions about the fact that, on the day before, Raymond Donovan, his Secretary of Labor, had been indicted. Donovan, the first sitting Cabinet officer to be indicted, had been charged by a Bronx grand jury with a hundred and thirty-seven counts involving grand larceny and fraud in connection with his previous activities as an officer and part owner of the Schiavone Construction Company, of Secaucus, New Jersey. (Nine other individuals and another company were also charged.) Donovan pleaded not guilty and charged that the prosecution was a "politically motivated hatchet job," and took a leave of absence without pay rather than resign his job. A number of the President's advisers, including James Baker, the White House chief of staff, believed that Donovan, who has had legal and political problems from the beginning, and particularly poor relations with labor, should have left long ago—but the President is reluctant to get rid of people, and Donovan had the backing of a number of conservatives in and out of the Administration. He got the job in the first place because he raised a great deal of money for Reagan in 1980—and at a time when few Eastern Republicans were interested in contributing to Reagan. In 1982, a special prosecutor appointed to investigate allegations that Donovan had ties to organized crime concluded that there was "insufficient credible evidence" to prosecute Donovan. (The recent indictment deals with state, not federal, law.) The indictment, of course, does not mean that Donovan is guilty, but it nonetheless came as an embarrassment to the Reagan Administration, which has had a large number of its members come under fire, or have to leave office, for misconduct.

Last month, an independent counsel who had been appointed to look into the financial dealings of Edwin Meese, counsellor to the President and Attorney General-designate, found "no basis with respect to any of the eleven allegations for the bringing of a prosecution against Mr. Meese for the violation of a federal criminal statute." The independent counsel, Jacob Stein, said that his assignment did not permit him to rule on the "propriety or the ethics" of Meese's conduct, or his "fitness for the post of Attorney General." However, to spare the Administration any more embarrassment the Republican-controlled Senate Judiciary Committee put off further consideration of Meese's nomination until after the election.



When Reagan was asked by reporters about the Donovan indictment, he replied angrily that his Administration officials faced a "lynch atmosphere." And in reply to a question about what some Administration critics have come to refer to as "the sleaze factor," Reagan said, "The only sleaze factor that I've seen in all of the things that have been going on in these four years, if there is one, is on the other side, with their baseless charges of accusations that have all been proven false." Though Administration officials said at the time that they felt the Donovan matter would have little political effect, the campaign's polling indicated that the matter did have a negative effect for about six days, and then was overtaken by other matters—especially the first debate.

AS Mondale headed into the first debate, he had a large, nearly fatal problem: his candidacy was being widely written off—dismissed as an embarrassment or a joke. He had become the subject of ridicule, which is a very difficult thing to reverse once it starts. (The same thing happened to Carter.) There is a cruel streak in the American system which leads people to ridicule someone who appears to be losing badly or to be falling from public favor. A kind of piling on occurs—to the point where the political figure is turned into a caricature, someone who can do nothing right. Everything he does is seen through a given lens. Mondale, before the debate, was reaching that point, if he had not reached it. A subsidiary of the cruelty is that the failing candidate's—or President's—"allies" become severe (though usually anonymous) critics, spreading the word about what a disaster he is. Members of his party walk away. This happened to Carter when his Presidency began to fail, and, though it is hard to remember, this even began to happen to Reagan in 1982, when the recession was threatening the Republican Party with large losses. Democrats, however, are far better at self-demolition than Republicans are. Everything about Mondale, it seemed, was wrong: his nose, his voice; he couldn't make an interesting speech; he was humorless; he was, to use the going word, a "wimp." That he could make a good speech, that he has a fine sense of humor (a trait not impossible to catch on television) went largely unrecorded, and unknown to the public. People were tuning him out. He was nearing the point where he was in danger of becoming—to use a phrase that James Johnson, his campaign chairman, used in a different context earlier this year—"politically dead."

Mondale cannot help his looks or his voice, of course, but some of the problem he had brought on himself. He had not made many inspiring speeches, and Mondale himself is aware that he is not a particularly effective speaker. He made no great effort to become more effective on television. There were a number of contexts in which Mondale did not come across as particularly strong or commanding—the way he handled his ties to the interest groups supporting him, the way he went about selecting a running mate, his appearing to appease Jesse Jackson, the Bert Lance bungle. Too often, he appeared to be caving in to pressure; his reluctance to displease, especially during the primaries, gave off a poor impression; the deals he made were costly. Beyond that, Mondale does not often project commandingness (Reagan does, no matter what is behind it), and there is in fact a kind of hesitancy to Mondale—born sometimes of seeing the complexities and mixed implications of things, sometimes of sheer indecision—which the public smells. Reagan is considered a leader because of the strength with which he holds—and, more important, conveys—certain convictions. One of Mondale's associates believes that part of Mondale's problem is that he sometimes seems to run his campaign as if he were governing: seeking a lot of expert opinion, and consensus, before making a move—making sure he knows all the implications. While this has its commendable aspects, it can also inhibit, even supplant, instinct, and come across as excessive caution. (Mondale's initial hesitancy over whether to criticize

Reagan for the bombing of the Beirut Embassy last month was a case in point.) Some people, inside and outside the Mondale camp, think that much of the public made a judgment about Mondale during the primaries—a negative judgment that is hard to change. Another theory is that Mondale has been in public life so long, is such a familiar figure, that the public was willing to give him one look this year and if it didn't like what it saw would reject him. One of Mondale's advisers thinks that the stereotype of Mondale as simply an old-hat, dull politician is a consequence of "the juggernaut strategy." Late last year and early this year, Mondale's seemingly powerful, smooth-running, and unstoppable campaign acquired the nickname the juggernaut. This man said, "We did politics for a year: our message was straw-poll winner, endorsee—not crusader for tax reform, or what have you." What people saw was a "politician." Mondale was, and still is, seen as Washington, government, while Reagan still runs against Washington (he still refers to the "puzzle palaces on the Potomac"). There are those who say that the strategy is what saved Mondale—that and the deft use of rules that had been written to help him—but it is now clear that something else was needed. Mondale's was a tactical victory—but political tactics do not enrich the nation's soul. So, while things were improving for Mondale, the stereotype, the caricature, the dismissal of Mondale as a serious candidate had reached such a point that Mondale's candidacy going into the first debate was, so far as the public was concerned, barely breathing.

THERE is also a theory that there are factors in this election which go well beyond the personal attributes of either candidate, though the Reagan campaign has been particularly adept at cultivating them and taking advantage of them. There seems to be a kind of brew of feelings and reactions in the land which, with his help, play right into Reagan's hands. The tradition that Mondale comes out of—the New Deal and the Great Society—and seems to personify, despite his efforts to indicate that his views have evolved, is out of fashion. Beyond that, it still stirs resentments. I can remember, during the Johnson Administration, at the time the Great Society was being pushed through, that some people in the Administration who fully subscribed to its philosophy felt that it was overreaching—that blue-collar workers were beginning to resent having their taxes go to help the poor. It was at that same time that inflation was beginning to be a problem, because Johnson was reluctant to raise taxes to pay for both the Great Society and the Vietnam War. "Fairness" was an issue in the 1982 elections, but that was mostly fairness toward the middle class, which was losing out in the recession. Many voters are still left with—and reminded of—images that are hard to erase: student protesters against the Vietnam War burning the flag (those were the children of the upper-middle and upper classes; blue-collar workers' kids were fighting in Vietnam); the hostages in Iran. The blue-collar workers were angry at the Vietnam protesters—to the point of beating them up in 1970. Recently, when Ferraro demanded of an audience of United Auto Workers near Rockford, Illinois, why so many of them were supporting Reagan, one of the first responses she got was the hostages in Iran. (She pointed out, to whatever avail, that the fifty-two hostages had all come home alive, while two hundred and fifty servicemen had died in Beirut.)

A number of observers believe that there is a large element, if largely an unspoken one, of race in this election. The civil-rights revolution, for all the good it said about this country, left a lot of bitterness in its wake and, as it has moved into such areas as busing, housing, and affirmative action, has, whatever the merits of the case, been more difficult and stirred anger among those whites directly affected—who tend to be the blue-collar workers. There are some who see the Administration as not only playing on that anger by trying to reverse past gains but, through a series of actions, having, intentionally or not, legitimized racism once again: through a series of court suits; through delaying its endorsement of an extension of the Voting Rights Act; by seeking to grant tax-exempt status to Bob Jones University; by its cultivation of certain individuals and groups clearly identified with the white backlash. (Reagan's one black Cabinet officer, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development Samuel Pierce, has virtually disappeared from view. Earlier in the Administration, Reagan, meeting with a group of mayors, greeted Pierce as "Mr. Mayor.") There are polling figures indicating that the Democratic Party is increasingly becoming the Party of blacks and women, while white males are heavily for Reagan. Another thing that is seen as bothering blue-collar men is the women's movement: recent figures indicate that, beginning in late 1983, the total percentage of white males in the work force is below fifty per cent—the rest being women, blacks, and Hispanics and other "foreigners." And this trend has been continuing. Finally, the national Democratic Party has been seen as tolerant of, or soft on, other things that bother many people—homosexuality and crime.

All these things, a friend of mine here suggests, have given rise to a sort of nativist movement. "Nativist" is a term used by anthropologists to explain the reaction of a society that feels it has been pushed into too much change too quickly. (The turning of Iran to the Ayatollah Khomeini, he suggested, is a recent, and dramatic, example.) In America these days, it appears that helping the poor is out of fashion and an "I've got mine, Jack" attitude is in fashion. In a sense, Jerry Falwell is the ultimate American nativist leader (he goes on about homosexuality quite a bit), and he has a number of important allies. The fundamentalist-Christian movement has been deliberately sought out by the Republicans to counter Jesse Jackson's voter-registration drive. An absolutely liberal Mondale man tells me that he believes that one of the things that is going on is that the Democratic Convention was seen by the country as too beholden to blacks. The "diversity" that Mondale kept celebrating at his Convention does not appeal to the nativists. In recent years, there has seemed to be a new consciousness and fear—spoken and unspoken—that America is losing its white, English-speaking identity. The nativist movement, or set of backlashes, also explains "the new patriotism." It is part of our native religion that we are stronger and better than the rest of the world. Suggestions that things are more complicated than that, that there are events we cannot control, do not sit well with the national psyche. Some people I have talked with about these things think that this collective mood will pass; that the action-reaction cycle that has governed our history will

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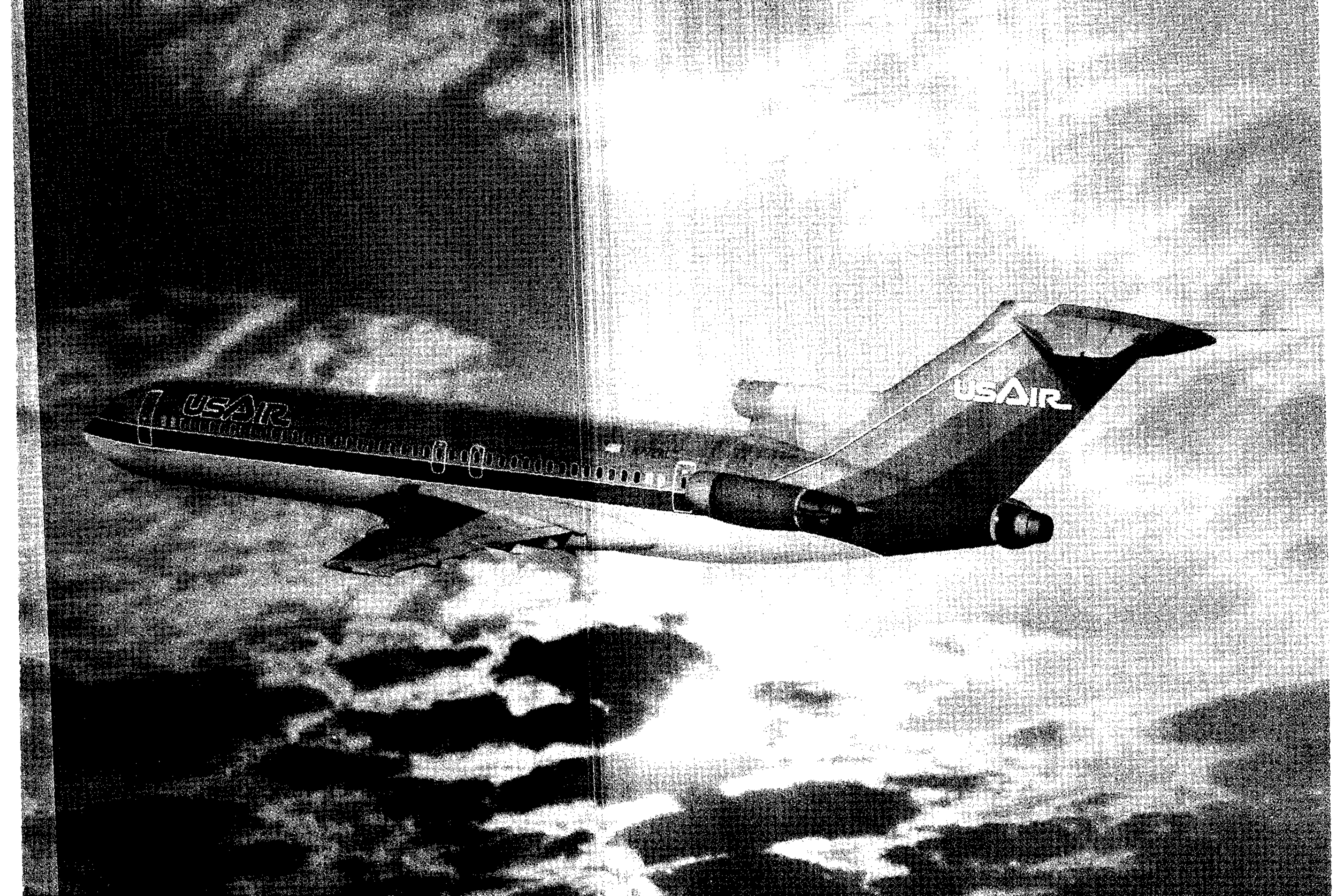

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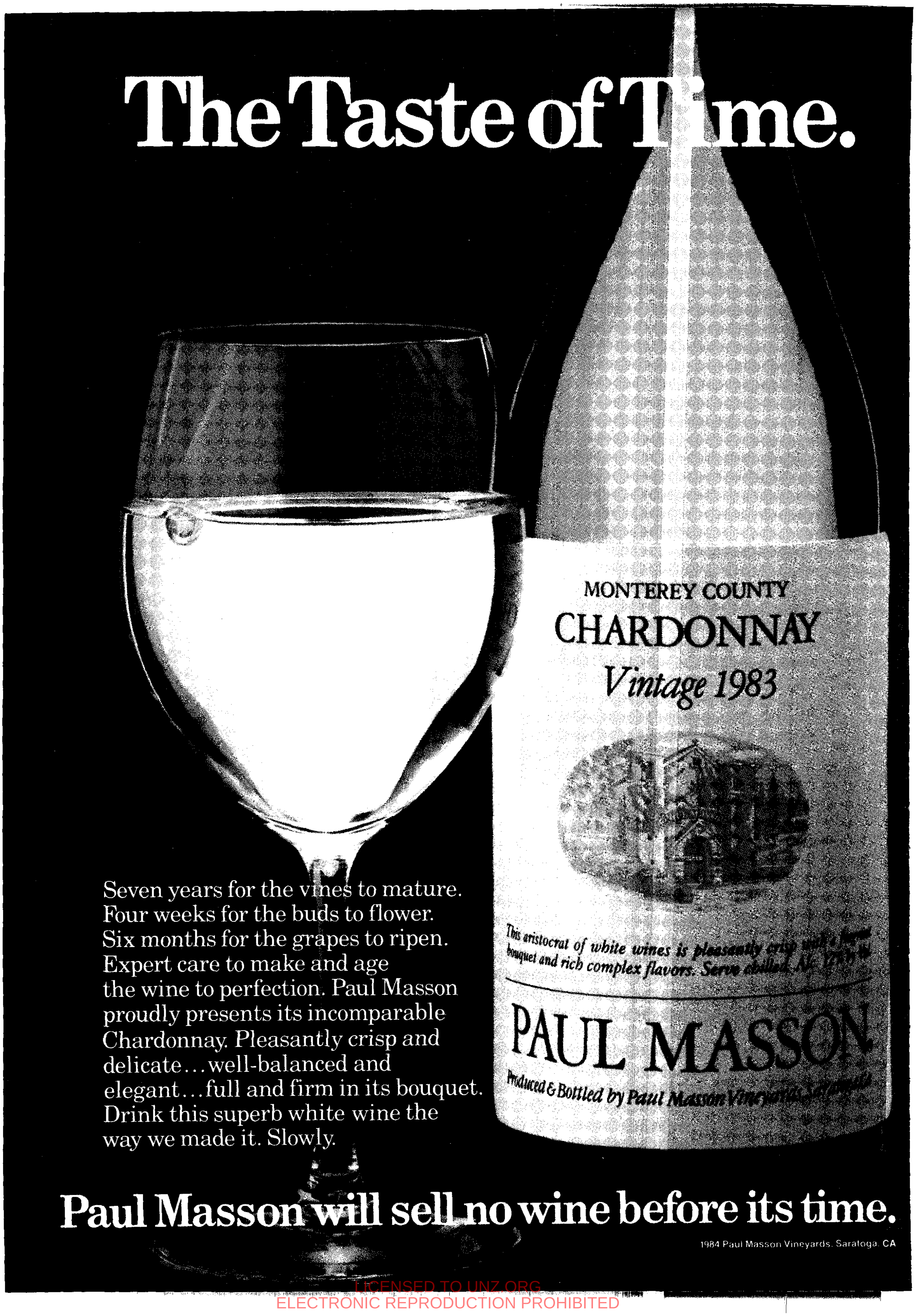
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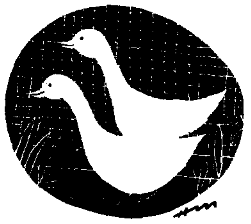
1984 Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, CA continue. But meanwhile it is all working to Reagan's advantage. Reagan has not only encouraged and benefitted from the new mood; his campaign has made him the personification of America. To suggest that anything is wrong with him is to run down the country. In his appearance at Bowling Green in late September, Reagan said, "Uncle Sam is a friendly old man, but he has a spine of steel."

ACTUALLY, the Mondale campaign had been going through some internal reëvaluation of its strategy, and a fair amount of controversy, for some time before the debate. The first manifestation of the reëvaluation was the speech that Mondale gave at George Washington University, in Washington, on September 25th, in which he set forth in a sharper manner than before what he saw as the stakes in the election. Essentially, by about mid-September several of Mondale's campaign aides had become unhappy about the way the campaign was going, and felt that Mondale still did not have a message that was working. They subscribed to the advice that Patrick Caddell, the pollster, had been giving: that the stakes had to be made clearer, that Mondale had to stay on the "high moral ground," and that such was Reagan's personal popularity that anything that came across as a personal attack on him would work to Mondale's disadvantage. While the fact that Caddell—who earlier in the year had been advising Gary Hart and may have done Mondale more damage than any other strategist, and who has a history of tension with Mondale—was advising the Mondale campaign emerged in the press only after the debate, Caddell had actually been advising the campaign on an on-and-off basis since August, and played a major role (including meeting with Mondale) in the rethink that led to the George Washington University speech. Some of the Mondale high command had felt it important to keep Caddell's role as secret as possible, for a mixture of reasons: some found it hard to admit that Caddell's advice might be needed; and Caddell, who can be temperamental, has a tendency to talk to the press about his role. So the deal was: Caddell would advise but the press wasn't to know. Yet such things are impossible to keep secret, and eventually the word was out. Caddell, sound as his advice may have been, would not have prevailed to the extent he did had he not had so many allies within the campaign; among them were some people who had initially had some misgivings about bringing him into the campaign at all.

But some key figures in the campaign were unhappy with the paid media, with what the campaign's polling was turning up (it did not square with other data they saw), with the fact that both Mondale's and Ferraro's "negatives" were rising, and, most important, with Mondale's failure to get his message across. Among this group were Bob Beckel, the campaign manager; Tom Donilon, the deputy campaign director and a longtime friend of Caddell's; John Reilly, Mondale's law partner and a key adviser; and Paul Tully, the national political director of the campaign. The resistance came from a very few people, who found it difficult to admit that a change was needed or that Caddell was needed, or who feared erosion of their own authority. Such things preoccupy campaigns—particularly campaigns in trouble—while the candidate is trying to get through the day. The object of much of the internal critics' unhappiness was Richard Leone, who had been brought into the Mondale campaign in the summer to be in charge of "the message"—and to supervise polling, speechwriting, advertising, and issues. This was a tall order, and Leone, an intelligent man who is a close friend of Johnson's and was brought in by him, had had little experience in national politics. Johnson, for all the campaign's troubles with Caddell in the past, had enough respect for his mind to invite him to advise the campaign—but the subsequent outbreak of near-war between some top campaign aides and Leone put Johnson in an uncomfortable position. It was a memorandum by Caddell that guided some of the initial thinking this fall—that Reagan should not be directly attacked and the stakes in the election should be made clear—but his advice was only sporadically followed. Mondale himself was aware that things were not going well for him in the early weeks of the campaign. A new memorandum, prepared by Caddell in mid-September, setting forth again what Mondale should do and what he should avoid, impressed several within the campaign—and also Mondale himself. It was essentially adopted—or so several people in the campaign thought—at a meeting, which Mondale attended, at Mondale's law offices on the Saturday before the George Washington University speech. But Leone kept resisting: thus, the first part of the speech was about foreign policy, which had been originally scheduled, and the second part was a setting out of the strong new themes as dictated by the new, or adjusted, strategy. This part of the speech was what several of Mondale's campaign aides had hoped his opening speech, in Merrill, Wisconsin, on Labor Day, would be more like. Bureaucratic arguments continued—through the first debate and up until the second one. After a large struggle, Beckel took over supervision of the paid media. Caddell played a large role in designing the media and the strategy for the first debate (the debates were under Leone's jurisdiction), but his involvement was resisted by some all along the way. And though many people in the campaign thought it was a settled matter that Caddell would play a major role in the second debate, there was a resistance to this, too, and roadblocks were erected, in the final days leading up to the debate. But Caddell ended up playing a large role in it after all. All this was going on while Mondale was getting ready for the most important, and potentially decisive, moment in his political career.



Meanwhile, Mondale, pleased with the positive response to his George Washington University speech, began to incorporate chunks of the new approach in his stump speech. ("This election is not about jelly beans and pen pals. It is about toxic dumps that give cancer to our children.") He continued to try to draw the contrast between the two parties, emphasizing the Republican platform, and he continued to talk about arms control. However, Mondale's natural inclination was to go after Reagan (he has always been a scrappy partisan), and sometimes the fancy advice he was being given—on how to go at Reagan without appearing to go at him—fell before the natural instincts of the man on the stump.

Thus, on Monday, October 1st, in a speech in New Brunswick, New Jersey, where Rutgers University is situated, Mondale, first stipulating that he was sure the President had "good intentions" about arms control, and that he did not doubt that "the President is for peace," went on to cite instances

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that have come to light indicating that Reagan both lacks a grasp of some important aspects of nuclear weaponry and is essentially uninvolved in the bureaucratic struggles that have paralyzed arms-control policy. (Reagan's disinclination to exercise leadership within his own government on important issues—his carrying the art of delegating to perhaps a new level—is at odds with the public's impression of him as a "strong leader." The leadership for which Reagan is so applauded has to do with his public presentation of his case, which is a different thing from how he conducts the Presidency.) Mondale, in his speech, said that Reagan "didn't bother to learn" such things as that submarine-launched missiles can't be recalled once they are launched or that most of the Soviet missiles are land-based (this had affected the United States' negotiating position), or that bombers and submarines carry nuclear missiles. Mondale said, "If a President doesn't know, if he doesn't decide, a President can't lead." The new idea was to stipulate Reagan's good intentions and attack his execution. Mondale's aides were at pains to explain that Mondale was not raising a question about Reagan's "competence"—which they considered dangerous territory—but was simply saying that Reagan didn't seem to have enough information to govern effectively; but the distinction was lost on a lot of people. Meanwhile, as part of the revised strategy Mondale wasn't talking as much as before about his plan to raise taxes in order to reduce the deficit, his campaign having concluded (as the Republicans had some time ago) that the tax-increase plan was not a winner for him. One of his advisers said to me recently, "I think the tax plan will go down as one of our mistakes." However, not all of Mondale's advisers agree: they point out that Reagan would have painted Mondale as a taxer anyway (Mondale had set forth a tax-increase plan in the primaries), and that Mondale's offering a specific plan to raise taxes by a specific amount (eighty-five billion dollars) helped to neutralize the issue; further, they think that Mondale got a lift out of the Convention, and afterward, by showing "leadership" on the issue—but that he would have got even more mileage if he had painted the deficit more as a moral issue, and not gone around explaining it with his charts. Mondale was also incorporating in his speeches a riposte to the Reagan campaign's attempt to tie Rea-

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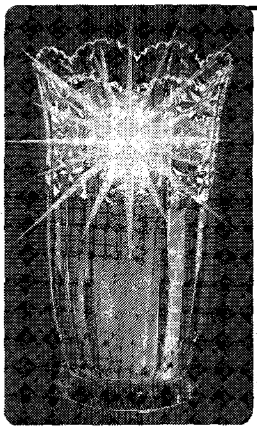

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gan to Democratic heroes—Franklin Roosevelt, John Kennedy, Harry Truman, and even Mondale's good friend Hubert Humphrey. Mondale said, "Why don't they leave our own heroes alone and honor their own—Hoover and Nixon and Agnew?"

THE Mondale strategy going into the debate, as it was finally settled on, had several components, with two overriding and connected goals: to change the public's view of Mondale and to throw Reagan, as the Mondale people put it, "off his script." They believed that the Reagan people would assume, on the basis of Mondale's performance in the primary debates, that Mondale would be aggressive and programmatic—and, through a deliberate campaign of disinformation, the Mondale people encouraged the Reagan camp in those assumptions. And, according to an important Reagan adviser, "Most of us were expecting the primaries Mondale." But the Mondale people had decided against following their previous strategy of, as one aide described it, "Mondale coming on like a lawnmower"—a strategy that probably would not have worked anyway, since it did not provide the most attractive picture of Mondale and would have appeared unseemly against a popular President. The new strategy was to have Mondale reach for the high moral ground, be gracious, say that Reagan is an honorable man, but—and attack his policies. He was to show that he had strong convictions, and continue to try to get people to focus on the future. The key to it, they decided, was to have Mondale not savage Reagan but appear visionary and, as often as possible, make the question the stakes in the election. Mondale was to avoid arguments over facts and figures and correction of any Reagan mistakes (his staff would take care of that afterward), and, on occasion, suggest that Reagan does not understand the implications of his policies: in other words, take the issues to Reagan without appearing to be attacking him, or questioning his competence.

The two most important things that affected the outcome of the debate—and, more important, the interpretations of the outcome of the debate—were that both Mondale and Reagan did not match the expectations of them: Mondale made a better impression than people had expected, Reagan made a worse one. In part, each of them did things he had been doing for some time but that people hadn't

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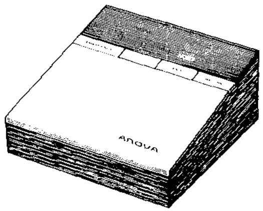

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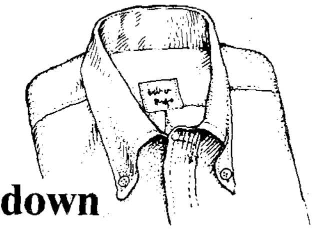

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seemed to notice; in part, Mondale turned in a better performance than he perhaps ever had before, while Reagan not only did not use his full talents but showed a faltering side that most people had not seemed to notice. Mondale showed some of the humor and conviction that he had been showing on the campaign trail but that had not been much noticed, and he also came across as a more commanding figure than he had before. He was aware that if he did not do well in the debate his campaign could collapse, and, though he is admittedly uncomfortable with television and was not particularly rested going into the debate, he reached (once again) for resources he had not called upon before. His performance was far from flawless, and he did not always seem at ease (especially at first), but he showed more ease with the medium than before, came across as in command of his material, and often had Reagan on the defensive. Yet Mondale still was not as thematic as he might have been, and though he called upon some of his more recent "high moral ground" rhetoric, he did not do it as much as some of his advisers had hoped. Nor, deft as he was at undermining Reagan's case, did he say many memorable things—the kinds of things that would move large blocs of voters to him. Mondale also did a lot more talking about the deficit than had been the plan, in part because it came up in the questioning, in part because he likes to talk about it (whatever his aides may think)—about its effects now and potentially in the future, and about the fact that he has offered a deficit-reduction plan and Reagan has not. He hammered at this point throughout the debate. And he slipped in a connection between the need for leadership on the deficit and the recent events in Beirut: "I believe that a President must command that White House and those who work for him. It's the toughest job on earth, and you must master the facts and insist that things that must be done *are* done." Toward the end, he said, "Well, we've just finished almost the whole debate and the American people don't have the slightest clue what President Reagan will do about the deficit. And yet that's the most important single issue of our time." At an earlier point, Reagan had said, "I'm running on the record. I think sometimes Mr. Mondale is running away from his."

Reagan's position in the debate, as it has been all along, was that a combination of economic growth and cuts in

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government spending will cure the deficit problem—a position with which few economists agree. He also said that "there is no connection" between the deficit and interest rates—a view espoused by his Secretary of the Treasury but not many others. And he said, flatly, that the deficit "is the result of excessive government spending." He said that economic conditions became so much worse in 1980 that "I was openly saying" that a balanced budget based on his tax-cut plan "was no longer possible." In fact, he said throughout 1980 that the budget could be balanced by 1983, and his plan, formally introduced in 1981, projected a balanced budget by 1984. Reagan did slip away from an answer in which he appeared to rule out absolutely the raising of taxes. Mondale made much of the Reagan Administration's early attempts to cut Social Security and Medicare, forcing Reagan on the defensive on this, and in his response Reagan made a tactical error. He said, "I will never stand for a reduction of the Social Security benefits to the people that are now getting them"—thus appearing to leave open the possibility, as he had before, that future retirees might receive reduced benefits. (His campaign moved to correct this two days later, having White House spokesman Larry Speakes issue a statement saying that future recipients would be protected as well, and Reagan himself told reporters that this is what he had meant in the debate.) Reagan also said that the cost of Social Security does not come out of the federal budget but is in a separate trust fund—but this is not the case. He also denied, erroneously, that he had tried to cut Social Security and Medicare by the amounts Mondale said. And he also claimed, erroneously, that "we have more people receiving food stamps than were ever receiving them before," and he got wrong the proportion of the defense budget that is for weapons. Reagan's defensiveness on the Social Security issue only served to emphasize it, and, in his defensiveness on other issues—fairness, the size of the defense budget—he went into long recitations of facts and figures.

And, while Reagan sometimes seemed testy and lacking in his usual public amiability, Mondale was unexpectedly gracious to Reagan. (This, too, was a deliberate effort to throw Reagan "off his script," as well as to show that Mondale is not simply a scrappy partisan.) Mondale conceded that Reagan had "done some things to

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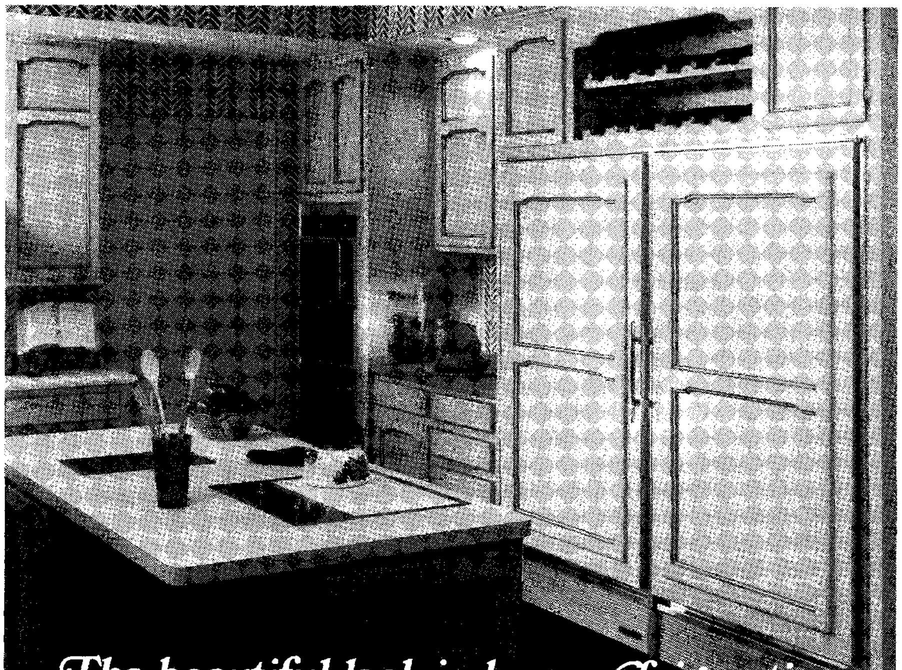

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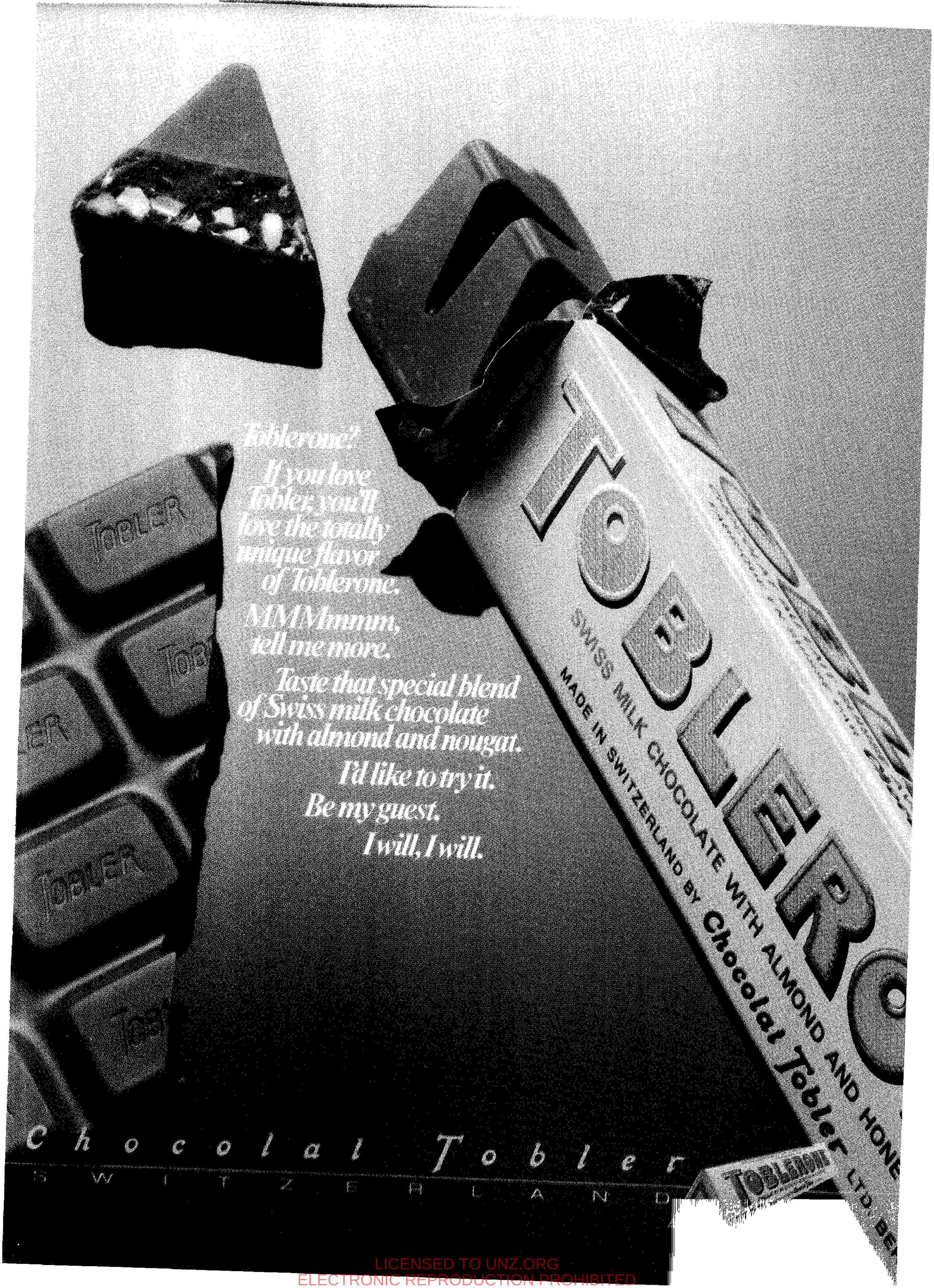
raise the sense of spirit and morale—good feeling—in this country," and even went so far as to say, "I like President Reagan." (I am told that Mondale hadn't planned to go this far, but that when he saw that his graciousness to Reagan seemed to be disconcerting him he pushed on, and was even nicer.) In fact, though Mondale, as a practiced politician, understands partisan give and take, one gets the impression that he really does not like Reagan, because he so deeply disapproves of his policies.

Reagan collaborated in Mondale's success. Much of what he did, and what seemed to stun people, he had been doing for a long time: it seems that many people had missed, or forgotten, the difference between Reagan "the Great Communicator" reading to the television audience from a script and the Reagan of the press conferences, who often spouts facts and figures (some of them erroneous) in defense of a policy, who often loses his train of thought. It has seemed to many observers, however, that Reagan's reaction time has slowed in recent months, that he misses more opportunities to hit a question out of the park, that he loses his train of thought more often. So packaged, so sleek (for the most part) had his campaign been that people had lost sight of this less adept communicator. (Reagan has not held a press conference since July 24th, and has held fewer in his Presidency than any other modern President.) But the long debate—it was to be an hour and a half, and ran ten minutes longer—provided a striking picture of Reagan's fumbling, which, even to those who had been aware of it before, seemed especially marked. It raised again the question of why Reagan's aides have been so protective of him. Moreover, Reagan failed to summon forth the high rhetoric that has been so successful for him. Reagan, for all his easygoing public demeanor, is actually a very combative man, and it seems that the combination of being constrained by his aides from responding to Mondale's charges as the campaign went along (this was part of their strategy of trying to control the agenda), and being confronted in the debate with charges about his domestic policies, got under his skin, and got the better of his judgment. (He did much the same thing in his acceptance speech at the Republican Convention.) A closing statement of soaring rhetoric had been prepared for him, but instead he used the time to rattle off more facts and figures in rebuttal to various points Mondale had made, and then, at the end, reached, as if for a lifeline, for a quote from Thomas Paine. Reagan in the past has often come up with masterly verbal tricks, but increasingly he seems to fall back on old ones. This time, when he pulled out the line "There you go again," which he had used to such devastating effect against Carter in 1980 (among other things, it put Reagan, the challenger, on the same level as Carter, the President), Mondale was ready for him and whanged the line back at Reagan with devastating effect. In what will become the most memorable scene from the debate, Mondale used this opportunity to turn to Reagan and say, "Now, Mr. President, you said"—and Mondale repeated it slowly: "There you go again." Reagan stared at his lectern. "Right?" Mondale asked, driving it home. "Remember the last time you said that?" Reagan said, "Um-hum," still staring at his lectern, apparently thrown and angered by this unexpected turn of events. Then, as Mondale went on to say that Reagan had used that line when Carter said that Reagan, if elected, would cut Medicare, and then, after he became President, he had in fact tried to cut Medicare, the expression on Reagan's face, as he looked at Mondale, was that of a stricken man. The Mondale people had planned this, to change the psychology of the debate—just as Reagan had in 1980. (Reagan's fondness for stock lines extends to lines from the movies. It was brought to my attention recently that a line Reagan used in his Convention film—"Where do we find such men?"—which, in the film, Reagan said that he had asked his wife, Nancy, as they walked past the graves at Normandy, and which I recalled him using in the 1976 campaign in connection with some former Vietnam War P.O.W.s whom he and Mrs. Reagan had entertained at the Governor's mansion in California, is actually a line from the 1955 movie "The Bridges at Toko-Ri." The line was used, in a slightly different form, in both the film and the book, by James Michener, on which the film was based. Last year, it was brought to my attention that Reagan's line in the 1980 debate in Nashua, New Hampshire—"I am paying for this microphone, Mr. Green"—bore a striking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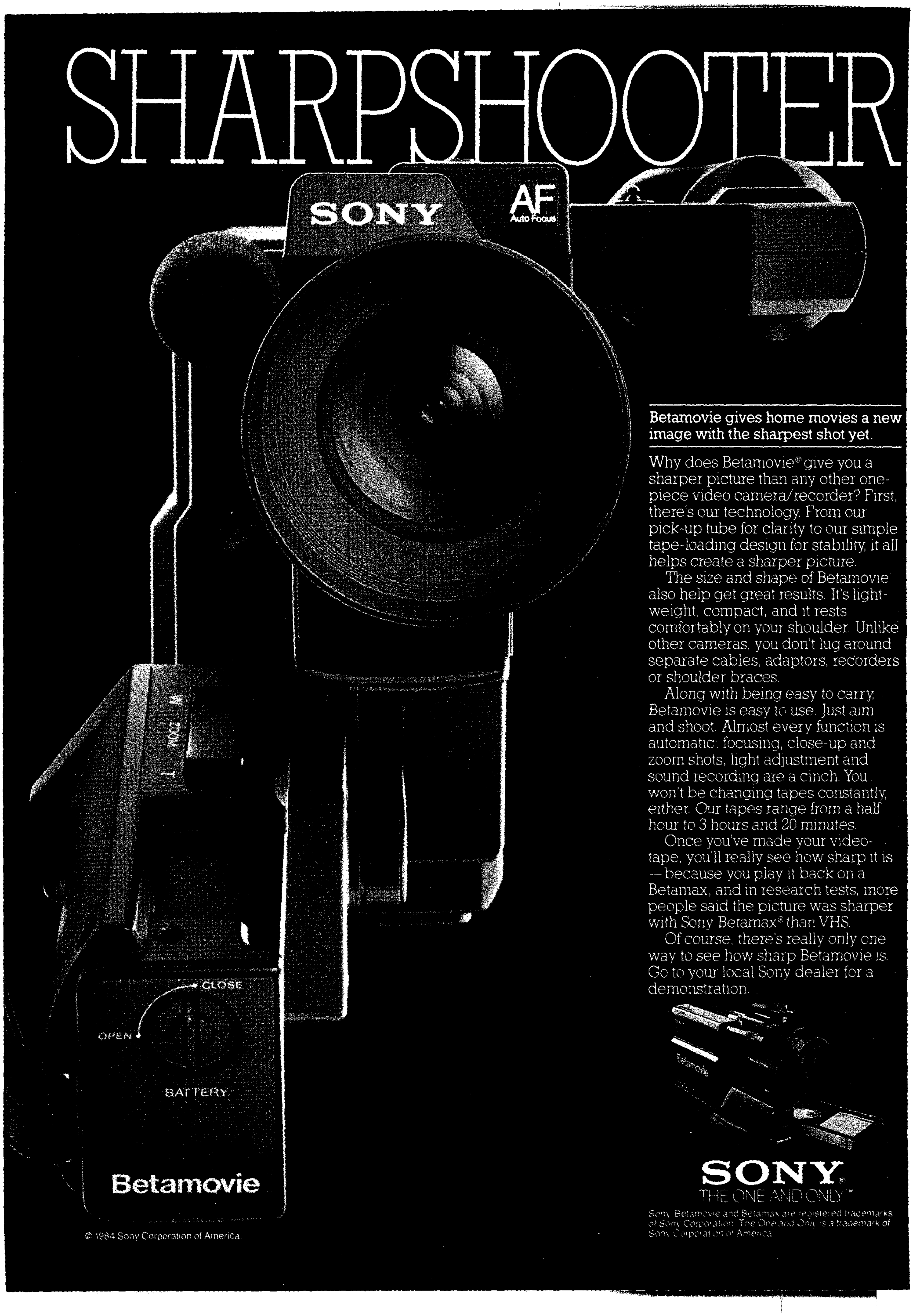

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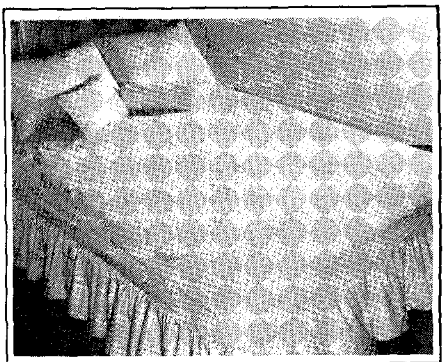
similarity to a line Spencer Tracy used in the movie "State of the Union.")

Reagan began his closing with a reference to the question he had asked in debating Carter—"Are you better off than you were four years ago?"—and moved on to ask, "Is America better off than it was four years ago?" And gave his own response: "And I believe the answer to that has to also be yes." (This was in the prepared closing; it was from there that he veered off into the statistics.) Mondale—after thanking the President for debating—turned back on him the question "Are you better off?" First, he replied to the question: "Well, if you're wealthy you're better off. If you're middle-income, you're about where you were. And if you are of modest income you are worse off. That's what the economists tell us." (Reagan gets upset at this, but a welter of studies backs it up.) Then, turning, as he has been trying to do, the question about this election into what the future holds, and raising, as he has been trying to do, the stakes, Mondale asked, "Isn't the real question 'Will we be better off? Are we building the future that this nation needs?' I believe that if we ask those questions that bear on our future—not congratulate ourselves but challenge us to solve those problems, you'll see that we need new leadership." He continued, "Are we better off with this arms race? Will we be better off if we start this 'Star Wars' escalation into the heavens? . . . Are we better off when we load our children with this fantastic debt? . . . Can we really say that we will be better off when we pull away from sort of that basic American instinct of decency and fairness?" And he said, as he said at George Washington, "I would rather lose a campaign about decency than win a cam paign about self-interest. . . . I believe that we will be better off if we protect this environment." And he concluded by saying, "We can be better if we face our future, rejoice in our strengths, face our problems, and by solving them build a better society for our children."

THE immediate post-debate verdict by the commentators, backed up by the instant polls, was that Mondale had "won." Of course, what is important about these debates is not who "won," as if they were a sporting event (the more combative, the more the public seems to like it), but what they tell us about the contestants. These events have their drawbacks, and in some ways test the wrong things, but they also offer the most sustained view of the candidates, and therefore insights into them which the brief news clips do not.

The most important effects of the debate were that it caused people to see virtues in Mondale they had not noticed before (at once, his crowds, which had been getting better before the debate, got better still), and that the question of whether Reagan was too old to serve four more years—he is seventy-three—became an open subject. Among other things, Reagan visibly tired in the last third of the hour-and-a-half debate. Getting the debates to last an hour and a half was one of the Mondale negotiators' major strategic achievements, even though they held few cards; they figured that Reagan would not have sufficient stamina to last that full time in good form. The Reagan people wanted the debates to last an hour, but traded the extra half hour for a format that included a panel of questioners, which would slow things down and, they hoped, prevent Mondale from challenging Reagan directly. (Mondale may have actually won on both points: had he been going at Reagan directly, he might have looked too combative.) The issue is not, of course, Reagan's chronological age but whether he is in command of his job and whether, as many observers think, his grasp, attention span, and stamina have been decreasing of late. Reagan's debate performance legitimized the subject as one that could be discussed openly—and for the next few days there was quite a bit of talk about it in the newspapers and on television. Experts on aging were consulted. The Reagan Administration itself made some moves to head off the subject.

On Wednesday, Reagan remarked to reporters, "If I had as much makeup on as he did, I'd have looked younger, too." Mondale, inevitably, said, referring to the 1960 debates, "That's the same answer Nixon gave when he debated Kennedy. Mr. President, the problem isn't makeup on the face but makeup on those answers that gave you problems." On the day before, Reagan had quipped to reporters, "I'll challenge him to an arm wrestle." Mondale, speaking in Pittsburgh, replied, "Well, we had a little brain wrestle on Sunday night, didn't we? And in the next debate he'll find that the issue that concerns the American people is not arm wrestling but arms



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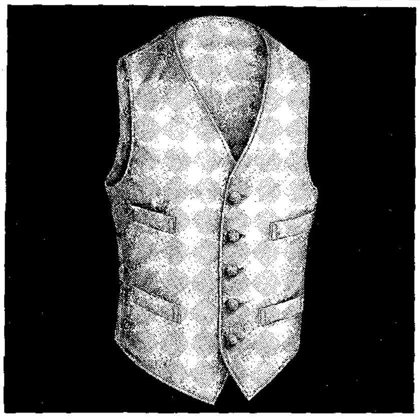

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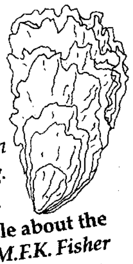

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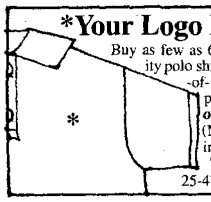

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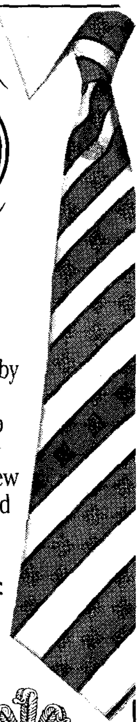
control." Also on Wednesday, White House aides brought out the President's physician, Dr. Daniel Ruge, to speak with reporters. Asked if Reagan had been tired Sunday night, Ruge said, "I think he was tired. Everybody was tired." Asked if the President had lost any stamina in recent years, the doctor paused, and said, "I don't know." Reagan's physical condition was not the question raised by the debate, of course; still, many people seemed to be going down the wrong trail. Reagan does in fact seem to be in remarkable physical condition, and we are constantly told that he enjoys clearing brush and riding horses at his ranch. Then, not long ago, there was the picture of the President on the cover of *Parade*, pumping iron. Yet we know that Reagan puts in a light workday, tends to be intellectually lazy, and proceeds from fixed ideas. So the question raised by the debate—and his own people knew it—was whether Reagan had enough grasp of his job to perform it effectively. And how would he perform in a sustained crisis?

Reagan, for all his post-debate bravado, seemed quite dejected by his performance—one adviser says that on Monday he seemed depressed about it. On Thursday, Reagan said to reporters, "I look back now at the times when I wasn't the incumbent and never realized how easy it was to be on the other side." Immediately after the debate, Reagan's campaign staff began to pin the blame for his performance on the White House staff, saying that it had stuffed the man with facts and figures and had put him through too gruelling a preparation. Later in the week, Senator Paul Laxalt, Republican of Nevada and the Reagan campaign chairman, told a news conference that Reagan's debate performance stemmed from the fact that he had been "brutalized by a briefing process" that filled him with too many statistics, and not from "any physical or mental deficiency." (The fact that Reagan is fond of statistics, which he often tends to get wrong, was not mentioned.) These finger-pointing exercises were in part a way of trying to settle some scores: the main objects of the exercise were White House "pragmatists," with whom other elements of Reagan's entourage have been at odds for some time. (Laxalt and some others were present during the briefing process.) But one consequence, undoubtedly unintended, of these goings on was to suggest in another way that Reagan is not in charge.



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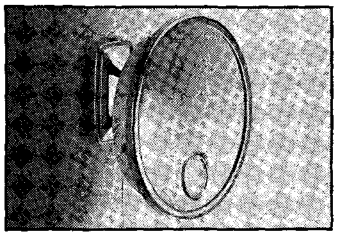

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Meanwhile, the debate was a strong tonic for the Mondale campaign: not only were his crowds larger than ever, but money, volunteers, and politicians started turning up. Mondale himself, clearly invigorated, and proceeding with renewed confidence, put on strong performances. His own camp thought that the debate was particularly damaging for Reagan with the young voters (the "yuppies") and the independents who, in large numbers, say that they would support Hart over Reagan but not Mondale. (This reaction is obviously in a vacuum, since Hart isn't running, but it does suggest to some that there is a sizable group of voters—concerned about the social issues and foreign policy—which may be movable.) The damage, the thinking goes, came from the emphasis Mondale placed on what he characterized as the extreme nature of the Republican Party and its platform. (The Mondale camp is now running an ad stressing this and Jerry Falwell's influence on the Party.) Reagan, in his response to a question about abortion, virtually suggested that anyone who has an abortion is a murderer, and told a bizarre anecdote about a man who beat a pregnant woman so badly that the child was born dead, which led the California legislature to pass a law making that act murder, and he said that that law "was signed by the then Democratic governor." In fact, it was Reagan himself who signed the bill into law. (When this was later brought up with Larry Speakes, Speakes said that he had no comment.) Mondale said that the question of abortion was such a sensitive one that the government should not decide it, and that if it did, such a law wouldn't work. He added, "Do we really want those decisions made by judges who've been picked because they will agree to find a person guilty?"

Mondale, in his appearances following the debate, continued to stress that "a leader has to know what's going on," and, at a large rally in Pittsburgh on Wednesday, October 10th—one of the largest rallies of his campaign so far—Mondale took the crowd through a litany, to which it replied, "But it just ain't so." He included Reagan statements that submarine-launched missiles could be recalled, that bombers and submarines are not equipped with nuclear weapons, that deficits do not result in higher interest rates. This was his way of raising the "age issue." He also now stressed more than before that the election was a referendum on

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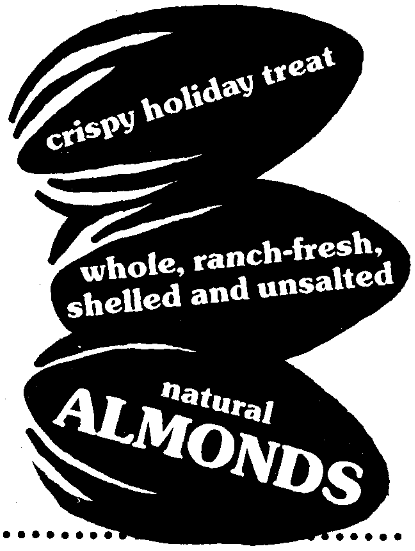
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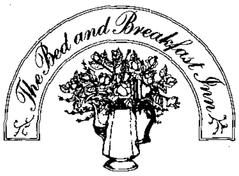
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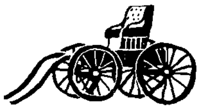
such things as the Supreme Court, "Star Wars," and Central America—trying, as he has in various forms all fall, to get the voters to focus on the stakes and on the future.

Reagan, meanwhile, was attacking Mondale as being a taxer and weak on defense. And the Reagan-Bush campaign put additional negative ads on the air—stressing that in domestic policy Mondale's aim is to raise taxes and in foreign policy he would take us back to the Carter days. On Friday, Reagan took a colorful (and expensive) whistle-stop tour through part of Ohio using Harry Truman's special railroad car. In the six stops along the way, he hit at Mondale with new toughness. He said, "My opponent, Mr. Mondale, offers a future of pessimism, fear, and limits compared to ours of hope, confidence, and growth." He said Mondale "sees government as an end in itself" and that the Carter-Mondale Administration "took the strongest economy in the world and pushed it to the brink of collapse." He quoted Gary Hart's criticism of the Carter Administration's economic record in Ohio. He said of Mondale, "His philosophy can be summed up in four sentences: If it's income, tax it. If it's revenue, spend it. If it's a budget, break it. And if it's a promise, make it." The Reagan campaign is also using a tough ad in Ohio, drawing on anti-Carter Administration economic material that Hart had used.

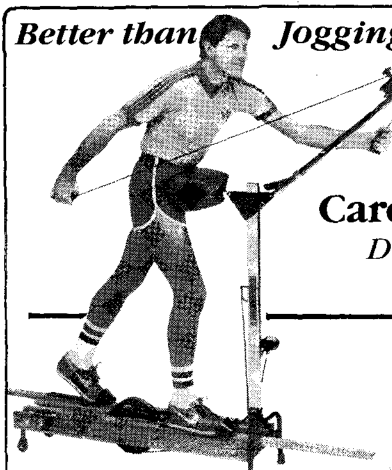


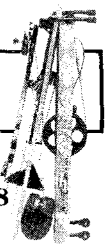
However, much of the national attention that day was focussed on the debate that George Bush and Geraldine Ferraro had had the night before, and on its aftermath. The Reagan people had, in fact, had a tough week, and they felt that the Vice-Presidential debate, even if it did not do them a tremendous amount of good—Bush was generally, but not very decisively, agreed to have "won"—at least did nothing to contribute to the downward spiral some felt they were on, and gave their morale a needed boost. The Reagan people, who set so much store by setting the agenda, had lost control of it. The television coverage of the Mondale campaign that week was much more positive than before, and the coverage of Reagan more negative. The Reagan campaign's own measurements showed an immediate pickup in support for Mondale of about four points after the first Presidential debate, and showed Reagan's over-all lead dropping from eighteen points on the day before the debate to thirteen points by the end of the week. This was still, of course, a comfortable margin. However, according to a Reagan-Bush official the margins had tightened in a few states, including New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Maryland; and, he said, California is definitely now a "battleground" state. The Republicans are planning to pour more resources into the state, and Reagan, who had not planned to return after he opened his campaign there, on Labor Day, is going there—and to Washington and Oregon as well—this week. And in the final days both candidates will, as expected, concentrate on the Midwest and the Northeast. According to the Reagan-Bush people, the South held firmly for Reagan after the debate. One Reagan-Bush campaign official said to me recently, "Reagan had enough in the bank to sustain something like this; now everything rides on the second debate." The Reagan people were beginning to give up their dream that this would be a major realigning election, making the Republicans the majority party, and their hopes of substantial gains in the congressional elections. They would be happy with—and many of them still expect—a Reagan victory of about fifty-five per cent of the vote. Nonetheless, some people within the campaign were concerned that things growing out of the first debate might take on a life of their own—by which they meant the question of whether Reagan is up to the job. One campaign official said toward the end of the week of the first debate, "We are not out of the woods yet." There was some concern within the Reagan camp that Reagan could not go all ninety minutes of the second debate without losing his train of thought or searching for a word—and that there would be even more attention to this the next time. But some Reagan advisers said that even if the "age issue" stayed around, or recurred in the second debate, they weren't worried. One said, "My feeling is if we stick to the high road and wrap ourselves in the best of American mythology and make the issue about America—which is Reagan versus an opponent—because of Reagan's likability, people will say, 'Yes, he is old, but we all get old and we can't throw him out.' "

One of Reagan's advisers told me several days after the first debate that the important thing was for the Reagan camp to keep its cool and to have a strategy. The strategy that developed was similar to the one followed after Mondale's apparently successful Convention: to "retag" Mondale with his negatives (that's why Reagan said after the Convention that the Mondale-Ferraro ticket was "so far left they've left America"), and retie him to the record of the Carter Administration. Now the strategy was, as one adviser put it, to "cut Mondale down to size"—thus Reagan's sharp attacks on him—and then have Reagan go back to the themes that had served him so well: optimism, the new confidence, the new patriotism. The belief was that Reagan couldn't take full advantage of his old themes until he had cut Mondale down to size. While there is some recognition within the Reagan camp that Reagan's basing his reëlection on these vague themes—or what one adviser calls the "eagle soaring" rhetoric—is much criticized, there is also a belief that it is the way to win this election.

One Reagan adviser said that though Mondale may have won the first debate, it seemed clear that he failed to move large blocs of voters, and he did not see what Mondale could do to move large blocs of voters in the second debate. He added that if Mondale was judged to have "won" the second debate, and still did not pick up a substantial percentage in the polls, the Mondale campaign would collapse: people would see that even though Mondale had "won" two debates, the people still don't want him. And it was assumed within as well as outside the Reagan camp that Mondale would not have the same advantages going into the second debate that he did going into the first: he would not have the element of surprise; "expectations" of his performance would be higher; Reagan, a proud and competitive man, was bound to do better.

THE most important thing about the debate between Bush and Ferraro, on October 11th, in Philadelphia, was that nothing terribly important seems to have happened, or to have registered on the voters. Ferraro's advisers insist that she met the most important test: Is she qualified to be the Vice-President? Some agree with that, some disagree. Going into the debate, Bush's ratings in some polls were twice as high as Ferraro's, and, though she was drawing large crowds, Ferraro was showing up in





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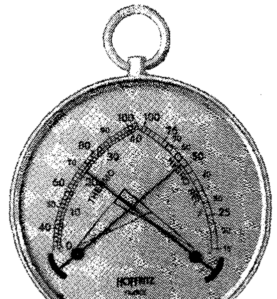

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the polls as a drag on the ticket. Reagan-Bush campaign officials say that Bush met the key test: he stopped the Reagan campaign's downward drift. Ferraro neither committed any blunder nor gave a particularly compelling performance—the danger to the Reagan-Bush ticket was that she would. So worried were the Bush people about this that they very seriously considered avoiding a debate with her. Ferraro was in a bit of a box, and her discomfort there showed. She had been told so many times to drop her strong, "feisty," sometimes acerbic stump style that she seemed to be overcompensating. And many who had been seeing on television the clips of her rallies were surprised, and disappointed. But one doesn't perform in a debate the way one does on the stump, and this should have been no surprise. Still, Ferraro did not seem to find a pitch—with some exceptions—that she was at ease with. The impression was of a candidate on whom work was still in progress. She was understandably nervous going into the event, and her lack of confidence showed, especially when she talked about foreign policy.

Bush, on the other hand, came across as more knowledgeable about foreign policy, in part because he is more at ease with the subject. Before he was Vice-President, he was Ambassador to the United Nations, chief of the United States Liaison Office in Peking, and, for a year, Director of the C.I.A. Bush has a long résumé (he had also been a member of Congress), but he didn't stay in many of his positions long, and his depth is hard to get a fix on. He is usually a pleasant man, and seemingly an intelligent one, but he has always been a somewhat awkward campaigner—and the awkwardness showed up in the debate. (Several of the Reagan people do not have a high opinion of Bush's campaign skills.) Bush, too, sometimes has trouble finding the right pitch: his enthusiasm seems excessive, the voice goes into a whine. Sometimes his motions are herky-jerky. Simply, he does not seem a natural. In his campaigning this year, Bush has often been testy when questioned by reporters. (He gets particularly irritated when past differences between himself and Reagan—on, for example, abortion—are pointed out.) Inevitably, in the debate Bush defended Reagan's record, but he did it with such enthusiasm that he bordered on the comic. He even adopted one of Reagan's mannerisms—the slight pause and the tilt of the head.

Bush talked about "twelve-and-one-half-per-cent inflation" and "twenty-one-and-a-half-per-cent interest rates" during the "Carter-Mondale" Administration. These figures are a staple in the campaign against Mondale. But, a claim by Bush notwithstanding, the personal-savings rate—which the supply-side tax cut was supposed to boost—is now no greater than it was during the Carter Administration. Lately, the Reagan Administration has benefitted from the actions of the Federal Reserve Board, which has been loosening credit as a result of the slowdown in the rate of growth of the economy—from about ten per cent and seven per cent in the first two quarters of the year to about 2.7 per cent in the third quarter. Thus, the tightening of the money supply last fall and this spring, leading to increases in interest rates, which so irritated the Administration—and frightened the President's political advisers—has ended up working to Reagan's benefit, because interest rates are now being lowered. Individuals and industries are still being hurt by the interest rates, which in real terms (after inflation) are still higher than they were during the Carter years. Mondale tries to explain "real interest rates," and made a stab at it in his debate with Reagan, but the term tends to be an eye-glazer. As far as the general public is concerned, interest rates are going down; as far as the Reagan political advisers are concerned, it is the direction of the economic indicators that counts.

Similarly, Reagan and Bush talk about the "six million jobs" that have been created during their Administration; more jobs were created during the Carter Administration. It is true, as both Reagan and Bush said in their debates, that spending for food stamps has risen—but not to the extent that inflation and increases in food prices and in unemployment, as well as in the size of the population, would have required. By those measurements, spending for food stamps has dropped, as it has for other programs aimed at the same segment of the population. Bush also made claims of other increases in spending for the needy which turned out not to be true. Of Mondale, Bush said, "He goes around just saying every bad thing." He continued, "If somebody sees a silver lining, he finds

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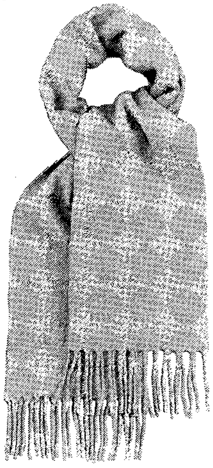

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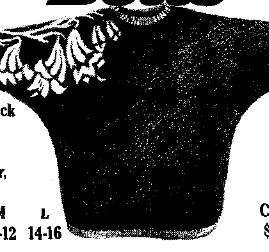

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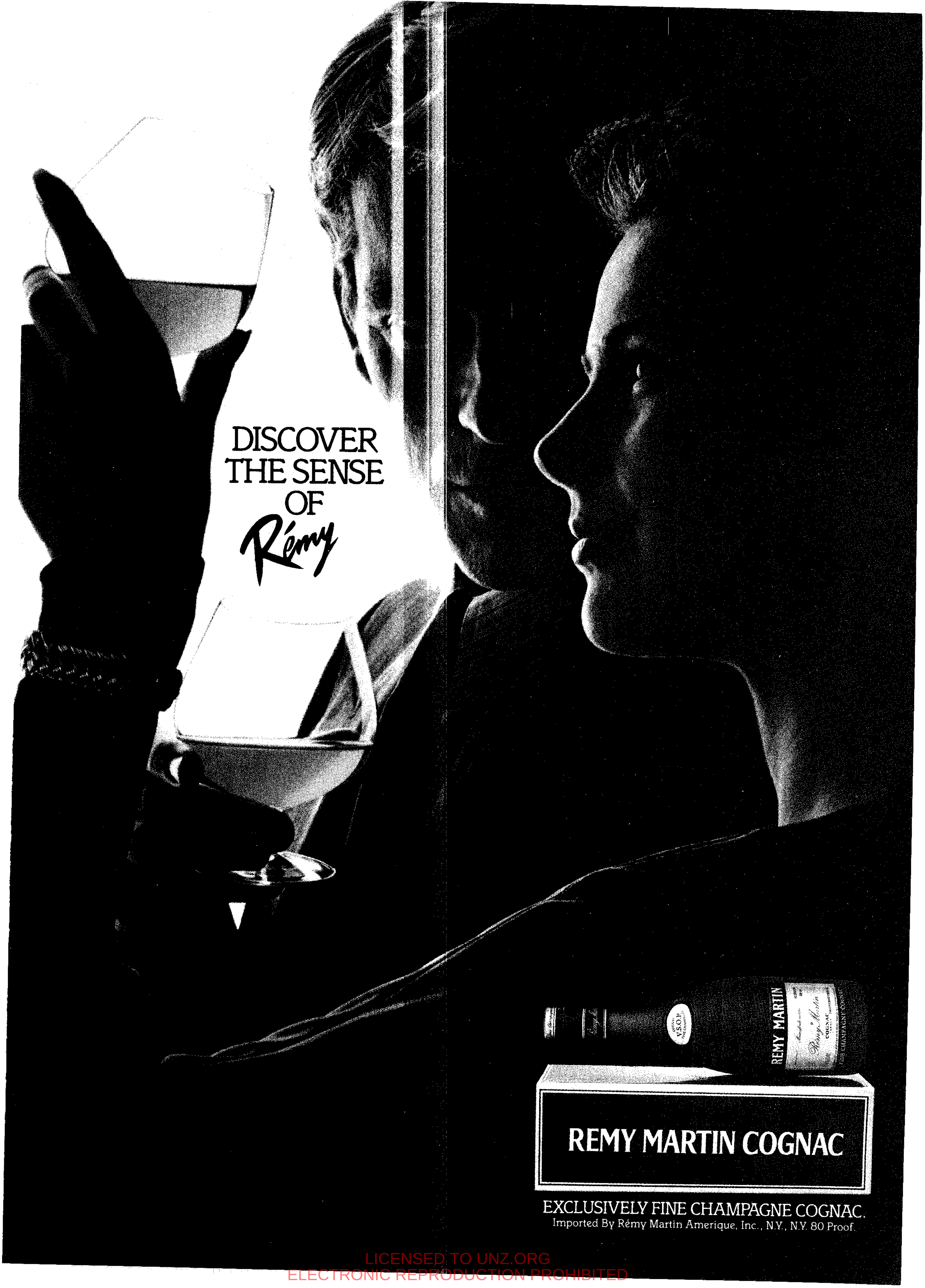
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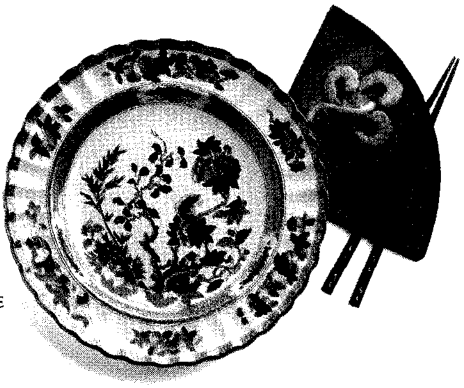

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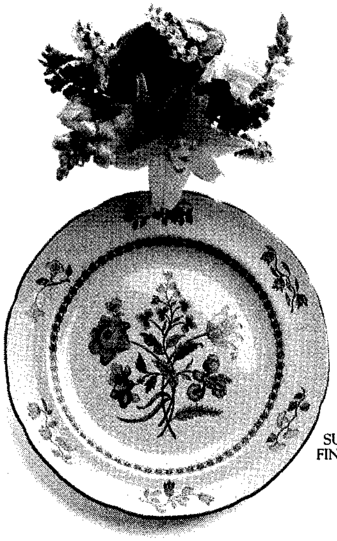

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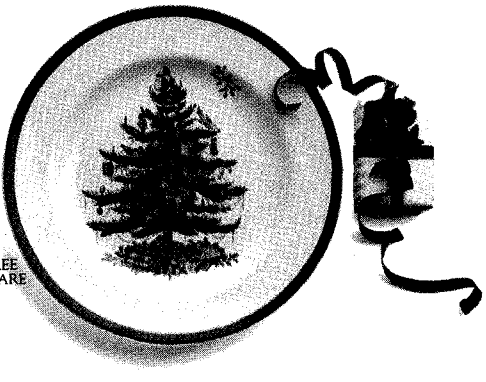

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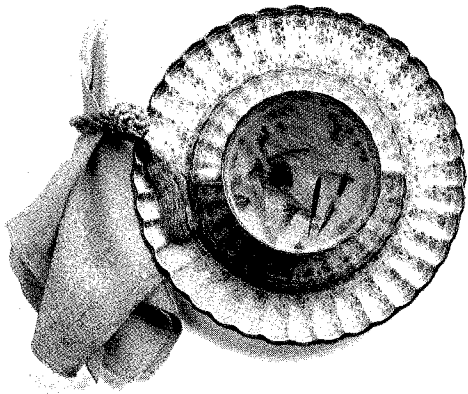

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The fact that Bush seemed surer of himself in the foreign-policy section was probably what mattered. While some of the things he said were arguable—he suggested that terrorist actions were justified against governments that "don't believe in all of the values that we believe in"—Ferraro either did not argue against them as well as she has on other occasions (as in the case of Beirut) or seemed uncertain. At one point, when she was trying to explain Mondale's complicated proposal for temporary moratoriums on the testing and deployment of certain weapons, she was obviously struggling—staring down, as she did too often, at notes—and didn't get it quite right. On several occasions, she cited foreign trips she had taken, as credentials—these trips increased as she became more interested in the Vice-Presidential nomination. Whether Ferraro is any less informed about foreign policy than Reagan was when he became President is a valid question but, it seems, an irrelevant one. She is being held to her own test. And it is a valid test: the Vice-President has to be ready to step in. She was asked, as her aides expected, "the button question"—whether she would be willing to meet a direct challenge by the Soviet Union—and she replied, firmly, "If the Soviet Union were to ever believe that they could challenge the United States with any sort of nuclear forces or otherwise, if I were in a position of leadership in this country they would be assured that they would be met with swift, concise, and certain retaliation." And she went on to stress the importance of arms control. Yet Bush, when given an opportunity to ask Ferraro a question, said, "I'd sure like to use the time to talk about the World Series, or something of that nature," and he later passed up an opportunity for a rebuttal. Ferraro would have been landed on for similar things.

The scene that will be the most remembered from the debate, however, had nothing to do with substantive questions but, rather, with an exchange between Bush and Ferraro that seemed to raise the question of his—or his campaign's—attitude toward her: astonishingly, given the sensitivity of the situation, Bush said at one point, "Let me help you with the difference, Mrs. Ferraro, between Iran and the Embassy in Lebanon." One could sense backs going up all over the country, and Ferraro, quietly, responded, "Let me just say, first of all, I almost resent, Vice-President Bush, your patronizing attitude that you have to teach me about foreign policy." Then she took Bush up on his suggestion that she had just said that she "would do away with all covert action"—she had said she objected to the C.I.A.'s supporting a covert war in Central America—and she responded with dignified intensity to another statement by Bush regarding Beirut: that "for somebody to suggest, as our two opponents, that these men died in shame, they better not tell the parents of those young Marines." Ferraro replied, "No one has ever said that those young men who were killed through the negligence of this Administration and others ever died in shame. No one who has a child who's nineteen or twenty years old, a son, would ever say that about the loss of anybody else's child."

THE next few days' discussion of the debate was marked by a running argument over the "shame" charge, and over the Bush entourage's increasingly strange talk about Ferraro. A few days before the debate, Bush's wife, Barbara, who has always come across as dignified, unburdened herself of some remarks about Ferraro to reporters. (Mrs. Bush said that she and her family like "to go rich," with "no poor-boy stuff like that four-million-dollar—I can't say it, but it rhymes with rich.") Mrs. Bush later indicated that the word she had in mind was "witch" and that she had thought her remarks were off the record, and in any event she called Ferraro to apologize. Then Peter Teeley, Bush's press secretary, told reporters before the debate that Ferraro is "too bitchy." The Ferraro camp concluded that the Bush people were trying to get under Ferraro's skin, or perhaps reinforce the idea that Ferraro, as a woman, wasn't ready, but it also felt that this talk represented a true attitude toward her—the Bushes are old money and class; Ferraro is new money, a sassy upstart. Then, the day after the debate, Bush, talking to some longshoremen, remarked to one of them, "We tried to kick a little ass last night." He later said that this was a private comment, not meant to be overheard, and was an old football expression. However, his staff later sported buttons saying " 'Kick Ass' George" and began passing them out. Bush, who must tire of being termed

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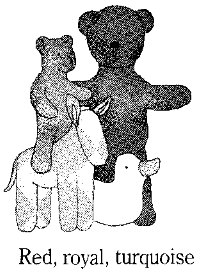

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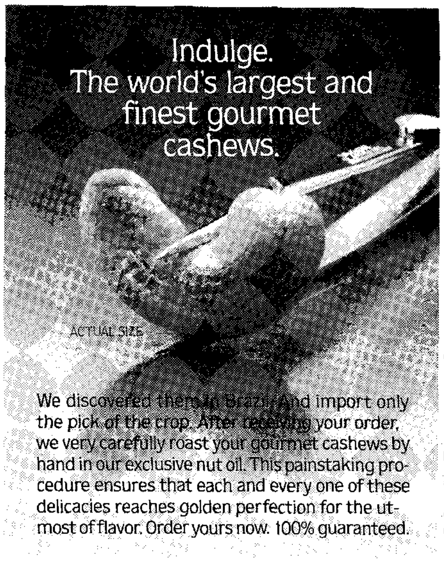
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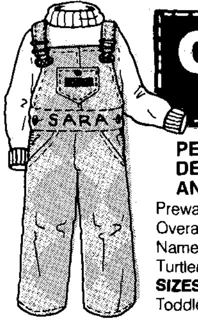
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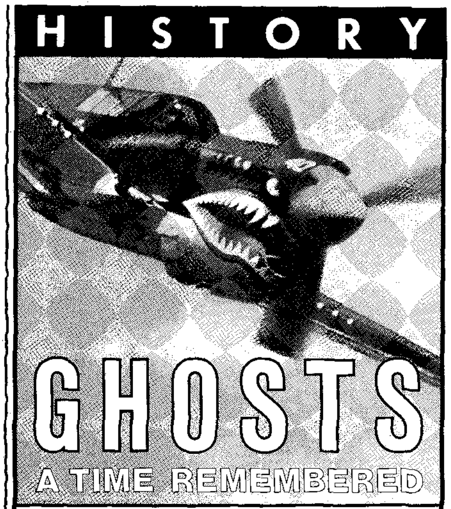
"preppy," sometimes seems to be overcompensating; and there is a theory that this is all a deliberate play for the male vote. Meanwhile, Mondale, who was said to be truly angry, demanded that Bush apologize for the "shame" remark, and, after a few days, Bush said that he could justify the remark because Mondale had said after the bombing of the Embassy last month, "Once again, we're humiliated in this region." He then cited one dictionary's definition of humiliation as including "shame," and, when that didn't work, cited another dictionary. Mondale replied in effect that Bush had an antecedent problem—that Mondale had been referring to Administration policy, not the men who died. He also called Bush a "political hit-and-run driver" who "doesn't have the manhood to apologize." On Thursday, Teeley commented to reporters, "You can say anything you want during a debate, and eighty million people hear it," and said that if the press reports that the statement is inaccurate, "So what? Maybe two hundred people read it, or two thousand, or twenty thousand."

ON Monday, October 15th, Reagan, campaigning in the South, said that if Mondale was elected President he would "jeopardize the security of this nation." He criticized Mondale for having opposed several weapons systems in the past. He cited some of Mondale's primary rivals' criticisms of Mondale (including John Glenn's criticism of him for opposing certain weapons systems), and said, "His program of high taxes, sugar-coated with compassionate rhetoric, is a disaster in disguise that will destroy our economic expansion, increase unemployment, and reignite inflation." Reagan said that Mondale had "confused" the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan with the Reagan Administration's invasion of Grenada, "when we liberated Grenada from Communist thugs." This line, spoken at the University of Alabama, in Tuscaloosa, received big cheers. (Recently, the Washington *Post* reported that two newly founded tax-exempt foundations, which are barred from partisan political activity, are working with an arm of the Republican National Committee in planning to celebrate the anniversary of the invasion of Grenada, which took place last October 25th.) During Reagan's Southern swing, he made an unusual stop at a McDonald's in Tuscaloosa. "What am I supposed to or-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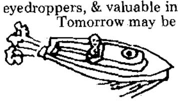
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der?" he asked his aides. (The aides, as usual, took their meal on the plane, as Reagan usually does.) The following day, speaking in Illinois, Reagan said that the United States had been "unilaterally disarmed" during the Carter Administration, and criticized Mondale for praising Carter's handling of the Iranian hostage situation and for saying that it would be " 'a temporary problem.' " And, in a new line of attack, he criticized Mondale for failing to "repudiate" Jesse Jackson "when he went to Havana, stood with Fidel Castro and cried, 'Long live Cuba. Long live Castro. Long live Che Guevara.' " (Jackson's full quote, according to the Washington *Post*, was "Long live Cuba. Long live the United States. Long live Castro. Long live Martin Luther King, Jr. Long live Che Guevara. Long live Patrice Lumumba. And long live our drive for freedom.") Asked by a student at one stop in Illinois whether he thought he was too old to serve another term, Reagan joked, in something of a non sequitur, "The way I put it is, I'm not really this old. They mixed up the babies in the hospital."

Mondale, on Monday, a day that Democrats turned into an environmental day—having Mondale, Ferraro, and Hart, and also John Anderson, all addressing the subject—attacked the Administration's environmental record. At a toxic-waste dump near St. Louis, Mondale made a joke of the fact that late last week, apparently when Reagan officials heard he was going to visit the site, the Administration suddenly announced that it would seek funds to clean it up. He said a similar thing had happened when he visited a dump in Los Angeles earlier in the year. Mondale remarked, "If I only had seven hundred and sixty-one days to go in this campaign, I'd go to a dump every day and clean them all up." On Tuesday, Mondale decided to respond to Reagan's foreign-policy attack on him the day before, and, in a speech at Stanford University, said that for the past thirty years Reagan had had "a naïve and primitive notion of national strength." Mondale said that Reagan had called President Kennedy "weak" for "not taking what he called 'the final step' in Cuba," had called Lyndon Johnson weak for "not threatening the use of atomic bombs in Vietnam," had accused Gerald Ford of "bowing and scraping" before the Soviet Union, and had criticized Richard Nixon for signing the SALT I and anti-

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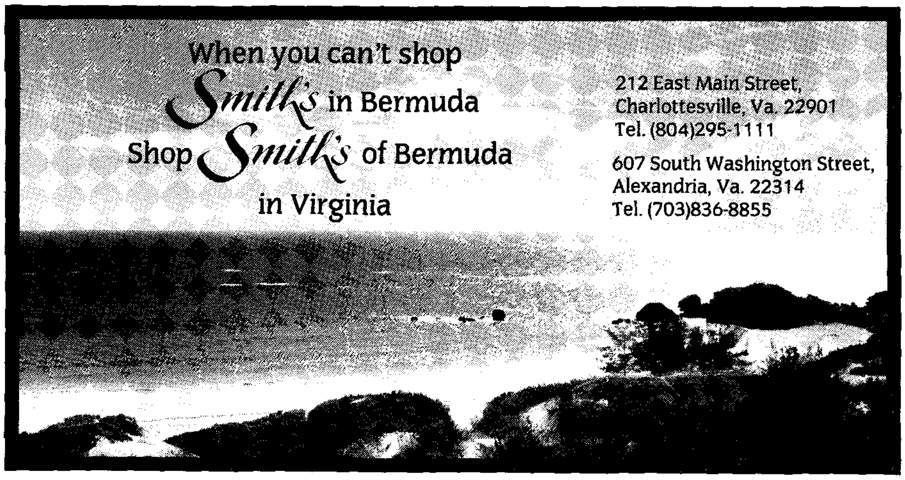

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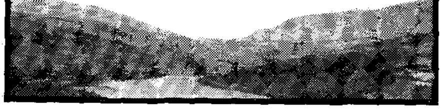

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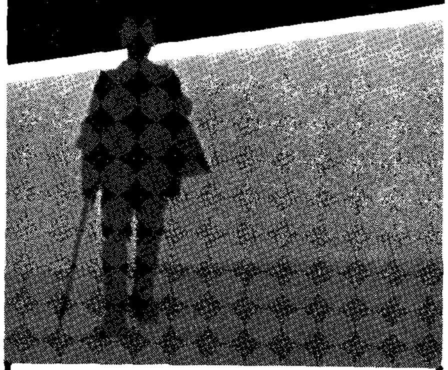

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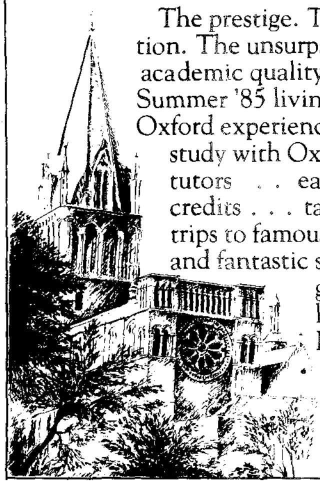
ballistic-missile treaties. Mondale asked, "Did it strengthen America to put Americans in Lebanon, in a vulnerable spot, against the advice of the Joint Chiefs of Staff?" And he said that Reagan wanted to deploy an MX missile that would be a "sitting duck," and had spent twenty-five billion dollars on the B-1 bomber, which "the Soviets have spent fifteen years preparing to shoot down." He said Reagan's record on foreign policy was "a record of profound confusion," and he added that a President "must be in touch and in charge, a President must learn, he must listen, he must master, he must command, and he must lead."

Mondale then cleared his calendar of some other scheduled West Coast stops—after appearing, with Ferraro, at a celebrity-studded fund-raiser in Los Angeles—in order to prepare for the next debate. He also cancelled an appearance on Thursday at the Al Smith dinner, in New York, an event Presidential candidates traditionally attend. Mondale's aides said that Mondale felt that he had been "hot" in his recent appearances and actually had a chance at the Presidency if he did especially well tonight. (He was also feeling quite good about having defeated Reagan in the first debate, and pointing out to people that it had been said that Reagan had never lost a debate.) Some (but by no means all) of the aides were also of this view—in part it is what kept them going. The Mondale campaign's own polls indicated that Mondale trailed Reagan by about thirteen points this weekend, with Reagan's share of the voters at fifty-five per cent. (At one point, according to the Mondale polls, it had been at fifty-three per cent. The problem for Mondale has been how to get Reagan to below the at least fifty-per-cent rating he has held for months.) Public polls put Reagan's lead at from nine per cent to twenty-five per cent; the most recent *Times*–CBS poll cut Reagan's lead to thirteen per cent (from twenty-six), and today the *Post*–ABC poll cut it to ten per cent (from eighteen). The Reagan polls showed a lead of sixteen to eighteen points, and the Reagan people claimed that there was as yet no state where Reagan was behind. Still, there was a theory within the Mondale camp that the first debate had raised people's opinion of Mondale, and raised doubts in people's minds about Reagan, and that if there was anything like a repeat performance anything might happen. They agreed with the Reagan people that Reagan could "lose" the second debate and still win the Presidency: their view was that all was riding on the nature of the debate itself, and the fallout from that.

As the Presidential candidates headed into the last round of the election, some other things were happening that could affect or were affected by the politics of the year. In El Salvador on October 15th, President José Napoleón Duarte met with rebel leaders, and the two sides agreed to continue to meet. The move seemed to take the Reagan Administration by surprise, though it was on Duarte's stated agenda. The Administration has long been divided over the question of whether the rebels should be negotiated with. But Secretary of State George Shultz, who favors negotiations (as opposed to United Nations Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, C.I.A. Director William Casey, and some Pentagon officials), spoke positively of Duarte's move. Yet fighting resumed in El Salvador three days after the talks, and on Friday a plane carrying four C.I.A. agents crashed in El Salvador. Meanwhile, Nicaragua had thrown the Administration for something of a loop by agreeing to a draft treaty drawn up by the Contadora nations, but then the Administration insisted that the terms of the treaty be tightened. Detached observers think that there should be some tightening of some of the treaty's provisions—for verification, for example—but are concerned that, as in the case of arms control, the Administration might use this issue to sink the treaty. This week, a furor broke out over the discovery, by the Associated Press, of a manual written for the C.I.A., and distributed to rebels fighting in Nicaragua, about how to commit political assassinations and other terrorist acts. One of the things that Congress did as it adjourned, on October 12th, was to agree to temporarily cut off aid to the "contra" rebels fighting the Sandinista regime. It was agreed that Congress would provide funds next spring if the President submitted a report saying that the money was necessary and if neither chamber vetoed the request. Thus, a hard decision was postponed, and fudged. So was a decision on what to do about the MX: Congress finally decided that funds for the construction of the missile could be provided next year only if both the House and the Senate voted next March to release them. The House and the Senate fi-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nally agreed to authorize a five-per-cent increase, after inflation, in spending for the military budget. The House had voted for a three-and-a-half-per-cent increase and the Senate had approved an increase of seven per cent. (The Administration's original proposal had been for a thirteen-per-cent increase.) The bill to control illegal immigration across the southern border of the United States finally died in the cross-pressures that it encountered along the way. And the House, fingers to the wind, overcame its previous misgivings and passed a strong anti-crime bill just before Congress went home to face the voters.

THE ultimate verdict about tonight's debate, in Kansas City, will be made over the next few days, but it seemed at first that Mondale did not do well enough, and Reagan did not do badly enough, to alter the race in any dramatic fashion. The immediate verdict by the commentators afterward was that Mondale had won on substance but Reagan had done well enough on style to mitigate, if not eliminate, the "age issue." Therefore, it will come down to what matters to the voters. (ABC's instant poll tonight had the viewers about evenly divided, with a high percentage undecided.) Reagan faltered from time to time, and committed some important substantive gaffes, and got lost in his closing, but people seemed to be looking for—and the Mondale people were hoping for—another stark, or even starker, picture of a faltering President. And, as there had been every reason to expect, Reagan didn't make the verdict that easy. He put more force into his performance (his aides had him attend a rally before the debate, to get his spirits up), and started out talking with uncommon speed; then he slowed down and gave an uneven performance but, what was crucial, a better one than he had two weeks before. Mondale didn't make the verdict particularly easy, either. While he showed a strong grasp of the material, and worked in his theme repeatedly—"A President must know what is essential to command"—he seemed to miss a couple of opportunities, and appeared tighter, more constrained, then he had two weeks earlier. And, as before, he seemed to say nothing memorable—nothing that would move masses. In a personality contest, Reagan wins.

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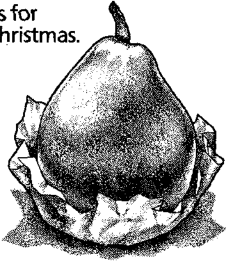
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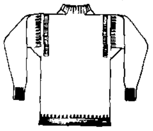
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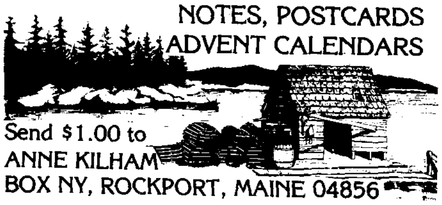
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Administration's policy there and go on the attack about the C.I.A. manual for the Nicaraguan rebels as well as the Administration's policy in Lebanon. He said that the Administration's policy in Central America "has strengthened our opponents," and that in Lebanon "we have been humiliated, and our opponents are stronger." He continued, beginning the theme he used throughout, "The bottom line of national strength is that the President must be in command, he must lead," and he went on to cite Reagan's statements that submarine missiles can be recalled and that he hadn't realized that most Soviet missiles are land-based. "These are things a President must know to command," Mondale said.

Reagan blundered in his first answer, when, trying to explain away the C.I.A. manual, he said that "we have a gentleman down in Nicaragua who is on contract to the C.I.A., advising, supposedly on military tactics, the contras, and he drew up the manual," and that "a number of pages were excised by that agency head there, the man in charge," but that somehow some full copies got away. Later in the debate, he corrected himself, saying, "There's not someone there directing all of this activity." Reagan denied that he had ever said the erroneous things Mondale said he had about nuclear missiles. (The record suggests that he did.) "I'm not going to continue trying to respond to these repetitions of the falsehoods that have already been stated here," Reagan said. He said that the Carter Administration had "tried the policy of unilateral disarmament," and, predictably, he attacked Mondale's past votes against certain weapons systems, and said that Mondale "has a record of weakness with regard to our national defense that is second to none." Mondale, ready for this, turned to Reagan and said, "Mr. President, I accept your commitment to peace, but I want you to accept my commitment to a strong national defense." But he didn't repeat his campaign argument about the number of Presidents Reagan has criticized for weakness. He cited several weapons systems he does back, and said, "My definition of national strength is to make certain that a dollar spent buys us a dollar's worth of defense." Reagan, asked about the "age issue"—whether he could handle a lengthy crisis—was obviously ready, and joked, "I will not make age an issue of this campaign. I am not going to exploit for political purposes my opponent's youth and inexperience." Even Mondale was obliged to laugh. Reagan is very good at this sort of thing, and it may be the most remembered moment of the debate. On Lebanon, Reagan said, firmly, "I have no apologies for our going on a peace mission." After Mondale said that the Joint Chiefs had urged the President not to put the troops in the barracks that were subsequently blown up, and that "they went to him five days before they were killed and said, 'Please take them out of there,' " Reagan said, "The President of the United States did not order the Marines into the barracks. That was a decision made by the commanders on the spot." Mondale came back at this, quoting Truman's line "The buck stops here."

Inevitably, the two men argued over the Administration's record on arms control. Reagan, like Bush, said—contrary to a number of reports—that the Soviet Union had been the first to turn down a potential agreement on intermediate-range nuclear missiles in Europe. In the course of their argument over Reagan's proposal to develop a defensive anti-missile system—his "Star Wars" proposal—Reagan committed two gaffes. First, he said that he would give the Soviet Union a "demonstration" of such a system in order to persuade it to join in constructing one. He went on to say that all nuclear weapons could then be eliminated, because both sides would feel secure. Reagan is offering something that sounds visionary, but few people who have thought about it think it makes any sense. Reagan's statement about the demonstration raised questions about where such a test would be conducted, and how it could be proved that such a system could stop incoming missiles. (Most expert opinion holds that this is not possible.) The tests would also involve the breaking of the anti-ballistic-missile treaty. Mondale did not pick up on this. Reagan also said that he didn't know where such a weapons system would actually be placed, and Mondale replied, "Well, that's what a President's supposed to know." Mondale also attacked Reagan's proposal to share such a system with the Soviets, saying that it would amount to turning over our most sophisticated and sensitive technology. Mondale, as he has throughout the campaign, characterized the "Star Wars" proposal as an escalation of the arms race.

In his closing, Mondale made a

wide-ranging case, talking about economic as well as foreign policy. He said, "I will keep us strong, but I think strength must also require wisdom and smarts in its exercise." He talked, as he had in the primaries, about the quick decisions a President might have to make in a crisis, and said, "Pick a President that you know will know, if that tragic moment ever comes, what he must know, because there'll be no time for staffing committees or advisers." He said that in this election the voters are "deciding the future of the world." And, trying to give Reagan a push out the door, he said, "We need to move on. It's time for America to find new leadership." Reagan, in his closing, said, "The meaning of this election is the future and whether we are going to grow and provide the jobs and opportunities for all Americans that they need," and then he wandered into a long and rambling anecdote—one that he told at the 1976 Convention but in briefer and somewhat different form—about having been asked to write something for a time capsule, and how he thought about what he should say. He ended up saying, "Well, what they will say about us a hundred years from now depends on how we keep our rendezvous with destiny," and as he went on, saying, "I want more than anything else to try to complete the new beginning that we charted four years ago," and praising Bush, and beginning to talk about the young people in this country, the moderator had to cut him off, because he had run out of time.

Following the debate, the Reagan aides in Kansas City stressed to reporters their view that Reagan had put away the "age issue" and the election was in effect over. The Mondale people stressed the substantive errors they felt Reagan had made, and said they hoped to keep the story going on these while people continued to make up their minds about the debate—and the election. But they realized that they had a large gap to close, and only two weeks in which to do it.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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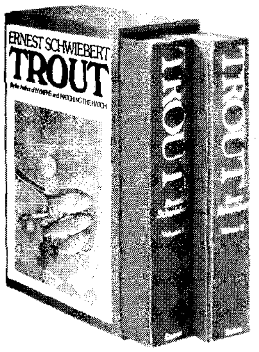

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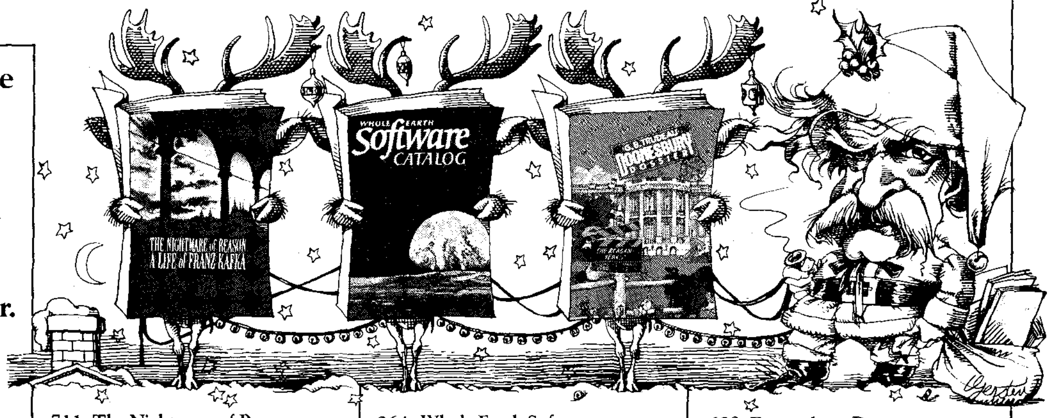

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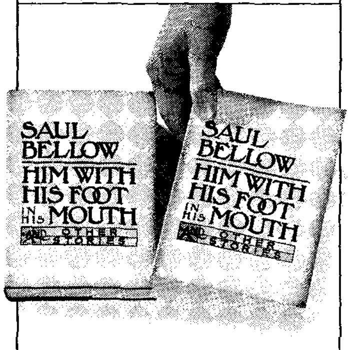
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